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THE NEW YORKER

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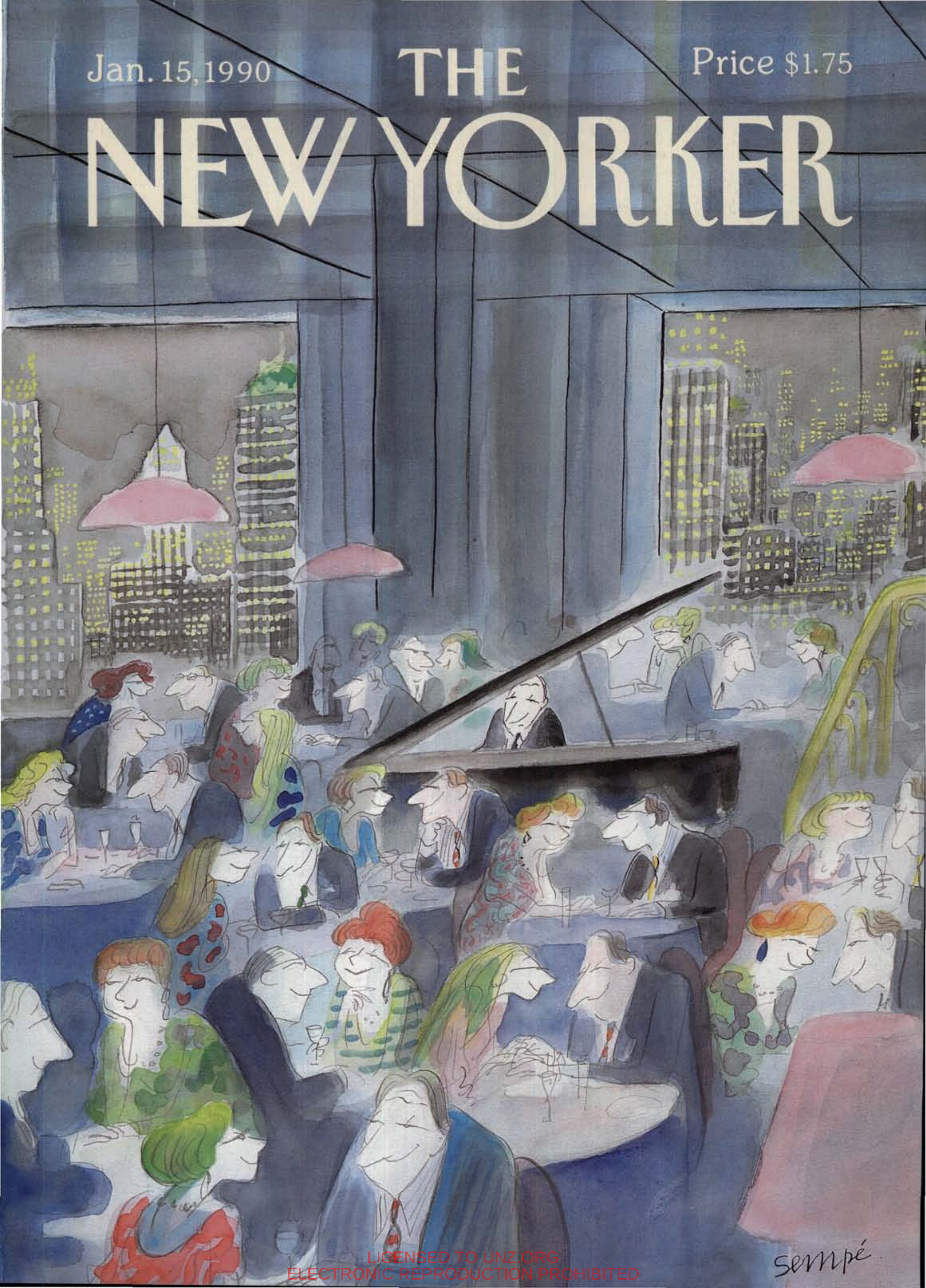

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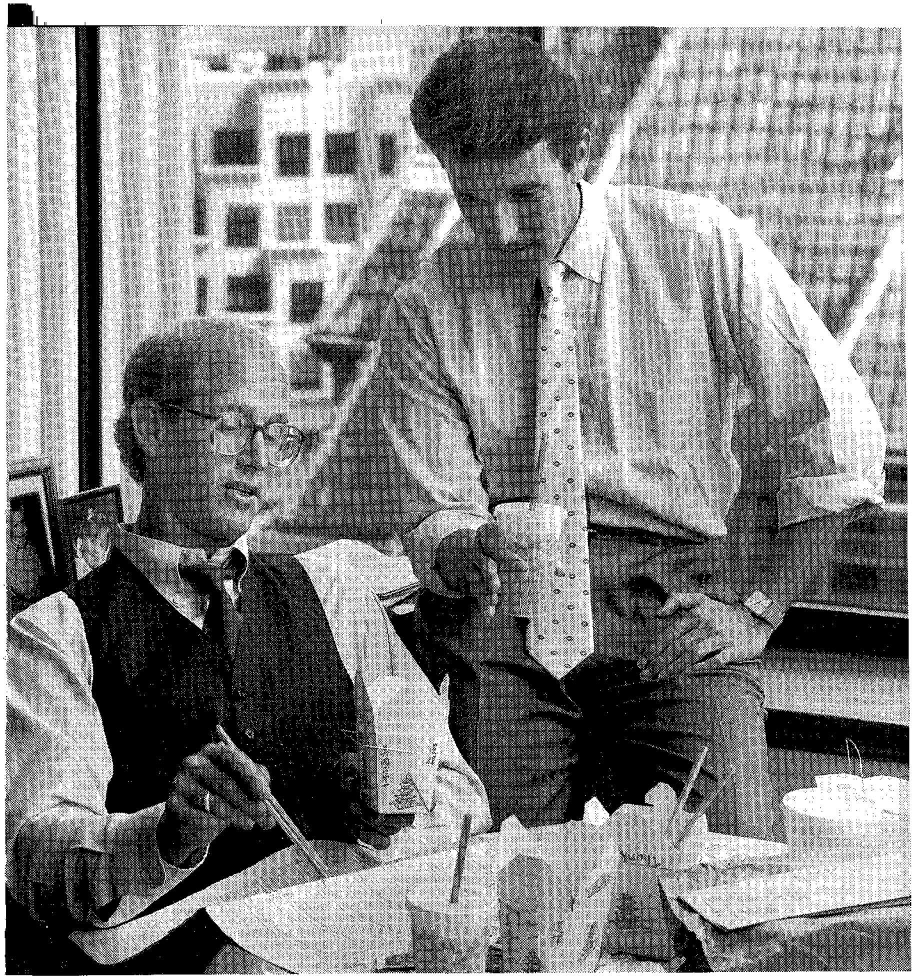

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COVER: *J. J. Sempé*

DRAWINGS: *Jack Ziegler, Peter Steiner, Mike Twohy, J. P. Rini, Edward Koren, Dana Fradon, Eldon Dedini, James Stevenson, Ed Fisher, Robert Weber, Gahan Wilson, William Hamilton, Stephanie Skalisky, Edward Frascino, Richard Cline, Ronald Searle, Roz Chast, Warren Miller, Danny Shanahan*

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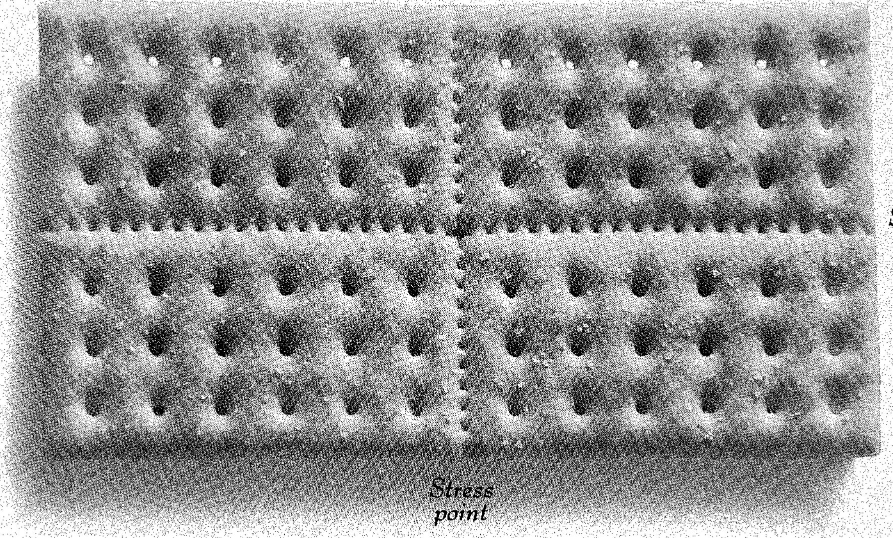
Effort and Reward.

Reflections on cracker eating and the elfin work ethic.



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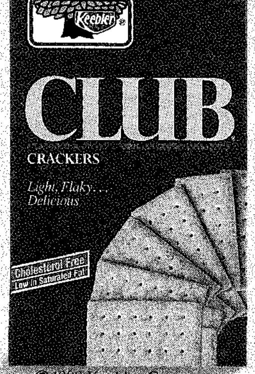

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

"The Art of Success," Nick Dear's play about William Hogarth and life in seventeen-thirties England, is written in the modern idiom and the comic-surrealist mode. Focussing on Hogarth (with occasional side-glances at Henry Fielding's early career as a stage satirist), it telescopes the events of ten years (1727-37) into a single evening, so that we follow Hogarth in and about the fleshpots of mid-eighteenth-century London ("Ulysses"-style), while great things are happening around him (Mary Renault-style). Since what was happening in mid-eighteenth-century London was essentially the emergence of modern culture, the play becomes the occasion for a certain amount of talk about where art intersects with commerce, politics, and society, while Hogarth's personal life becomes a sounding board for ideas about sexual sensibility and the difference between men and women.

At the Barbican Centre, where we saw it in the summer of 1987, "The Art of Success" seemed like an interesting play. The actors, wearing stylized costumes that evoked both modern and period dress, performed on and around an arena platform stage that looked like a stretched canvas, while a circle of Hogarthian faces looked on from above. The current Manhattan Theatre Club production is substantially the same: it boasts the same director, Adrian Noble, and designer, Ultz, as well as a cast that includes Tim Curry and Suzanne Bertish—of "Nicholas Nickleby" fame. Why is it, then, that in New York the play seems like a lot of pretentious claptrap?

It's partly that one has felt pummelled to death recently by ideas that would have seemed quizzical or offbeat a few years ago—about art and censorship, the war between the sexes—and partly just the size of the theatre. In the Pit, the smaller and more experimental of the Royal Shakespeare Company's London stages, subtlety of nuance, intonation, and gesture made you feel that you were watching specific individuals whose lives, in juxtaposition, happened to raise certain questions. At the M.T.C.'s main stage at City Center, you feel that ideas are being pitched out at you. Actors have to shout their lines, painting incident and character in the crudest possible strokes, and everything seems to be happening very, very slowly. It's all a little like watching an extremely precious high-school pageant on acid.

It could be that the only lesson about art and commerce this play has to teach us is the banal one about transatlantic crossings: what you stumbled on in London becomes big business when somebody brings it to New York, and big business creates higher expectations.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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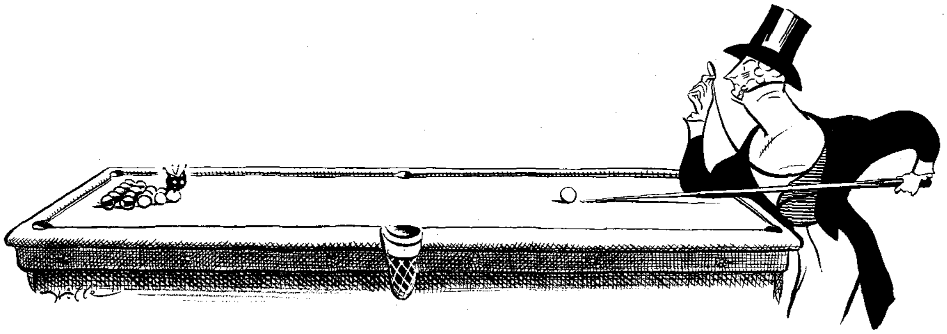
14	15	16	17			

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

The Doctor's Dilemma—Charles Keating stars in a revival of Shaw's comedy. In previews. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883.)

Lear—In this Mabou Mines adaptation of Shakespeare's "King Lear," the title character has become a nineteen-fifties Southern woman (played by Ruth Maleczech) with three sons. Directed by Lee Breuer. In previews. (Triplex, 199 Chamber St. 618-1980.)



Macbeth—Raul Julia has the title role in the twelfth production of the Shakespeare Marathon. Directed by Richard Jordan. Previews through Jan. 14. Opens Jan. 16 at 6:30. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Negro Ensemble Company—**jonquil** is the most recent work in Charles Fuller's cycle of plays about freed slaves. The show is directed by Douglas Turner Ward. Previews Jan. 10-11. Opens Jan. 12 at 8. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545.)

NEW THIS SEASON

The Art of Success—Tim Curry portrays William Hogarth in the American première of a 1986 comedy by Nick Dear. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

Away Alone—Recent illegal Irish immigrants are the subject of a play by Janet Noble. With Bronagh Murphy and Michael Healy. Reopens Jan. 10. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 757-3318.)

The Circle—Rex Harrison, Glynis Johns, Stewart Granger, and an able supporting company have raised Somerset Maugham to the heights of Sheridan and Congreve. The play is about an elderly couple who pay a visit to the wife's middle-aged son, whom she deserted thirty years before. Brian Murray directed the fine production. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/4/89.) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

Circle Repertory Company—The second play of the season is **sunshine**, by William Mastrosimone. With John Dossett, Jordan Mott, and Jennifer Jason Leigh; directed by Marshall W. Mason. (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Closes Jan. 21.)

City of Angels—Larry Gelbart, dramatist; Cy Coleman, composer; Billy Byers, arranger; James Naughton and Gregg Edelman, leading men; and Michael Blakemore, director, are all in absolutely top form in this sharp, jokey musical satire about Hollywood in the forties. The plot concerns the making of a private-eye movie (and the unmaking of its author). The spectacular settings and costumes were designed by Robin Wagner and Florence Klotz and lighted by Paul Gallo. (12/25/89) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.)

Closer than Ever—This charmer amounts to an anthology of songs and sketches by Richard Maltby, Jr. (words), and David Shire (music), as sung and peformed by Brent Barrett, Sally Mayers, Richard Muenz, and Lynne Wintersteller. They are a gifted quartet, and lucky to have such attractive, humorous, and tender songs to sing and words to speak. The fact that there is no amplification is an extra boon. (11/13/89) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde—Another example of the current vogue for recasting the strange case, this time by Georg Osterman. The production has the Ridiculous Theatrical Company's usual vices (excessive length, scattershot antics) and virtues (clever sets, animated performances by, among others, Everett Quinton and Eureka). (Charles Ludlam Theatre, One Sheridan Square. 691-2271.)

A Few Good Men—"Mister Roberts" meets "The Mary Tyler Moore Show." Aaron Sorkin's military-courtroom drama treats issues such as justice, honor, loyalty, and morality with the slick, facile smugness of a half-hour comedy series, but the performances, by an ace cast under Don Scardino's direction, are wonderful. (11/27/89) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Grand Hotel—The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's direction and choreography and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walton almost make up for the inner vacancy of this show, but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music is undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. (11/27/89) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-0102.)

Gypsy—This revival of the great Sondheim-Styne-Laurents-Robbins musical (directed by Arthur Laurents himself) is so delightful—and the cast (led by Tyne Daly, Crista Moore, and Jonathan Hadary) so engaging—that we think anyone would be happier for having seen it. One suggestion: don't applaud when Mama Rose comes down the aisle (you'll drown out the first number). Trust Broadway: you'll have ample time to welcome Miss Daly when she mounts the steps and delivers her first onstage line. (12/4/89) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 246-0102.)

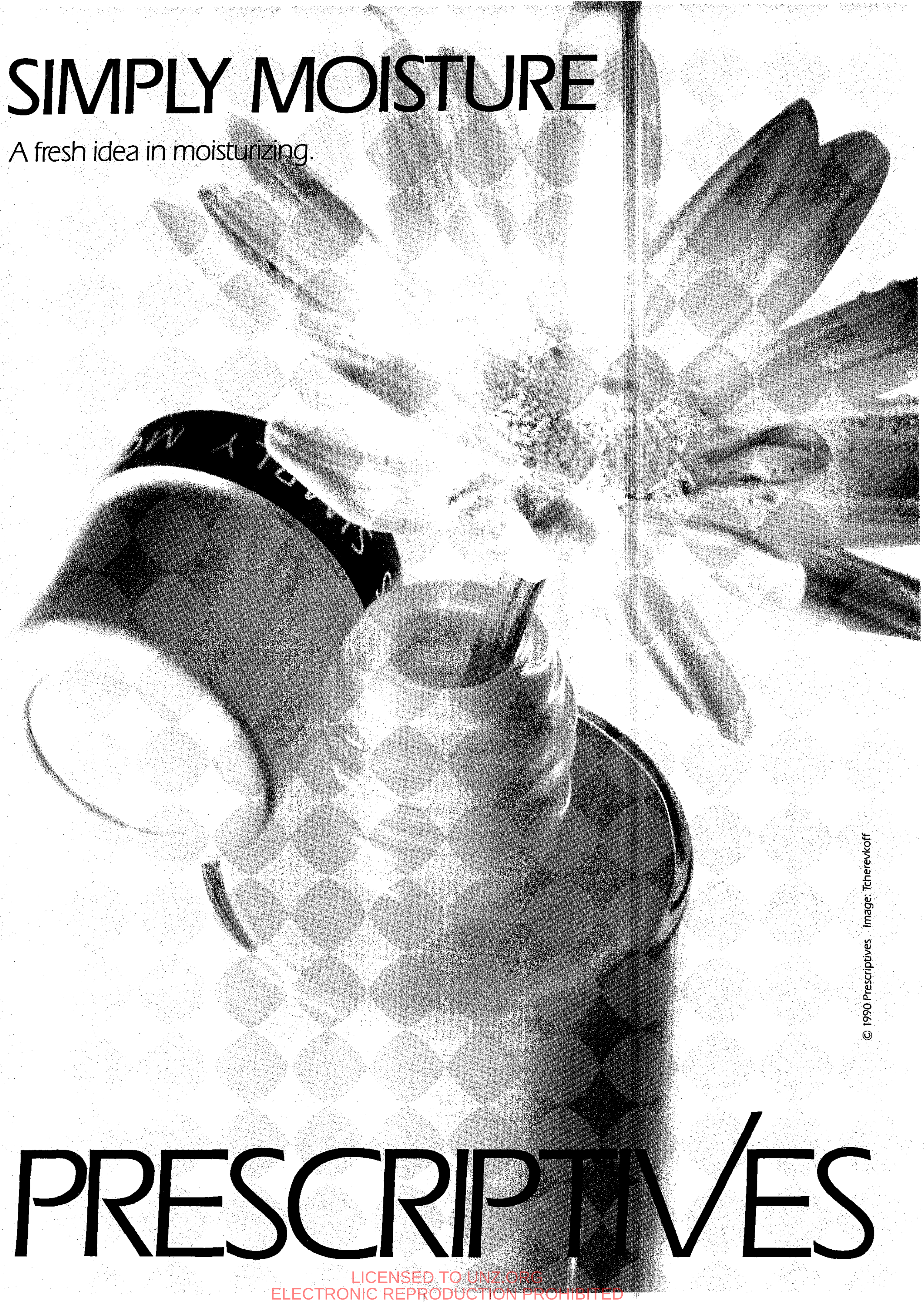
Juan Darién—A revival of a 1988 Music-Theatre Group production, performed by an eighteen-member company of actors, dancers, musicians, and puppeteers. Conceived by Julie Taymor and Elliot Goldenthal (who also wrote the music), and based on a short story by Horacio Quiroga. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 279-4200.)

Junon and Avos—A rock musical, presented by the Moscow Lenin Komsomol Theatre. In Russian, with English narration. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

Kiss Me When It's Over—A musical conceived and directed by and starring André De Shields. With Freida Williams and Gina Taylor. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Closes Jan. 27.)

The Lisbon Traviata—This superb production of Terrence McNally's play about two fanatical opera aficionados (Anthony Heald and Nathan Lane) was staged by John Tillinger, and originated at the Manhattan Theatre Club. Since its run there, McNally has recast the ending so as to make it more plausible, less melodramatic. The result is that the serious second half (in which we get a life-behind-the-façade look at one of the characters from the comic first act) now bears out McNally's over-all point, which is something about the unrealistic, contrived, and upper-register level on which these characters live. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

Love Letters—A. R. Gurney's two-character play, with Kate Nelligan and Treat Williams Jan. 9-14, and with Elaine Stritch and Cliff Robertson starting Jan. 16. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Closes Jan. 21.)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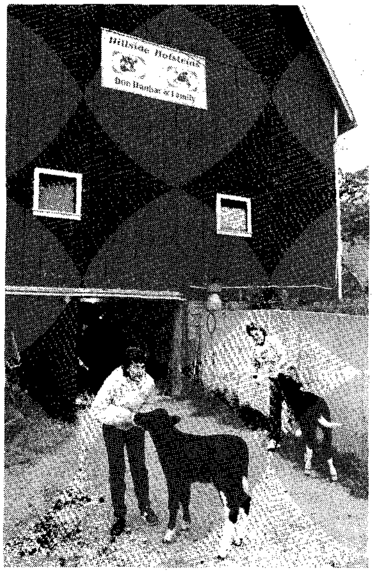

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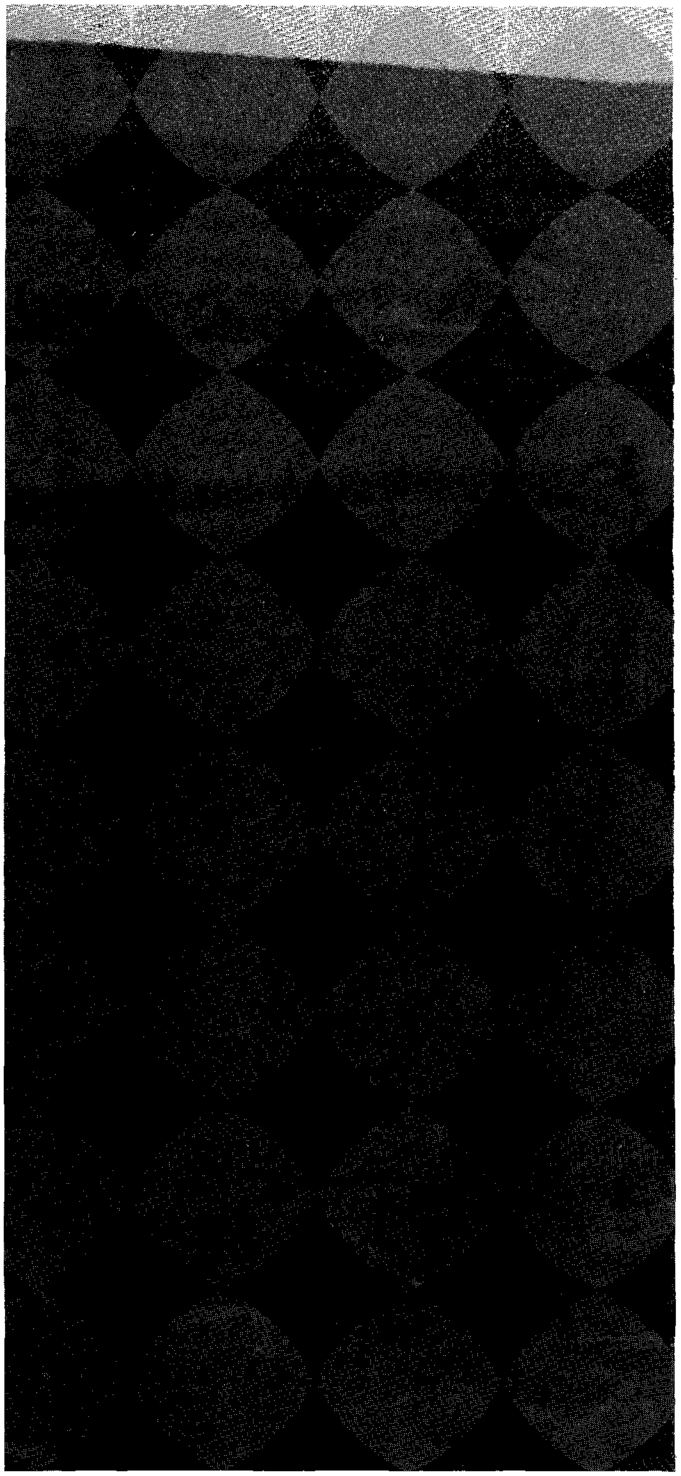

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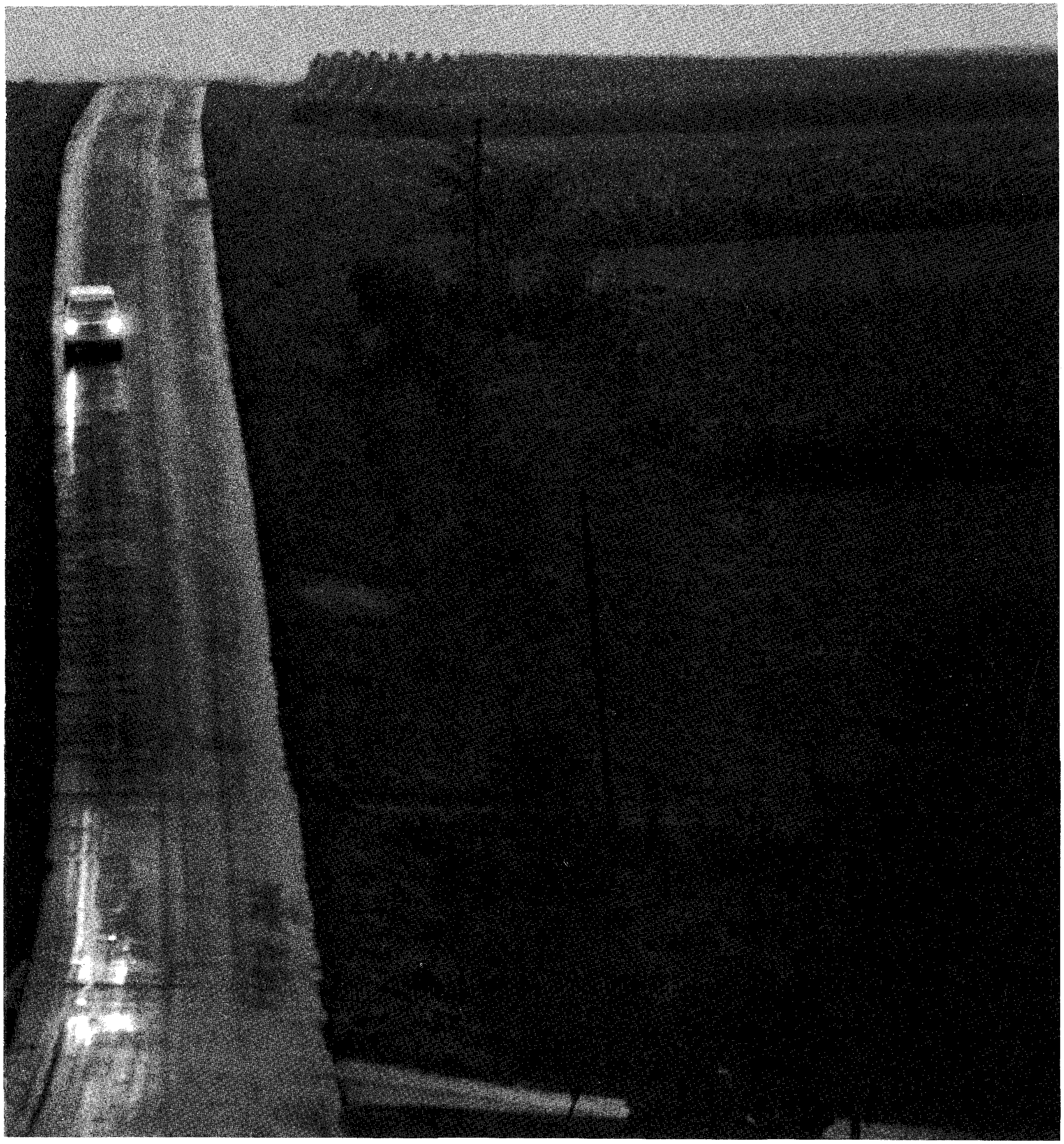

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THE THEATRE—Cont'd

Meet Me in St. Louis—If you like the old M-G-M musical, you probably won't like this stage version, which combines the earnest, wholesome values of the movie with an aesthetic of surpassing vulgarity. In any case, why see the show when you can rent the movie? (11/20/89) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.)

The Merchant of Venice—This production, directed by Peter Hall, tries a little too hard to avoid anti-Semitism (by making Christians look awful) and seems more interested in the quality of male bonding than that of mercy. As Shylock, Dustin Hoffman is dignified but ultimately ineffective. Fortunately, the production is about great ensemble Shakespeare rather than about Hoffman's Shylock, and would be worth seeing if only for Michael Siberry (Gratiano) and Geraldine James (Portia). (1/1/90) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102.)

My Children! My Africa!—John Kani, Courtney B. Vance, and Lisa Fugard in the American première of a play written and directed by Athol Fugard. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 279-4200. Closes Jan. 14.)

New York Gilbert & Sullivan Players—Presenting a production of **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE,** Jan. 10-14. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400.)

Progress—A comedy by the British playwright Doug Lucie. With Anne Bobby, Joe Mantello, Edmund Lewis, Ray Virta, and John Curless. Directed by Geoffrey Sherman. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810.)

The School for Wives—Robin Leslie Brown is Agnès and James Nugent is Arnolphe in the Pearl Theatre Company's production of Molière's 1662 comedy. Translated from the French by Earle Edgerton. (Pearl Theatre, 125 W. 22nd. St. 645-7708. Closes Jan. 13.)

Sweeney Todd—Bob Gunton and Beth Fowler in the York Theatre Company's production of the Sondheim musical. Susan H. Schulman is the director. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

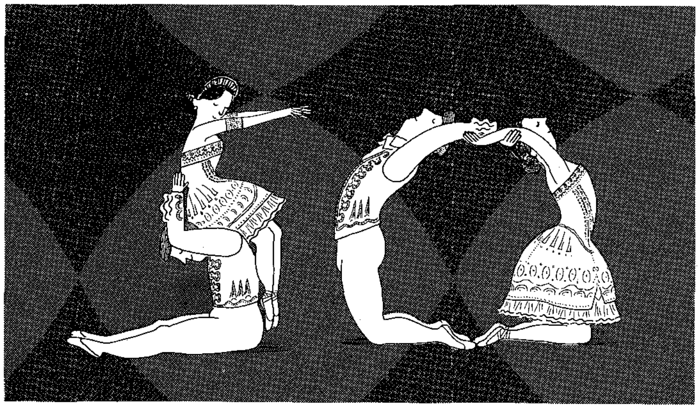
The Tenth Man—An excellent revival, under Ulu Grosbard's direction, of Paddy Chayefsky's play about a man who brings his granddaughter—perhaps schizophrenic, perhaps possessed—to his synagogue for the purpose of exorcism. The story is strong enough, but what gives the action life is the behavior, mostly comical, of the members of the congregation. Bob Dishy is especially funny as a busy member named Schissel. Phoebe Cates is the girl, Peter Friedman is the recently recruited tenth man (to make a quorum for worship), and Joseph Wiseman, Michael Mantell, Ron Rifkin, Jack Weston, and David Berman are fellow-communicants. (1/1/90) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Closes Jan. 14.)

Tru—Robert Morse gives a deeply thought-out, accomplished performance as Truman Capote—by turns funny, bitchy, ironic, and rueful—at the end of his life and his tether. The play was written by Jay Presson Allen. (1/1/90) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Twenty Fingers, Twenty Toes—Ann Brown and Maura Hanlon play the Hilton Sisters, Siamese twins on the vaudeville circuit, in this musical by Michael Dansicker (book, score, and lyrics) and Bob Nigro (book and direction). (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

LONG RUNS

BLACK AND BLUE: An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while Ruth Brown, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, Bunny Briggs, Jimmy Slyde, and a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **DRIVING MISS DAISY:** Frances Sternhagen and Arthur French star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run turned twenty-nine last May. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1990:** A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.) . . . **THE HEIDI CHRONICLES:** Wendy Wasserstein's play looks at first glance like standard baby-boom playwriting fare, but some alchemical combination of graceful-mindedness and good writing enables her to capture, lampoon, and transcend her generation all at the same time. With Brooke Adams. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **JEROME ROBBINS' BROADWAY:** A collection of high spots from "On the Town," "Billion Dollar Baby," "High Button Shoes," "The King and I," "Peter Pan," "West Side Story," "Gypsy," "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," and "Fiddler on the Roof," all of which were choreographed or directed, or both, by Jerome Robbins. Whether Robbins' era—the fifties—was your generation or your parents', this is the show for you. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **THE KATHY AND MO SHOW: PARALLEL LIVES:** Comedy skits and vignettes about gender and its role in society, written and performed by Kathy Najimy and Mo Gaffney. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.) . . . **LEND ME A TENOR:** The setting of this farce by Ken Ludwig is a hotel suite in Cleveland in 1934, where a famous tenor who is booked to sing "Otello" takes an overdose of barbiturates. A substitute must be found. Under Jerry Zaks' direction, all the surprises up the dramatist's sleeve are brought to comic life. Philip Bosco and Tovah Feldshuh are among the members of the splendid cast. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **M. BUTTERFLY:** Tony Randall and A. Mapa in David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY:** Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York stockbroker's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. With Kevin Conway and Mercedes Ruehl. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **RUMORS:** This farce about a party to celebrate a couple's tenth anniversary (the host and hostess are mysteriously absent) may well be the funniest play that Neil Simon has written. Directed by Gene Saks. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling takes place in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress (Suzy Hunt), her assistant (Dorrie Joiner), and four steady customers (Anna Minot, Rita Gardner, Jennifer Parsons, and Rica Martens). (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 246-0102.)



American Ballet Theatre's Anniversary Gala

DANCE

"DON'T dance with your toes pointing skywards. They will do that when you are dead." This and other no-nonsense advice can be found in J. J. Sheehan's "A Guide to Irish Dancing," a pocket-size booklet from 1902. We perused a facsimile of this volume recently, during a break in one of Donny Golden's weekly classes in jigs, reels, and the rest of Irish step dancing, in the basement-level party room of Brooklyn's Bay Ridge Manor catering hall. At this session, for four- and five-year-olds, we were struck by the sole boy in the group—a child named Chris, taking his first class ever, after having observed his sister's classes for several weeks. He picked up on the instruction with dispatch, and we asked Mr. Golden about Chris's future as a dancer. "It depends," he said. "If there are several boys in a class, they tend to stick with it more." Mr. Golden knows. He came from a family of eight in which everybody danced and played music, and he began to learn Irish step dancing in the Bronx, travelling there, two hours up and two hours back on the train, from his native Brooklyn every Sunday.

The use of turnout, a pointed foot, and an open fifth position gives Irish step dancing a resemblance to the very fast petit allegro of classic ballet. Also as in ballet, more of the students for Irish dancing are girls. (Mr. Golden says this is true in Ireland, too.) We have seen some fine female Irish dancers, among them Jean Butler, one of Mr. Golden's students, who placed third in last year's world competition, and who will perform with Mr. Golden and several musicians at Greenwich House on January 19. Still, the look of the laconic upper body poised over the slashing "cuts" and "points" of the legs gives the dancing an aggressively masculine character. Mr. Golden himself was the first American to place at worlds, and among his students was last year's world champion in the men's division. Mr. Golden also told us that men's Irish technique, with its hard shoes, was developed much earlier than the women's technique, with its soft leather slippers. "Shall I start on my lecture?" Mr. Golden said. "You know, 'Men once ruled the world . . .' "

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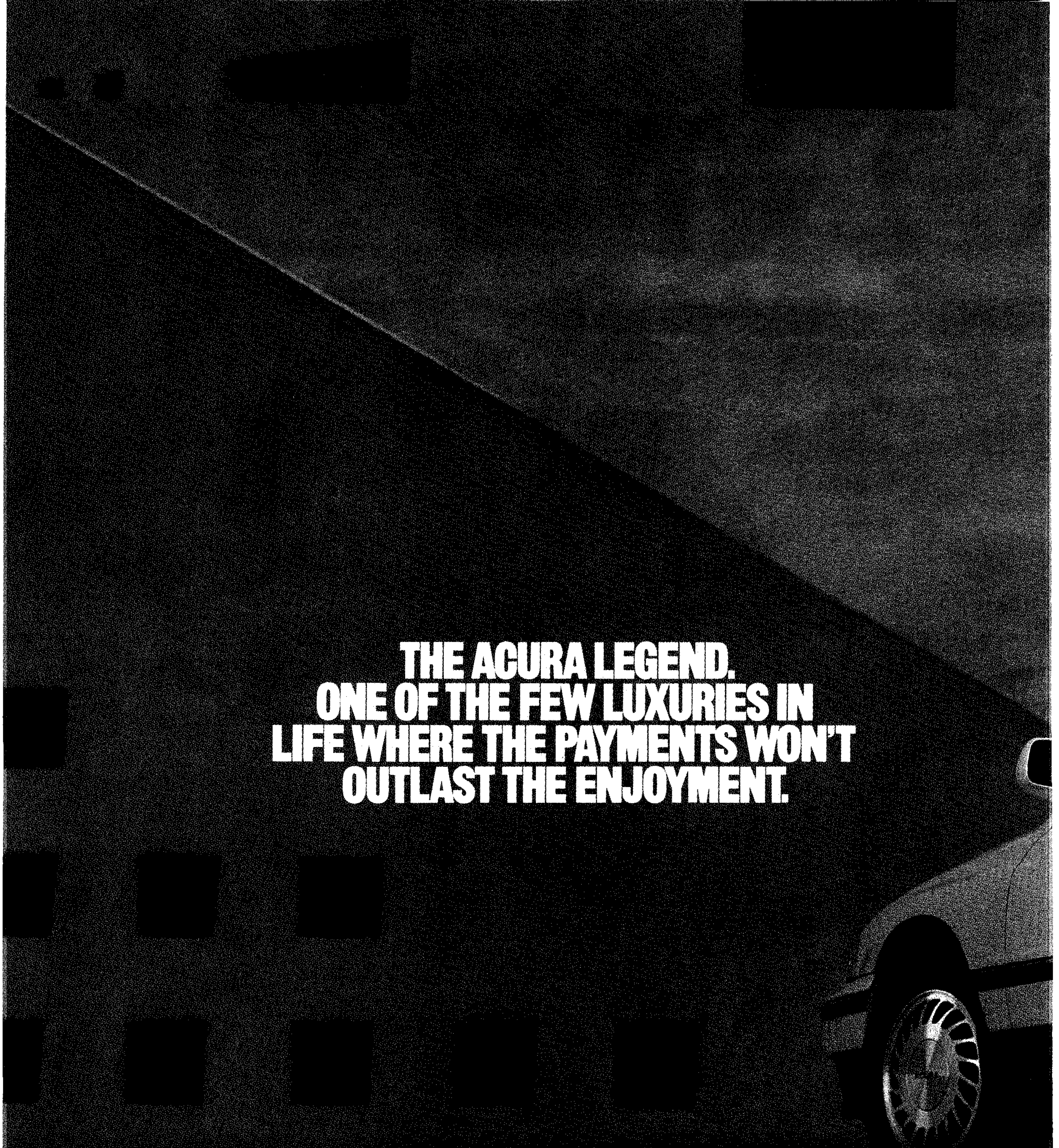

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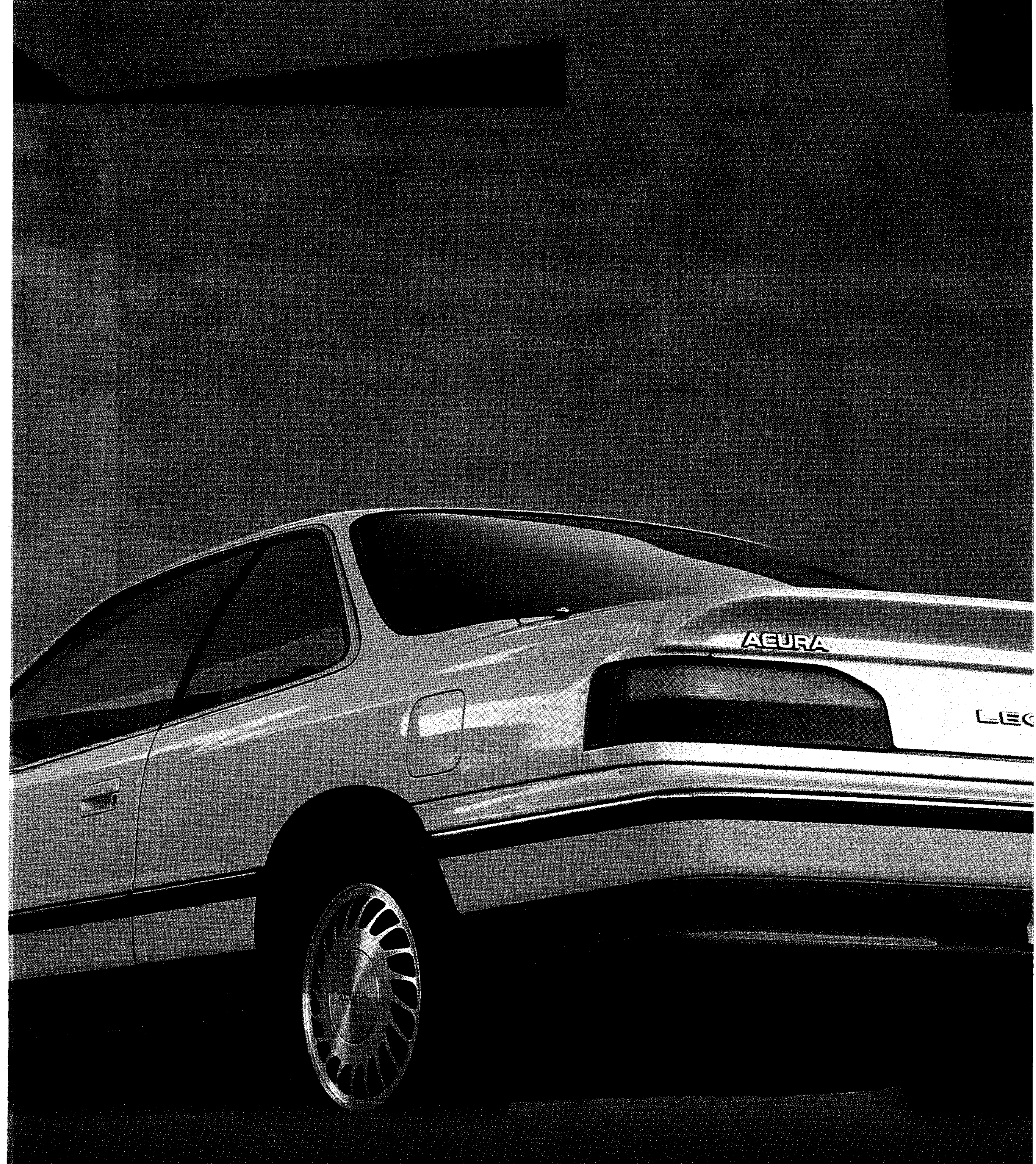

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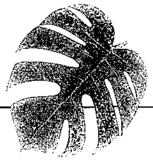

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DANCE–Cont'd

New York City Ballet—Jan. 9 at 8: "Mozart Serenade," "In the Night," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 8: "Les Gentilhommes," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Antique Epigraphs," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 8: "Mozart Serenade," "Prodigal Son," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Danses Concertantes." . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 2: "Les Gentilhommes," "Prodigal Son," and "Cortège Hongrois." . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Cortège Hongrois." . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 1: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Danses Concertantes." . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 7: "Les Gentilhommes," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Tarantella," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Danses Concertantes." . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 8: "Mozart Serenade," "Kammermusik No. 2," "Other Dances," and "Prodigal Son." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Feb. 25.)

American Ballet Theatre—A celebration of the company's fiftieth anniversary, with appearances by, among others, Agnes de Mille, Natalia Makarova, and Jerome Robbins. The evening's program includes excerpts of more than thirty ballets and rare film footage of the troupe's early days. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Jan. 14 at 7:30.)

"ManMade"—A two-week festival of dance companies led by men. Jan. 9-10 at 8, and Jan. 14 at 7:30: Ralph Lemon Dance Company, and Doug Varone and Dancers . . . ¶ Jan. 11-12 and Jan. 16 at 8: Randy Warshaw Dance Company and Dendy Dance. . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 8 and Jan. 14 at 2: Stephen Petronio Company and Bill Young & Dancers . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 8: Gallman's Newark Dance Theatre and Déjà Vu Dance Theatre. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through Jan. 21.)

New York Theatre Ballet—In "Dance Roads" and other works. (Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. 353-3874. Jan. 10-12 at 8 and Jan. 13 at 2 and 8.)

Yoshiko Chuma, Tere O'Connor, and Stephanie Skura—Presenting the second of two programs in a joint engagement. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Jan. 10-13 at 8 and Jan. 14 at 3.)

Bryan Hayes & Dancers—The premières of "Sweet Samba," "Pithoprakta," and "Double Duet," and a revival of "Songs from the Underworld." (Merce Cunningham Studio, 55 Bethune St. Jan. 13-14 at 8 and Jan. 15 at 9. For information about tickets, call 228-4655.)

NIGHT LIFE

RECENT entries from our ongoing "People We Sat Next to in Clubs" journal:

Early December, Bitter End. A rather gaunt, creepy-looking couple. Mid-thirties, maybe. Look as if they've just decided *not* to shoot the President. She has a spur on her left cowboy boot. He has sideburns roughly the shape of California. Their conversation is filled with long pauses; after each she stamps her spur and says, "What's the story, Eddie?" or "Eddie, what's this all about?" or "Hey, Eddie, gimme the big picture." Eddie doesn't seem to know what she means.

Mid-December, Astro's Turf. Two young women with straight blond hair and black berets. See: loopy. See: Rickie Lee Jones. One (apparently from San Francisco) is discussing her younger brother (apparently a teenage sculptor-philosopher) and something he buried in their back yard at home (apparently an enormous steel avocado). "Why an avocado?" "You'd have to ask him."

Late December, Carlos 1. Handsome, love-struck couple bobbing their heads to "Nice Work if You Can Get It." Late forties, early fifties? Completely absorbed in music. Don't seem to notice their dinner (marinated steak, broiled-seafood platter), or fact that a music flyer on their candlelit table has just caught fire. Waiter bearing wet towel whisks down aisle, battles foot-high flames, extinguishes same. Couple continue bobbing. Waiter departs. Man snaps out of jazz-induced trance, says, "Jesus, we better eat!"

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Astro's Turf, Second Ave. at 94th St. (289-0415)—A goofy, futuristic theme bar apparently designed by George Jetson. On the ceiling and floor, one finds astronaut dolls playing golf on amoeba-shaped greens; over the bar, a giant green octopus (a sextopus, actually, but who's counting?); and, on Thursday night's menu, a drink called the Woo Woo Wedge. On a recent night, while a Blues Brothers-ish band held sway onstage, patrons here were trying to figure out what the hell NASA had to do with golf, when someone informed them that the longest golf drive ever was made on that distant, grassless country club known as the moon. The informant didn't know if the astronaut in question went on to play every hole. Live music Mondays after ten.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A big, soigné cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, in the heart of the fur and fashion-student districts. **JEFF HARNAR,** a young singer who has cabaret-scene watchers beating the drum, is in action here, singing Comden and Green (from "Singin' in the Rain," say, or "On the Town"). Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A jazz club that would be a perfect stop on a bus tour (there's even a souvenir shop that sells Kodak). It's a good idea to make a reservation and show up well in advance. A quintet led by **HILTON RUIZ,** a pianist well versed in both jazz and Afro-Cuban idioms, shares a double bill with the **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** Havana-New York ensemble Jan. 9-14. **DIZZY GILLESPIE'S** quintet kicks off on Jan. 16. First set at nine. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a small, well-upholstered room decorated with quaint Marcel Vertès murals (a nude at her easel, a leaping poodle), is a place where time pretty much stands still. The **MODERN JAZZ QUARTET,** well into its third decade, is making a rare small-club appearance here. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in a bar whose pillars and walls are decorated with Ludwig Bemelmans park scenes (a man and his bulldog, rabbity creatures at play, schoolchildren and a nun), **FRANK OWENS** is at the piano from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—In the late seventies and early eighties, this dark cave (graffitied walls, a battered pool table, rest rooms for the intrepid only) was the hub of a thriving punk-music scene—Blondie, Talking Heads, the Ramones, and Television were regular attractions. Local rock has since diminished, but while other clubs of the era have fizzled CB's perseveres. A lot of people have been waiting a long time for the **PSYCHEDELIC FURS** to be good again. The group's new "Book of Days" record is promising, and so is the fact that they've chosen a five-night stand (Jan. 16-20) in this intimate room to end their American tour. Shows eleven-thirty weeknights and after midnight weekends.

Continental Divide, 25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924)—Hipsters, punks, posers, N.Y.U. students, the occasional skinhead—a typical East Village bar. The motif is prehistoric punk—there's a Stone Age mural, assorted toy dinosaurs and pterodactyls, and a bartender who, on a recent evening, was sporting a T-shirt that read "Die, Yuppie Scum." Shows Sundays at nine, Mondays and Tuesdays at ten, and Wednesdays and Thursdays at eleven. Dining.

Delta 88, 332 Eighth Ave., at 26th St. (924-3499)—A rambling bar and restaurant with a white-trash-chicken-shack theme. The decorator went kind of hog-wild with all the old filling-station and soft-drink signs and the hubcaps and the dime-store portrait of the King and the display of dozer caps and the shingle from the taxidermist in Spanish Fort, Alabama—but it's a friendly enough place. There's live music to be heard most nights, including gospel on Mondays, zydeco on Thursdays, and country on Fridays. Shows after nine. Chicken-fried steak, deep-fried crawdads (a.k.a. Cajun popcorn), glasses of water big enough to put out a brushfire, and other exotic Southern fare.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—An Irish pub in the meat-packing district, not too far from the boondocks. In the front room, barbirds study the TV and growl about one thing or another, and in the back room another crowd listens to Irish folk musicians (on Fridays) and native string bands (on Saturdays). County Sligo fiddler Martin Wynne will be in residence with assisting artists Jan. 12.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—There's not a lot of elbow- or headroom in this downstairs jazz club, but the musicians sometimes make you forget all about it. **BETTY CARTER,** whom Lionel Hampton dubbed Betty Bebop in the late forties and who continues to live up to that name, will be singing here through Jan. 14; the **VICTOR BAILEY** quintet starts up on Jan. 16. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

Fortune Garden Pavilion, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—A satisfying combination of Chinese food and homegrown music. Rubberneckers may see the moon wheeling by the greenhouse roof on its regular tour of romantic Manhattan. Seven-string guitarists **BUCKY** and **JOHN PIZZARELLI** start up on Jan. 16. Music from eight Mondays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

Gonzalez y Gonzalez, 625 Broadway, at Houston St. (473-8787)—Loud, brash, and big—de rigueur for the lower-Broadway dining scene. The theme is, of course, Mexican, and you get the whole enchilada—a giant cactus here, a parade-float sombrero there, animal skulls, religious artifacts, and jalapeño clusters everywhere. The stage is in the rear, about a city block from the entrance. Jan. 10 belongs to Combo Limbo, Jan. 12 to the Interns, and Jan. 13 to the **SURREAL MC COYS.**

Jan Wallman's, 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—A burgundy room walled with mirrors that gives one the not unpleasant sensation of sitting in a giant glass of red wine. The lineup: Bob Stewart and Buddy Barnes on Jan. 10; Richard Rodney Bennett on Jan. 11; Barbara Lea and Wes McAfee on Jan. 12; and Vic Cava and Buddy Barnes on Jan. 13. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—An Old New York kind of place, with dark-wood panelling, white tablecloths, and brass-figurine lamps. The musicians gather around the Steinway in the dining room, but chin music is often the dominant sound. Pianist **ROY MERIWETHER** and bassist Barry Campbell work Jan. 9-13; **JOHN COLIANNI** (piano) and Bill Moring (bass) start a run on Jan. 16. Music from nine-thirty.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Situated in a neighborhood that boasts the Puck Building to the west and a host of windshield washers to the east, this modest space provides a forum for free-thinking musicians. Beat and melody are optional, "music" and "noise" relative terms. On Jan. 11, **WAYNE HORVITZ,** a composer-pianist whose music roams freely between idioms and whose name has become synonymous with downtown and sometimes Brooklyn, will be here with guitarist **BILL FRISELL.** Drummer **MARVIN (SMITTY) SMITH'S** band comes in Jan. 12-13. Music after nine.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken (1-201 798-4064)—A small-pond club for big-fish bands. Maxwell's is a back-room affair with a dingy stage and a baby grand someone apparently tried to papier-mâché. Still, the bookers know their college-radio playlists: Sonic Youth, Wire, and the Feelies came through not so long ago, and R.E.M. and 10,000 Maniacs landed here before even *you* knew who they were.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A glossy, multilevel maroon-and-silver cabaret, seating about ninety, and located on the north side of the sixty-fifth floor in what used to be the cocktail lounge. The performers, working in a shallow well in the center of the room, do unwitting battle with the bejewelled backdrop of Central Park, Lenox Avenue, the G. W. Bridge, and points north. Brooklyn-born singer-actress **Lainie Kazan**—who started out on Broadway as Barbra Streisand's understudy in "Funny Girl," and who's since showed up in such movies as "My Favorite Year" and "Lust in the Dust"—is currently holding forth with songs by Harold Arlen, Bob Dylan, and many others. Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Ritz, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—This rock establishment, which recently moved from the East Village to the former temple of excess Studio 54, is still a place where the customer is not always right. The signature feature of its previous address, the giant Big Brother video screen, has been preserved intact. Upstairs in the balcony, there are designated seating areas for industry and non-industry people. **Ministry,** a band that sounds like a British synth-pop, dance-rock outfit but that is actually masterminded by a Chicagoan, will be here Jan. 11-12, along with KMFDM. **Southside Johnny & the Jukes,** who, in their formative years, shared stomping grounds (Asbury Park) with Bruce Springsteen, appear on Jan. 13. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A big, cheerful room, painted a light tropical blue, where you can pick 'em up and set 'em down to sounds from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and elsewhere. Ample seating for the contemplative. **Culture,** a reggae group specializing in pop melodies and Biblical utterances, takes the stage on Jan. 11; the Haitian dance band **Tabou Combo** claims Jan. 12; and Calypso Rose will be here on Jan. 13. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**Mc Coy Tyner,** a pianist who gives you a lot of bang (and some dizzying glissandi) for your buck, will be here Jan. 9-14, with his boon companions, bassist **Avery Sharpe** and drummer **Aaron Scott. Ron Carter,** a nimble bassist whose solos have been preserved for posterity in a volume entitled "Ron Carter's Bass Lines," will be leading a quintet here as of Jan. 17. A big band belonging to trumpeter Miles Evans is in action on Mondays. Shows from ten. Dining.

Sweetwaters, 170 Amsterdam Ave., at 67th St. (873-4100)—Pink carnations on the tables, shrimp creole on the menu, a sunken dance floor with a "Saturday Night Fever" ball, and a house photographer who offers to take a picture of you and your honey. The stage, dominated by a white grand piano, is usually given over to soul and R. & B.; the audience shouts encouragement as the band sings about "doin' it all night long" and, a little later, about "taking care of that thing."

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the gym-size downstairs room, which, with its black walls, black pillars, and black pipes and ducts, resembles a giant Nevelson sculpture, **Harold Melvin & the Blue Notes** hold forth Jan. 12-13. They've been at it since the early seventies, when Teddy Pendergrass was in the group, and their brand of Philly soul is as smooth and well choreographed as ever. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the airy space known as the Terrace Bar, the Jack Wilson duo presides through Jan. 14, followed by the Larry Willis duo beginning Jan. 16.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world descend the stairs to this ancient jazz club; many of them later emerge from it in an excited condition. **Richard Davis,** a bassist (for Sarah Vaughan, Ben Webster, and others) and a professor (for the University of Wisconsin), leads a quintet here through Jan. 16. **Louis Hayes,** a drummer who keeps his soloists awake with some well-timed fills, brings his quintet in on Jan. 16 for a week-long gig. Mondays are prime time for **Mel Lewis's** big band. Music from ten.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17			

Southside Johnny (& the Jukes) at the Ritz

Woody's in the Village, 82 E. 4th St. (982-3686)—Rolling Stones guitarist Ron Wood's recently opened club is a basic-black basement space with mirrors, comfy couches, and rotating spotlights. Stones memorabilia, with an emphasis on Ronnie himself, provide the only decoration. At this club you can learn about nuances of heavy-metal history you may have been unaware of. A band that played here recently honored all Bad Company requests, whereas one for Led Zeppelin received the disdainful reply "Come on, this is New York." Shows Wednesdays through Saturdays, from about eleven. There's also an art gallery upstairs (entrance at 65 Second Avenue), where the collected works of Woody—rock-star portraits, mainly—are now on display.

Zanzibar & Grill, 550 Third Ave., at 36th St. (779-0606)—Outside, the jungle that is New York City throbs in its old heavy-handed way; inside, the ceiling fans turn slowly, the palm trees susurrate tropically, the jukebox plays Perez Prado and the Mills Brothers, and the customer is susceptible to fevered thoughts about going South, where he can do a little shelling and shuffleboarding. The musicians go to work around nine. The **Microscopic Septet,** *who practice a form of wild-eyed* downtown hybrid-jazz, will be here on Jan. 11. The **Rhythm Machine,** featuring guitarist **Joe Beck** and vibraphonist **Dave Samuels,** claims Jan. 13. Also: the Roy Gerson sextet on Jan. 12, **Phoebe Légère** on Jan. 14, and the Howard Alden/Dan Barrett quartet on Jan. 16-17. Dining.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—If you like pictures of cows, there's a good one here, by the British painter Malcolm Morley, of some Holsteins adrift in a Turneresque landscape. There's also jazz, which flows peaceably from a passageway between the front-room bar and the back-room restaurant. Guitarist **Tal Farlow,** a sixty-eight-year-old jazz legend who likes to retire every so often, is here for two weeks. Music weeknights from eight, and Sundays from seven.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

Overheard over the holidays:

On a subfreezing December 20, at Thierry Mugler's birthday party for himself at Punsch, a to-have-been-finished-by-New-Year's-Eve-but-unheated-at-the-time new restaurant on 60th Street near Broadway: "Can I get you a holiday drink?" "Sure. Hot kerosene with a cinnamon stick." Two hours later, at the same party, after the grog had taken effect: "Isn't that Liza Minnelli?" "Yes." "And she's with Judy Garland! Ohmygod!" "That's Lypsinka." "Damned if they don't look like mother and daughter." And after a 747-engine-size heater had kicked in: "It's so warm in here my hair straightened."

On the night before Christmas Eve, from the corner of Greene and Spring Streets, as a fire tears through a building up the block: "Do you know where I can find an aluminum tree?"

During a last-minute-shopping exchange at After The Rain, in SoHo: "I can't give him this as a gift. It's scratched." "The man said it's the last one." "Now what am I supposed to do?" "Say they're stress marks." "Stressed brass?" "Very nineties."

On New Year's Eve, which Murphy Brown and Linda Ellerbee call "amateur night," a girl walks down Ninth Avenue just after the ball has dropped and her sugar level has skyrocketed: "If I felt like this all the time, I'd be famous like Stephanie Mills."

On New Year's Day, at Cafe Luxembourg, a bartender recounts to a waiter why he didn't work the night before: "I can't stand working New Year's Eve." "Gross." "It's too depressing." "It's gross." "Last year, this woman who I didn't even know wrapped her arms around me and stuck her tongue down my throat." "How gross." "Yeah, if she only meant it. It was too depressing."

On January 2, at World Gym, on Lafayette Street: "How were your holidays?" "I never knew there was so much to say to people I had nothing to say anything to. Next year I'm going to have to start earlier." "Brushing up on current events?" "Talking to my travel agent."

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

Moscow Circus—In a four-week engagement, which begins Jan. 11. With acrobats, aerialists, and, of course, dancing bears. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. Through Feb. 4. For information about show times and tickets, call 247-4777.)

"California Sushi"—Roger Shimomura's video-performance piece. With Tony Allard. (Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Jan. 10-13 at 8:30.)

"Mana Goes to the Moon"—A collaborative piece by Molly Davies (director), David Roussève (choreographer), and Edwina Lee Tyler (composer). (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Jan. 11-14 at 8. Through Jan. 21.)

Annie Sprinkle and Emilio Cubeiro—In "Post-Porn Modernist," a work about gender identity. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. Jan. 11 and Jan. 14 at 8, and Jan. 12-13 at 8 and 11.)

P.S. 122—Jan. 11-14 at 9:30: "Terminal Hip," written by Mac Wellman and performed by Steve Mellor. Through Jan. 28.

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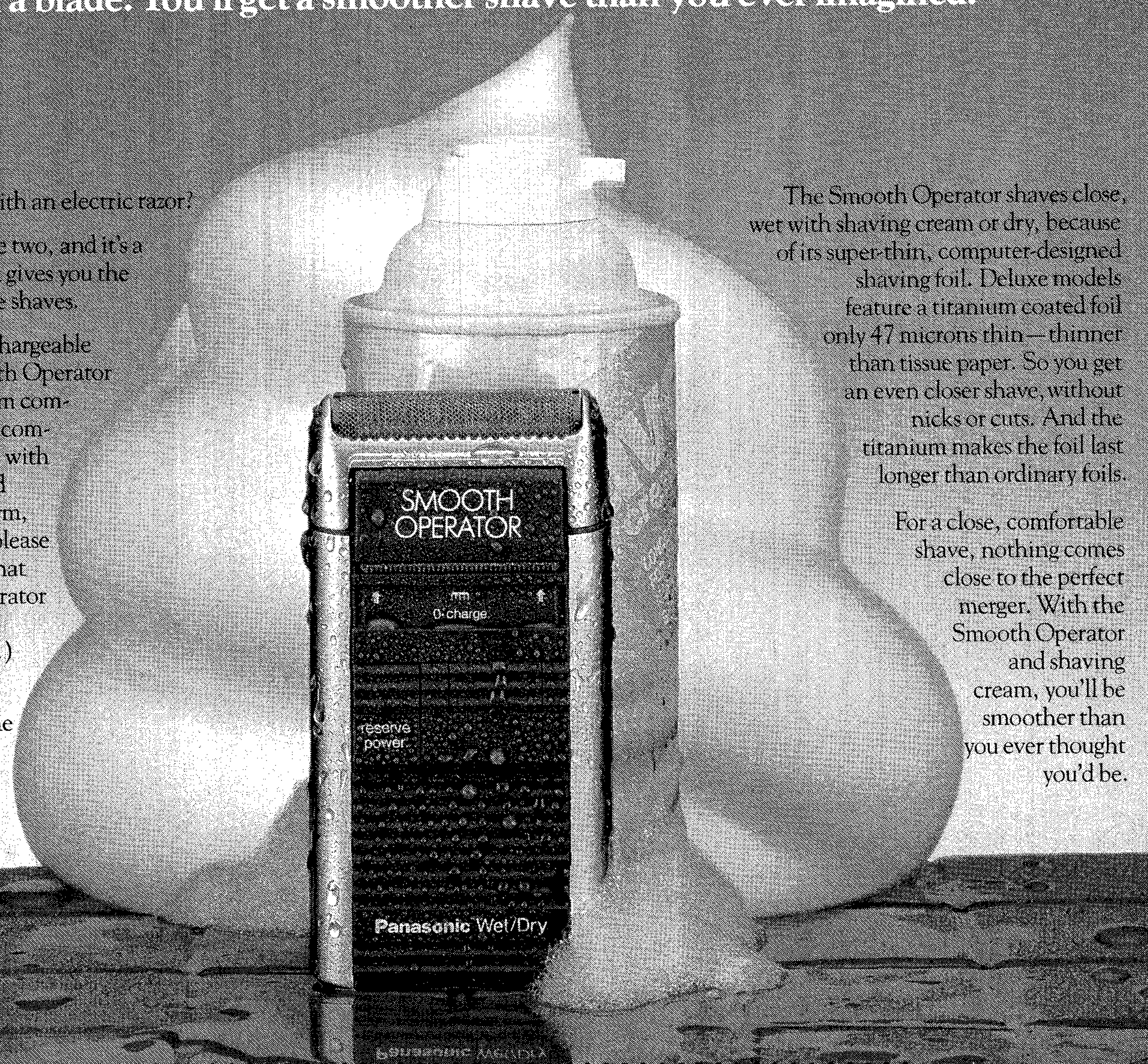

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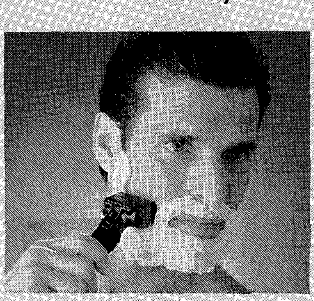

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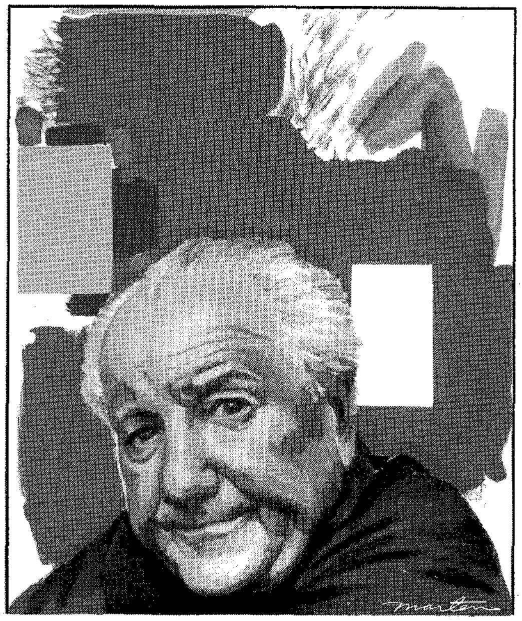


Hans Hofmann

ART

YOU will be hard-pressed to find an exhibition in town more surprising or eccentric than the current retrospective of work by Yayoi Kusama, at the new Center for International Contemporary Arts. This artist was well known to the art world of the sixties for her nude happenings, elaborate environments, and exuberantly compulsive paintings and drawings. Her soft sculptures—typically made up of a great many penis-like stuffed objects—were in fact often compared to Claes Oldenburg's, while her monochrome, "non-compositional" paintings and special kind of psychedelic surrealism were often connected with European postwar movements, for instance Groupe Zero and the Nouveaux Réalistes. Kusama's varied works also have affinities with those of Joseph Cornell, a close friend and fellow-compulsive, as well as with those of Max Ernst, Eva Hesse, Ree Morton, and Louise Bourgeois, with whom she shares an obvious phallic obsession. Kusama—who since 1977 has voluntarily lived in a private mental institution in Tokyo, where she keeps a studio—still counts Frank Stella and Donald Judd among her supporters.

This show is not very attractively installed—too crowded, no vistas. In fact, the non-profit Center itself, created in part as an antidote to the usual ethnocentricity of the cultural scene here, projects a somewhat amateurish air. But do try to get beyond this, to the point of beholding such works as "Phosphorescence in the Day" (circa 1952-53), a dazzling early watercolor; her many beautiful abstract "Net" and "Accumulation" paintings from the sixties; a marvellously weird and fanciful self-portrait from 1972 that suggests a color reprise of Ernst's "Une Semaine de Bonté"; as well as more recent works, such as "Leftover Snow in the Dream" (1982) and "Stamens in the Sun" (1989), both mixed-media assemblages composed of forms like pupae. And tucked away, ever so discreetly, in the back of the gallery is the wackiest piece of all: the truly irresistible "Farewell Supper," from 1981, a dinner table and chairs—all upholstered within an inch of their lives with the little beanbag-penis shapes, in red, white, black, blue, and green polka-dot cotton.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Canaletto show, devoted to one of history's most repetitive artists, is way, way too big. In a dozen galleries we find, for the most part, eighteenth-century Venice looking perfectly like her Serenissima self. A little Canaletto is great and it goes a long way, and the occasional magical work, such as "S. Cristoforo, S. Michele, and Murano from the Fondamente Nuove, Venice"—an atypical (dark and moody) view whose theatrical interpretation of weather and water almost suggests El Greco—only proves the rule. Through Jan. 21. . . . ¶ "The Age of Napoleon: Costume from Revolution to Empire" is the best exhibition the Met's Costume Institute has put on in some time. Katell Le Bourhis, the Institute's talented new curator, worked with Diana Vreeland, and it shows. . . . ¶ A show of Pierre Bonnard's graphic work, including his designs for advertisements, theatre programs, folding screens, and book jackets. Also, illustrated books, drawings, and so on. Through Feb. 4. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Picasso and Braque: Pioneering Cubism"—The show is truly dazzling, and those who think that Cubism is dry and overly intellectual, or who feel that seeing this show is part of their cultural duty, will be happily surprised to find it juicy as well. Not that it isn't demanding: twenty galleries, on two levels, full of paintings, collages, construction sculptures, and drawings, wherein we follow the progress of the daring young men at their speediest, most intense, most symbiotically entwined. The show is beautifully installed in such a way that we get good doses of each artist on his own, passages in which they can be seen virtually as one, and periodic special cases in point—like bake-offs—in which their common cause and deep idiosyncratic differences become equally evident, with Picasso taking the blue ribbon here, Braque grabbing it the next time around. Beginning in 1907 with "Les Demoiselles," which is followed by two rooms of lush, monumentally primal nudes and Cézannesque landscapes and still-lifes (here as elsewhere, a number of loans from Moscow, Leningrad, and Prague pop out like conquering hussars), the show culminates in 1914, at the onset of war, when both artists were exhibiting the sort of license—freewheeling appropriations, campy turns, decorative borders, fun and games with signature placement—that for some reason we have come to associate with postmodernism. In between, of course, comes the grand experiment proper, and we are put through some tighter paces. The year 1910, for instance, brings obsessive draftsmanship and a deep-in-the-studio mood that opens out with Picasso's great trio of dealer portraits and is lifted by Braque's invention of papier collé. One gallery's installation, on the lower level, is keyed by the presence of blue in each painting, and arrives with perfect timing to relieve us of the dun-buff-gray tonal range of the artists' most hermetic phase. Texture and rhythm overwhelm one throughout. Even when musical instruments are not explicitly rendered in their work, orchestral sounds—now the brass section, now woodwinds—prevail. Music was Braque's lifelong love, and this exceptional exhibition is the portrait of a more transient love affair—between mortals—as well. Through Jan. 16. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

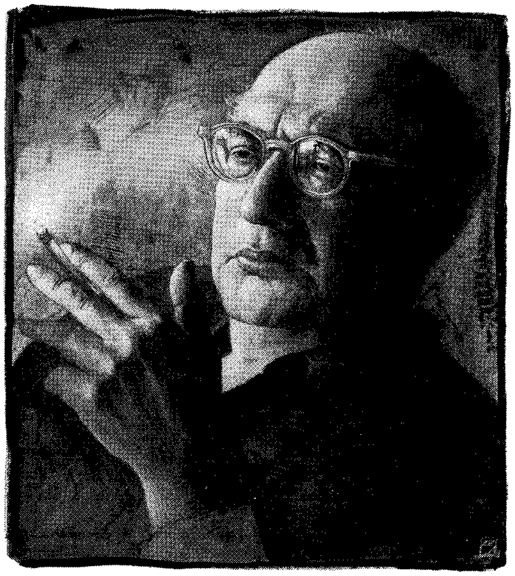
Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Jenny Holzer illumines Mr. Wright's daunting space with her aphorisms, which are engraved on both red and white granite benches, and displayed on a five-hundred-and-thirty-five-foot electronic message unit that follows the contours of the museum's spiralling wall. Through Feb. 11. (Another of Holzer's installation works, "Laments," can be seen at Dia Art Foundation, 548 W. 22nd St.) (Open Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The premise of "Image World: Art and Media Culture"—"that the overpowering presence of the media has produced an 'image world' "—is about as sprightly as the Oldest Living Confederate Widow could expect to be. Nevertheless, many individual pieces, such as the new lobby "Ticket Booth," by Dennis Adams, which puts the Whitney's ticket-taking docents in a "homeless" frieze, are terrific. Through Feb. 18. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings by Thomas Hart Benton (1889-1975). In his best work this chronicler of rural American life between the wars created a swirling space on the verge of being sucked in, like a mannerist composition gone tilt-a-whirl. When Benton strayed into depictions of mythology (a sleeping Persephone ogled by a lecherous farmer) and Nazi-baiting (lots of fire-and-brimstone gore), the results were pure kitsch. There is more significance in the drooping eyelid of an old and poor black laborer named Aaron than in all the symbolism of "Susanna and the Elders"; Benton was truest to his vision when depicting hunger—physical and otherwise. Through Feb. 11. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of seventy costumes from three leading Belle Époque Paris couture houses: Worth, Doucet, and Pingat. Through Feb. 26. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Crossroads of Continents," a travelling exhibition presented jointly by Soviet and North American museums, focusses on the cultures of Siberia and Alaska, and includes—among five hundred artifacts—kayaks, drums, clothing, and ivory carvings. Through March 25. (Open Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of Alexander Calder's homemade art: jewelry, toys, tools, and furnishings he whipped up for himself, his family, and his friends. Included are necklaces and brooches made with precious metals, and rude tin roasting pans and spatulas. Through March



Mark Rothko

11. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 5 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Seventeen uncommonly good Old Master paintings on loan from Fort Worth's celebrated Kimbell Art Museum. Installed in the skylighted Garden Court, these works, by Fra Angelico, Domenichino, Georges de La Tour, Le Nain, Poussin, Caravaggio, Tiepolo, George Stubbs, and Goya, among others, look amazingly young and vital. Through Jan. 14. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Gardens and Ghettos," an exhibition of more than three hundred paintings, sculptures, architectural fragments, and antiquities made by or for Italian Jews, is best at the two ends of the long period it spans—the Roman Empire to the rise of Mussolini. Through Feb. 1. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of all things Gilbert and Sullivan, including handwritten librettos, original-cast photographs, recorded music, and all the surviving original scores for the dynamic duo's operas. Through Feb. 18. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—This travelling sampler, from the Fitzwilliam Museum, at Cambridge University, is an epicure's delight. One of the world's best-loved small museums, the Fitzwilliam covers a lot of bases, and objects ranging from Celtic and Roman coins to a sketch by the Futurist Umberto Boccioni are currently on view here. Ford Madox Brown's famous Pre-Raphaelite tondo "The Last of England" is included, along with a charming rococo genre scene painted by Marguerite Gérard and her brother-in-law Fragonard. There are a pair of lovely early watercolors by Turner, two dramatic and typical "Death" themes by Blake, a marvellously heroic sketch of two male figures by the usually ethereal Puvis de Chavannes, and a vivid, tiny watercolor by J. S. Cotman, titled "Postwick Grove, Norfolk." The scene-stealer might just be the almost inconceivably sweet porcelain "Hen and Chickens Tureen," manufactured at the Chelsea factory around 1755—but there's plenty of strong competition. Through Jan. 28. (Open Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—A show of poignant large-scale photographs on canvas, with minimal painted interventions, by Annette Lemieux. They depict the "appearance" of sound—deaf children with their heads on a piano, say, or a waterfall, the bomb, Edgar Bergen and his wooden other. Even the noise from an adjacent screening of Australian videos is somehow silenced by these humbly beautiful works about memory and loss. . . . ¶ A collaborative installation by Martha Fleming and Lyne Lapointe that was inspired by a poem by Christina Rossetti and is intended to be about women's pleasures. However, with its use of Adirondack rusticity—paintings of bugs, squirrels, and bats, a mosaic floor, log benches, a worn balustrade, cozy country floor lamps, and much bark—it looks like an elaborate reprocessing of stick art. Through Feb. 4. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Weathervanes and whirligigs, carousel animals and cigar-store Indians—these are among the hundred-plus works of folk art on loan from the Shelburne Museum, in Vermont. Through March 18. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Cy Twombly—Beautiful paintings from 1969, with just about everything one expects from the master of the mark and the scribble. Through Jan. 20. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Not Vital—Nine "sculpture multiples," each consisting of ten bronze noses contained within an irregularly formed alabaster vessel. The set of noses was cast from the faces of live Egyptians, by means of the lost-wax technique, but any single proboscis may vary slightly from number to number in the edition as the artist may have prodded a little differently here, or given an extra pinch somewhere else. (The sculptured alabaster cocoons vary more dramatically.) Through Jan. 27. (Baron-Boisanté, 50 W. 57th St.)

Short List—**Milton Avery,** Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Feb. 3); **William Crozier** and **Edvard Lieber,** McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (through Jan. 27); **Dan Graham and Jeff Wall,** Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Jan. 27); **Al Held,** Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (through Feb. 3); **Hans Hofmann,** Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (through Jan. 27); **Howard Kanovitz** and **Altoon Sultan,** Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Jan. 27); **Yayoi Kusama,** Center for International Contemporary Arts, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Jan. 31); **Grandma Moses,** Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. (through Jan. 13); **Mark Rothko,** Pace, 32 E. 57th St. (starts Jan. 12).

NAME GAME

Why does the Peninsula Hotel, on the southwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street, bear so odd a name? (Manhattan is, after all, an island, not a peninsula.) The reason is more straightforward than one might think, but first some semi-ancient history. The hotel was called the Gotham when it opened, with much fanfare, in 1905. Exceptionally luxurious by the standards of its day, it was designed by the well-known architectural firm of Hiss & Weekes, which took care to give its Beaux-Arts limestone exterior a family resemblance to its neighbor the University Club, and to the St. Regis Hotel, facing it across the street. Fifth Avenue was still largely residential, and the Gotham and the St. Regis were by far the tallest structures in the area.

In the seventies, the Gotham fell upon hard times. It was purchased by a Swiss investor, who dreamed of turning it into an Arabian Nights-like den of sensual delight but who ran out of money. After being boarded up for seven years, it was sold to the Pratt Corporation, which opened it in the spring of 1988 under the licensed name of Maxim's de Paris. The name proved unconvincing. In the fall of that year, the building was purchased by the Peninsula Group, a hotel-management concern based in Hong Kong, which takes its name from the celebrated Peninsula Hotel in that city. And so a Peninsula was bestowed upon our island.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Dotty Attie—An epic-narrative drawing in several hundred parts, called "The Mechanical Peep Show." It's about a childhood crime, repression, the vulnerability of the artist, destiny, and the inevitability of content, and unfolds like a Robertson Davies novel. The tale is beautifully drawn, ending in a multi-panel image that was inspired by a Flemish genre painting and is an iconographic mystery. Through Jan. 20. (P. P. O. W, 532 Broadway.)

David Mach—Five sculptures by this inspired absurdist, including such believe-it-or-nots as a fibreglass hippopotamus head with an actual washing machine wedged into its mouth, and a taxidermic deer's head with a bicycle festooning it. Through Jan. 13. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Gerhard Richter—This show of works on paper, including a group of little oils painted on

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ROMEO GIGLI

postcard-size photos, is really beautiful. Richter's vertiginous segues between heightened, landscape-related realism and "pure" abstraction should put all such false distinctions to rest. The colors alone, whether as tight as Venetian paper dyes or as loose as de Kooning's, induce such oxymoronic states as controlled euphoria. Through Jan. 13. (Nolan, 560 Broadway.)

Colin Thomson—Attractive, somewhat zany surreal-abstract paintings. Through Jan. 13. (Lieberman & Saul, 155 Spring St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Fluxus—A large, crowded, happily chaotic group show of recent works by many of the notoriously scattered members of this epochal, neo-Dada anti-movement, which is currently experiencing a resurgence. Highlights include a steel trash can with a built-in alarm system, by Yoshi Wada, and a vertical row of pastel terry-cloth hand towels, by Jeff Perkins, that are stitched with the names of several important long-standing Fluxites, including Yoko, Nam June, and Carolee. Through Jan. 13. (Harvey, 537 Broadway.)

"The Green Show"—A few years ago, the dominant color in Soviet art was, naturally, red. But when the curator Margarita Tupitsyn visited the studios of younger Moscow artists recently, she saw nothing but green: ergo, the glue for this exhibition of young artists, most in their late twenties and early thirties, all a part of the same circle. Green has many meanings in the paintings and sculptures here—growth, dollars—and much of the work is handsome and in form not entirely alien, although to read the work as if it fit snugly within our system would do it a disservice. Through Jan. 20. (Exit Art, 578 Broadway.)

"Before the Field"—"Color-field painting" has been the punch line of many a joke in the last decade or so, but—brace yourselves—it's back, and, given the art market's exhaustive search, neglected works are likely to undergo reconsideration, or at least that is what this show of paintings from the early sixties is banking on. John McLaughlin's two white bars separated by a black field, Ralph Humphrey's somewhat derivative chalky-gray atmosphere, Larry Poons' dancing blips, and Paul Feeley's liturgical arches all look quite good. Through Jan. 27. (Newburg, 580 Broadway.)

Group Shows—At **germans van eck**, 420 West Broadway: Works by artists who use drawing as a primary medium. Included are Nancy Spero's alarming examination of torture in Chile and some very minor Jonathan Borofskys. Through Feb. 10. . . . **kind**, 136 Greene St.: A great sampling of outsider art, including two watercolor-and-collage fantasies about gun-wielding prepubescent schoolgirls in frilly little dresses, by a hospital janitor named Henry Darger; and a drawing of bizarre animals composed of abundant sexual anatomy, by a Lithuanian prison- and asylum-dweller, Friedrich Schröder-Sonnenstern, who was at various times a thief, a smuggler, and the leader of a mystical sect. Through Jan. 17.

Short List—**jennifer bartlett**, Cooper, 155 Wooster St. (through Jan. 31); **bernd and hilla becher**, Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway (through Jan. 27); **minna citron**, Teller, 568 Broadway (through Jan. 31); **jane braswell crawford**, 112 Greene Street Gallery (Tuesdays through Sundays, 11 to 7, through Jan. 21); **hanne darboven** and **roni horn**, Castelli, 420 West Broadway (through Jan. 27); **moira dryer**, Boone, 417 West Broadway (through Jan. 27); **david hacker**, Plumb, 81 Greene St. (through Feb. 3); **ilya kabakov**, Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (through Feb. 3); **ken kiff**, Auchincloss, 558 Broadway (through Feb. 3); **sol lewitt**, Weber, 142 Greene St. (through Jan. 27); **alexis rockman**, Gorney, 100 Greene St. (through Jan. 27).

OTHER GALLERIES

Tim Rollins + K.O.S.—A very smart exhibition of paintings and numerous related drawings by a former New York City public-school teacher and his high-school collaborators—kids from the South Bronx whom the system had deemed ineducable. The work is inseparable from its provenance, which is truly inspirational, and the images—fanciful, fantasy golden horns—are in essence self-portraits that the students created under the influence of a broad range of cultural references, from Uccello to Ninja weapons. The works' literary source is the last chapter of Kafka's unfinished novel "Amerika," upon whose pages they are painted. The show is a glorious sight—loud, brassy, and boisterous. Through June 17. (Dia Art Foundation, 548 W. 22nd St. Opens at noon Thursdays through Sundays.)

"Ancien Régime"—The fact that the Kyoto Costume Institute would so meticulously preserve the extravagant, bustle-backed embroidery of eighteenth-century France and England is a curious one. Here are the fruits of such a labor, including an elaborate display of literally breathtaking corsets, dresses wider than the wearer's height, and a mammoth, curlicued coiffure topped by a small frigate. Through Feb. 17. . . . ¶ "The Historical Mode"—However indulgent the garb of the ancien régime may seem, ours seems more so in a companion exhibition of contemporary fashion that has mined history for its inspiration. From Mary McFadden's pleated Byzantine evening gown to Thierry Mugler's mod bell-bottom updates, the show makes clear the fashion industry's frenetic and exhaustive reprocessing of style. Through Jan. 27. (Fashion Institute of Technology, Shirley Goodman Resource Center, Seventh Ave. at 27th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

We were disappointed with Sylvia Plachy's two-section exhibition now at the Twining Gallery. Her photographs have so often had such a warm, lyrical texture that we expected that a gathering of them would add up to something more than just another show. Often her pictures—which are published regularly in the *Village Voice*—have a light-handed, comic twist, and we were looking to be charmed. Instead, here she comes off like a weak Elliott Erwitt.

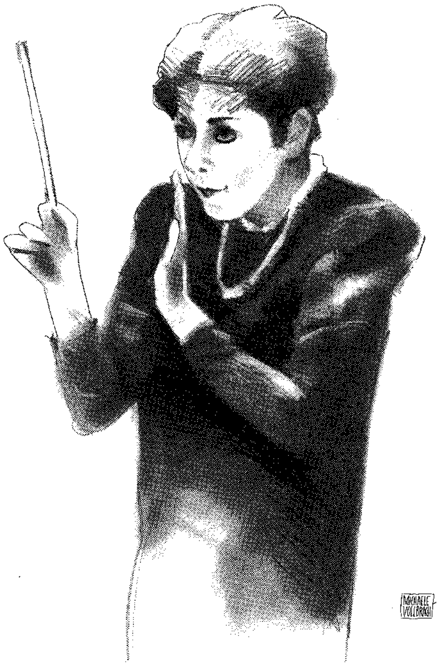
The images are from work Plachy did between 1965 and 1989, and two topics are covered—animals and pet cemeteries. Because the images are so stripped down, to "the point," the theme of life and death that runs through them is surprisingly unmoving. A photograph of sausages hanging outside a butcher shop, or one of chickens in a kitchen sink, might seem like an icon for the animal-rights movement in a show where other animals are unthreatened, but there's nothing memorable about either image. It's even more surprising that the potentially touching theme of pet cemeteries doesn't pan out. Sure, the photographs suggest the love that all these bereft owners felt for their pets, but there is a greeting-card quality to them. One of these photographs stands out. It is of an animal in a burial hole that has not yet been filled in. A small amount of earth covers the creature, which appears to be a dog; there's a fullness to the animal's form that suggests its death is recent. This picture is genuinely intimate, and it opens up the senses. For us, it reopened a memory of burying a little dog that had been run over and feeling as if we couldn't put the earth on top of her, because to do that would be to end her life, even though it had already ended.

It could just be that Plachy is one of those picturemakers whose works come off best when you see them one at a time, printed in a journalistic context, and not put together in an art show. When one of her images is published as a one-shot deal, it always seems fresh.

William Eggleston—Although this show is too small to demonstrate the artist's range (his latest book, "The Democratic Forest," is helpful in this respect), one can still see how Eggleston uses light and the colors of modern life as creatively as a painter, and as calculatedly as an advertising whiz. Through Jan. 27. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

Magnum Photographers—More than three hundred works by sixty past and present members. Through Feb. 4. (International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Short List—**bernd and hilla becher**, Dia Art Foundation, 548 W. 22nd St. (opens at noon Thursdays through Sundays, through June 17); **john coplans**, Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (through Feb. 10); **jan groover**, Borden, 560 Broadway (through Feb. 12); **sylvia plachy**, Twining, 568 Broadway (through Jan. 27); **cindy sherman**, Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. (through Jan. 27); **hannah villiger**, Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (open Mondays, through Feb. 10).



Eve Queler (of the Opera Orchestra of New York)

MUSIC

The new year's schedule is dotted with worthy concerts—the fortepianist Malcolm Bilson at the Church of St. Luke and the soprano Barbara Hendricks at Carnegie Hall sound especially appealing—but our thoughts are still principally with Schubert, especially with his songs, and this week with one song above all. It is "Erlkönig," the subject of this year's installment in the series of Schubert symposia that go with the Schubertiade at the 92nd Street Y. "Erlkönig" was far from being Schubert's first song (this is the third year of the Y's chronological Schubert survey, and the song itself comes up on a program next week), but to the world beyond his circle of friends and admirers it was his Opus 1, No. 1, published when the composer was twenty-four, six years after he wrote it. What concertgoer has it not thrilled and shaken since then? The awful sway of delirium, of predatory illness beyond resistance; the terror of a parent whose child is in mortal danger—there is something beyond the ordinary power of music, great as that is, in what Schubert captures here.

Scholars and performers will consider "Erlkönig" from 1 to 9 P.M. on January 14, with a preliminary lecture by Dr. Herbert Zeman Saturday evening at 8. We are promised—besides serious discussion and the chance to hear other composers' settings of the poem—waltzes and quadrilles based on Schubert's. How did his "Erlkönig" survive being put through the usual nineteenth-century popularization mill? We can imagine the opening tune put into waltz time; we can (with more difficulty) imagine the pounding accompaniment imposed on a quadrille rhythm. But we recoil from what we imagine, and are perversely curious to see whether the hacks of Schubert's time thought of a more successful way of doing it.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—**COSÌ FAN TUTTE,** with Carol Vaness, Tatiana Troyanos, Hei-Kyung Hong, Jerry Hadley, and Thomas Hampson; conducted by James Levine. (Jan. 8, Jan. 12, and Jan. 16, all at 8.) . . . **TURANDOT,** with Gwyneth Jones, Aprile Millo, Vladimir Popov, and John Macurdy; Nello Santi. (Jan. 9 at 8 and Jan. 13 at 1:30.) . . . **DIE FLEDERMAUS,** with Karen Huffstodt, Harolyn Blackwell, Brenda Boozer, Richard Drews, and Hermann Prey; Hermann Michael. (Jan. 10 at 8.) . . . With Carol Vaness, Harolyn Blackwell, Brigitte Fassbaender, Neil Shicoff, and Hermann Prey; Hermann Michael. (Jan. 13 at 8.) . . . **DER FLIEGENDE HOLLÄNDER,** a new production, with Janis Martin, Mark W. Baker, James Morris, and Matti Salminen; James Levine. (Jan. 11 and Jan. 17, when Robert Hale will sing the role of the Dutchman, at 8.) . . . **LA GIOCONDA,** with Ghena Dimitrova, Stefania Toczyska, Bruno Beccaria, and Paul Plishka; Nello Santi. (Jan. 15 at 8.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler conducting Verdi's "I Vespri Siciliani." With soloists Susan Dunn, Robert Brubaker, Renato Bruson, and Paul Plishka. (Carnegie Hall. Jan. 16 at 8.)

Group Opera of New York City—Yaacov Bergman conducting "Carmen." With singers from the Metropolitan and New York City Operas. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Jan. 17-19 at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting. Jan. 9 at 7:30: Works by Haydn, Marc Neikrug, and Sibelius. With Pinchas Zukerman, violin. . . . ¶ Jan. 11-13 and Jan. 17 at 8: Works by Beethoven, Haydn, Weber, and others. With Stanley Drucker, clarinet; Philip Smith, trumpet; Lorne Munroe, cello; and Glenn Dicterow, violin.

American Symphony Orchestra—John Carewe conducting Mahler's Seventh Symphony. (Carnegie Hall. Jan. 14 at 3.)

St. Louis Symphony—Leonard Slatkin conducting works by Haydn, Ligeti, and Sibelius. With Anthony di Bonaventura, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Jan. 17 at 8.)

Fairfield Period Instrument Academy—Thomas Crawford conducting an all-Mozart program. With Malcolm Bilson, fortepiano. Presented by Fiori Musicali. (Church of St. Luke in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St. Jan. 12 at 8. Tickets at the door on the evening of the concert.)

New York Pops—Skitch Henderson conducting, with Roberta Peters, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Jan. 12 at 8.)

Orpheus Chamber Orchestra—With Barbara Hendricks, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Jan. 13 at 8.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directing Vivaldi's "Magnificat in G Minor" and other works. With Mary Ann Hart, mezzo-soprano, and an instrumental ensemble. (Alice Tully Hall. Jan. 12 at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—In a program of English, Italian, and German madrigals. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Jan. 13 at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-2990.)

New York Virtuoso Singers—Harold Rosenbaum directing premières by Randall Thompson and David Lang, among other works. With Walter Hilse, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Jan. 13 at 8.)

RECITALS

Eugenia Zukerman and Anthony Newman—Flute and fortepiano. (Celeste Bartos Forum, New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Jan. 10 at 6. For information about tickets, call 930-0571.)

Guarneri Quartet—With Bella Davidovich, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Jan. 10 at 8.)

Music Today—Odaline de la Martinez conducting a program entitled "Danzas Exoticas." With Paul Sperry, tenor. (Merkin Concert Hall. Jan. 10 at 8.)

Sylvan Wind Quintet—Performing works by Anton Joseph Reicha and Jean Françaix, among others. (Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall. Jan. 11 at 8.)

"Schubertiade"—At the 92nd Street Y. The third year in a ten-year-long series devoted to the chronological rendering of Schubert's works. Jan. 11 at 8: A program of lieder, with Barbara Kilduff, soprano; David Gordon, tenor; Hermann Prey, baritone; and Leonard Hokanson and Warren Jones, piano. . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 8: A program of minuets and lieder, with Roberta Peters, soprano; Jon Garrison, tenor; Hermann Prey, baritone; David Kim, violin; and Helmut Deutsch and Warren Jones, piano. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440.)

Alaria Chamber Ensemble—Performing the première of David Loeb's piece "Romanza," among other works. (Weill Recital Hall. Jan. 12 at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—In the first concert in a series of six devoted to the rendition of all of Beethoven's string quartets. (Alice Tully Hall. Jan. 13 at 3.)

Boston Chamber Music Society—Performing works by William Thomas McKinley and Mozart, among others. (Alice Tully Hall. Jan. 13 at 8.)

Boston Composers String Quartet—In a program of contemporary works by Chadd Crumm, Beth Denisch, and others. (Weill Recital Hall. Jan. 14 at 2.)

Mendelssohn String Quartet—Performing works by Mozart and Bartók, as well as by Mendelssohn. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Jan. 14 at 2.)

André Watts—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Jan. 14 at 3.)

New York Philharmonic Ensembles—Members of the Philharmonic playing chamber music by Schumann, Fuchs, and Dvořák. (Merkin Concert Hall. Jan. 14 at 3.)

Chamber Music—Members of the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra in a program of works by Ravel, Berlioz, Janáček, and Beethoven. (Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, at 73rd St. Jan. 14 at 4. Admission by contribution.)

Sylvia Kahan—Piano. (Goodman Recital Hall, 129 W. 67th St. Jan. 14 at 4. No tickets necessary.)

Lafayette String Quartet—In its New York début. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. 288-0700. Jan. 14 at 5.)

Natalie Hinderas Tribute—The late pianist is honored in a program of works by Britten, Mozart, and Schubert. With Leon Bates and James Vasary, piano, and Veronica Tyler, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Jan. 14 at 8.)

Richard Shirk—Piano, presenting a program of works by Mozart. (Merkin Concert Hall. Jan. 16 at 8.)

Maureen McDermott and Anne-Marie McDermott—Cello and piano, in a program of works by Frescobaldi, Britten, Barber, and Foss. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. 777-3240. Jan. 17 at 7:30.)

JAZZ/POP/ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Aerosmith—The poor man's Rolling Stones have had a shaky recording career, with drug and personnel problems during many of their twenty years together. But 1987's gender-bender hit "Dude (Looks Like a Lady)" proved that there was much life, and humor, inside Aerosmith's successful bid at a major comeback. The thrilling vocalist Steven Tyler and the guitarist Joe Perry put together an album, "Pump," that was (no kidding) the best hard-rockin' record of 1989. Aerosmith has inspired a whole generation of metal bands (including Guns n' Roses), and for sheer up-front brashness the group can't be beat. (Nassau Coliseum. 1-516 422-9222. Jan. 15 and Jan. 18 at 7:30.)

The Residents—A San Francisco group in a show called "Cube E: The History of American Music in 3 E-Z Pieces." A record of Elvis covers, "The King and Eye," is their latest album. (In their American Composers recordings they have also paid homage to John Philip Sousa, James Brown, Hank Williams, and George Gershwin.) They are likely to appear as three eyeballs and a skull, and wearing top hats. (Florence Gould Hall, French Institute–Alliance Française, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160. Jan. 11 and Jan. 14 at 7, Jan. 12 at 7 and 10, and Jan. 13 at 10.)

"Highlights in Jazz"—Phil Bodner, Doc Cheatham, Major Holley, and others in a salute to Milt Hinton. (Loeb Student Center Auditorium, New York University, Washington Sq. and LaGuardia Pl. 998-4949. Jan. 11 at 8.)

"Music from Japan"—Presenting a program of traditional and contemporary Japanese music composed for shamisen, yokobue, and tsuzumi. (Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. 517-2742. Jan. 13 at 5.)

"The Blackwell Project"—A salute to drummer Ed Blackwell. Jan. 14 at 3: Don Cherry, Craig Harris, Branford Marsalis, and others. . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 7: Geri Allen, Henry Threadgill, the World Saxophone Quartet, and others. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. Tickets at the door on the afternoon and evening of the concerts.)

Vineyard Theatre—Jan. 14 at 3: Joe Temperley, Doug Lawrence, and Arvell Shaw. . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 7: Britt Woodman. (108 E. 15th St. 353-3874.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Rangers—Vs. the Pittsburgh Penguins, Jan. 8. . . . ¶ Vs. the Chicago Black Hawks, Jan. 10. . . . ¶ Vs. the Philadelphia Flyers, Jan. 14. (Game time, 7:30.)

Islanders—Vs. the Washington Capitals, Jan. 13. . . . ¶ Vs. the Vancouver Canucks, Jan. 16. (Game time, 7:35.)

Devils—Vs. the Winnipeg Jets, Jan. 8. . . . ¶ Vs. the Pittsburgh Penguins, Jan. 10. . . . ¶ Vs. the Montreal Canadiens, Jan. 12. (Game time, 7:45.)

Knicks—Vs. the Washington Bullets, Jan. 9. . . . ¶ Vs. the San Antonio Spurs, Jan. 13. . . . ¶ Vs. the Chicago Bulls, Jan. 15. (Game time, 7:30.)

Nets—Vs. the Boston Celtics, Jan. 9 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Charlotte Hornets, Jan. 11 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Portland Trail Blazers, Jan. 14 at 7. . . . ¶ Vs. the Washington Bullets, Jan. 17 at 7:30.

(The Rangers and the Knicks play at Madison Square Garden, 563-8300; the Devils and the Nets play at the Meadowlands, 1-201 935-3900; and the Islanders play at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 422-9222.)

RACING

Horses—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. . . . **TROTTING** at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8 and Tuesdays at 1. . . . ¶ At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30.

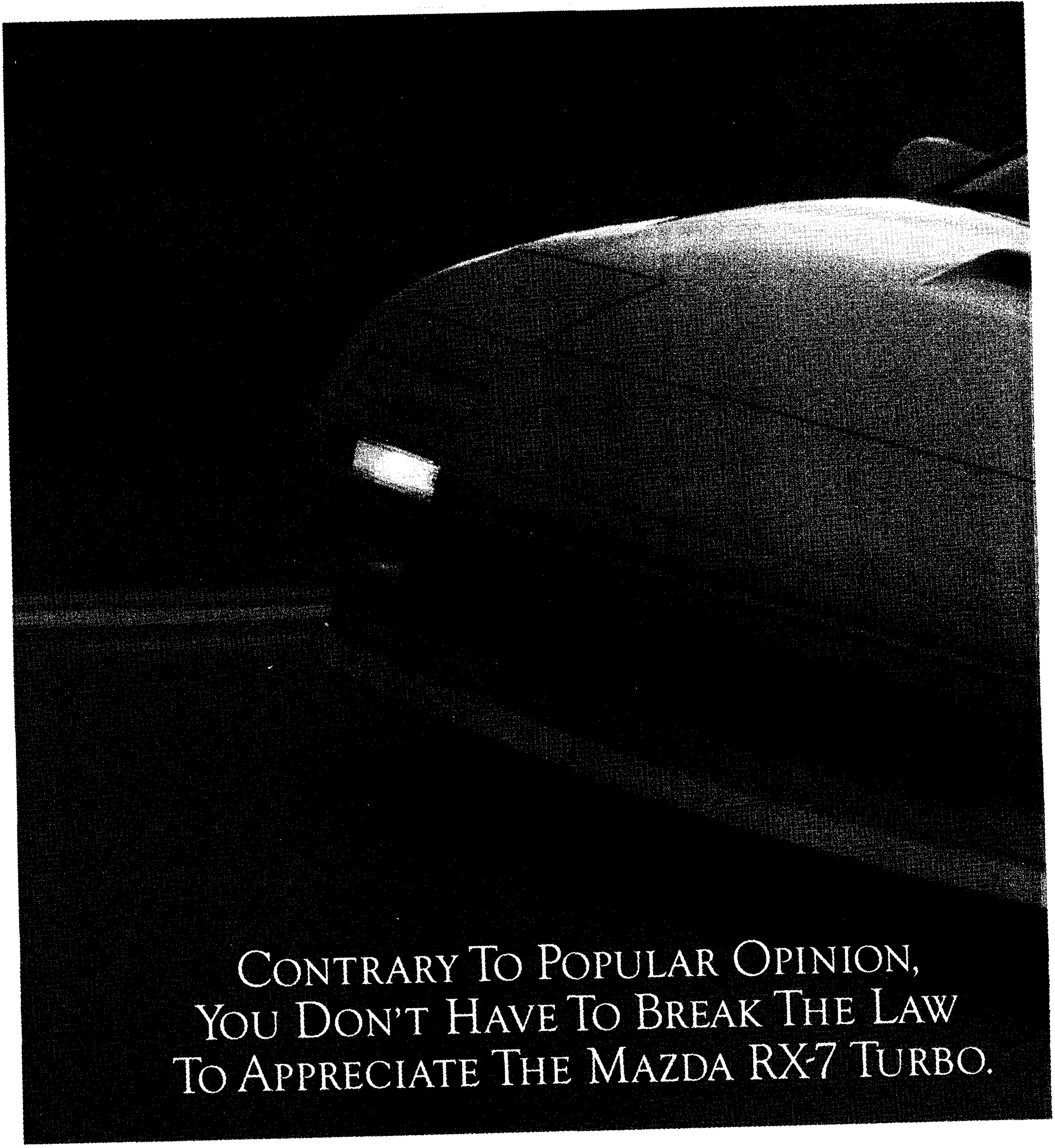
ABOVE AND BEYOND

New York National Boat Show—The eightieth annual answer to the question, What's a sailor to do when it's twenty degrees out? (Javits Center, Eleventh Ave. between 34th and 39th Sts. Jan. 13, from 10 to 10; Jan. 14, from 11 to 7; Jan. 15, from 11 to 9; and Jan. 16-17, from noon to 9. Through Jan. 21.)

Jenny Holzer—The sculptor, talking about her indoor and outdoor installations. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. 360-3503. Jan. 16 at 6:30.)

Swim It Off—Two of the city's public pools have off-hours lap swimming for the working stiff: the Carmine Street pool is open before work (from 7 to 8:30), if you think you're buoyant at that hour; and the West 59th Street pool is open after work (from 7 to 9), if you've still got energy. (For more information, call 1-718 788-0055.)

Memorandum—Martin Luther King, Jr.,'s birthday is Jan. 15.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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 24.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Enemies, A Love Story" (†).
Theatre 2: "Valmont" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).
Theatre 4: "sex, lies, and videotape" (†).
Theatre 5: "Enemies, A Love Story" (†).
Theatre 6: "Drugstore Cowboy" (†).

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Through Jan. 11: "The Gang of Four" (1988, directed by Jacques Rivette; in French).
From Jan. 12: Two short documentaries by Martin Scorsese—"Italianamerican" (1974) and "American Boy" (1978).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Roger & Me" (†).
Theatre 2: "Family Business" (Sidney Lumet), with Sean Connery, Dustin Hoffman, and Matthew Broderick.
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 11: "Steel Magnolias" (Herbert Ross), with Sally Field, Dolly Parton, Julia Roberts, Shirley MacLaine, Daryl Hannah, and Olympia Dukakis. From Jan. 12: "Glory" (Edward Zwick), with Matthew Broderick, Denzel Washington, Morgan Freeman, and Cary Elwes.

Second Avenue Theatre, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (673-4046)
"Tango and Cash" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Sylvester Stallone and Kurt Russell.

Bijou Cinema, 3rd Ave. between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)
"The War of the Roses" (†).

Loews 19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "Shirley Valentine" (†).
Theatre 2: "Roger & Me" (†).
Theatre 3: "Raging Bull" (†).
Theatre 4: "True Love" (Nancy Savoca), with Annabella Sciorra and Ron Eldard.
Theatre 5: "Glory" (Edward Zwick), with Matthew Broderick, Denzel Washington, Morgan Freeman, and Cary Elwes.
Theatre 6: Through Jan. 11: "She-Devil" (Susan Seidelman), with Meryl Streep, Roseanne Barr, and Ed Begley, Jr. From Jan. 12: "Internal Affairs" (Michael Figgis), with Richard Gere and Andy Garcia.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Blaze" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Always" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showcase, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Harlem Nights" (Eddie Murphy), with Murphy, Richard Pryor, and Redd Foxx.
Theatre 2: "We're No Angels" (Neil Jordan), with Robert De Niro, Sean Penn, and Demi Moore.
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 11: "She-Devil" (Susan Seidelman), with Meryl Streep, Roseanne Barr, and Ed Begley, Jr. From Jan. 12: "Internal Affairs" (Michael Figgis), with Richard Gere and Andy Garcia.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The War of the Roses" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Look Who's Talking" (Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta and Kirstie Alley.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Tango & Cash" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Sylvester Stallone and Kurt Russell.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Enemies, A Love Story" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Music Box" (†).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 11: "Back to the Future Part II" (†). From Jan. 12: "Downtown" (Richard Benjamin), with Forest Whitaker and Anthony Edwards.
Theatre 2: "Born on the 4th of July" (Oliver Stone), with Tom Cruise.

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Family Business" (Sidney Lumet), with Sean Connery, Dustin Hoffman, and Matthew Broderick.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave, at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Born on the 4th of July" (Oliver Stone), with Tom Cruise.
Theatre 2: "The War of the Roses" (†).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Roger & Me" (†).
Theatre 2: "Blaze" (†).
Theatre 3: "National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation" (Jeremiah S. Chechik), with Chevy Chase.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Steel Magnolias" (Herbert Ross), with Sally Field, Dolly Parton, Julia Roberts, Shirley MacLaine, Daryl Hannah, and Olympia Dukakis.
Theatre 2: "Glory" (Edward Zwick), with Matthew Broderick, Denzel Washington, Morgan Freeman, and Cary Elwes.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Always" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "We're No Angels" (Neil Jordan), with Robert De Niro, Sean Penn, and Demi Moore.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 11: "She-Devil" (Susan Seidelman), with Meryl Streep, Roseanne Barr, and Ed Begley, Jr. From Jan. 12: "Internal Affairs" (Michael Figgis), with Richard Gere and Andy Garcia.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Driving Miss Daisy" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Crimes and Misdemeanors" (†).

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Born on the 4th of July" (Oliver Stone), with Tom Cruise.

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future Part II" (†).
Theatre 2: "The War of the Roses" (†).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Tango and Cash" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Sylvester Stallone and Kurt Russell.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 11: "The Little Mermaid" (†). From Jan. 12: "Downtown" (Richard Benjamin), with Forest Whitaker and Anthony Edwards.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker Street Cinema 1 and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Apartment Zero" (directed by Martin Donovan), with Colin Firth and Hart Bochner.
Theatre 2: (Separate admissions) "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish), with Carmen Maura, Fernando Guillén, and Julieta Serrano; and "Dark Habits" (1983, Almodóvar; in Spanish).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "The War of the Roses" (†).
Theatre 2: "Back to the Future Part II" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Driving Miss Daisy" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Born on the 4th of July" (Oliver Stone), with Tom Cruise.
Theatre 2: "Always" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: (Matinées only) "The Little Mermaid" (†); and (evenings only) "Blaze" (†).
Theatre 2: "Crimes and Misdemeanors" (†).
Theatre 3: "Henry V" (†).
Theatre 4: "We're No Angels" (Neil Jordan), with Robert De Niro, Sean Penn, and Demi Moore.

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "Born on the 4th of July" (Oliver Stone), with Tom Cruise.
Theatre 2: "Steel Magnolias" (Herbert Ross), with Sally Field, Dolly Parton, Julia Roberts, Shirley MacLaine, Daryl Hannah, and Olympia Dukakis.
Theatre 3: "Always" (†).
Theatre 4: "The War of the Roses" (†).
Theatre 5: "Enemies, A Love Story" (†).
Theatre 6: "Tango and Cash" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Sylvester Stallone and Kurt Russell.
Theatre 7: "Driving Miss Daisy" (†).
Theatre 8: "Back to the Future Part II" (†).
Theatre 9: "Born on the 4th of July" (Oliver Stone), with Tom Cruise.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 11: (Matinées only) "The Wizard" (Todd Holland), with Fred Savage, Beau Bridges, and Christian Slater; and (evenings only) "National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation" (Jeremiah S. Chechik), with Chevy Chase, Beverly D'Angelo, and Randy Quaid. From Jan. 12: "Downtown" (Richard Benjamin), with Forest Whitaker and Anthony Edwards.
Theatre 2: "The Little Mermaid" (†).
Theatre 3: "Family Business" (Sidney Lumet), with Sean Connery, Dustin Hoffman, and Matthew Broderick.

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Drugstore Cowboy" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 11: "Back to the Future Part II" (†). From Jan. 12: "Downtown" (Richard Benjamin), with Forest Whitaker and Anthony Edwards.
Theatre 3: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).
Theatre 4: "Always" (†).
Theatre 5: "True Love" (Nancy Savoca), with Annabella Sciorra and Ron Eldard.
Theatre 6: "The Wizard" (Todd Holland), with Fred Savage, Beau Bridges, and Christian Slater.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Little Mermaid" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Born on the 4th of July" (Oliver Stone), with Tom Cruise.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Henry V" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Driving Miss Daisy" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"Enemies, A Love Story" (†).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"Crimes and Misdemeanors" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Camille Claudel" (Bruno Nuytten; in French), with Isabelle Adjani and Gérard Depardieu.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Wizard" (Todd Holland), with Fred Savage, Beau Bridges, and Christian Slater.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Steel Magnolias" (Herbert Ross), with Sally Field, Dolly Parton, Julia Roberts, Shirley MacLaine, Daryl Hannah, and Olympia Dukakis.

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"The War of the Roses" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "My Left Foot" (†).
Theatre 2: "Veronico Cruz."
Theatre 3: "Story of Women" (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Mystery Train" (Jim Jarmusch).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 11: "sex, lies, and videotape" (†). From Jan. 12: "The Plot Against Harry" (Michael Roemer).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Always" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Family Business" (Sidney Lumet), with Sean Connery, Dustin Hoffman, and Matthew Broderick.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 11: "We're No Angels" (Neil Jordan), with Robert De Niro, Sean Penn, and Demi Moore. From Jan. 12: "Internal Affairs" (Michael Figgis), with Richard Gere and Andy Garcia.
Theatre 3: "Driving Miss Daisy" (†).
Theatre 4: "Roger & Me" (†).
Theatre 5: "Glory" (Edward Zwick), with Matthew Broderick, Denzel Washington, Morgan Freeman, and Cary Elwes.
Theatre 6: "Blaze" (†).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: "Born on the 4th of July" (Oliver Stone), with Tom Cruise.

Theatre 2: "Born on the 4th of July."

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: "Back to the Future Part II" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 11: "Tango and Cash" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Sylvester Stallone and Kurt Russell. From Jan. 12: "Downtown" (Richard Benjamin), with Forest Whitaker and Anthony Edwards.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "Glory" (directed by Edward Zwick), with Matthew Broderick, Denzel Washington, Morgan Freeman, and Cary Elwes.

Theatre 2: "The War of the Roses" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Jan. 11: "Family Business" (Sidney Lumet), with Sean Connery, Dustin Hoffman, and Matthew Broderick. From Jan. 12: "Leatherface: The Texas Chainsaw Massacre 3" (Jeff Burr).

Theatre 4: "Look Who's Talking" (Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta, Kirstie Alley, Olympia Dukakis, George Segal, and Abe Vigoda.

Theatre 5: "Tango and Cash" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Sylvester Stallone and Kurt Russell.

Theatre 6: "The War of the Roses" (†).

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)

"Blaze" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "We're No Angels" (Neil Jordan), with Robert De Niro, Sean Penn, and Demi Moore.

Theatre 3: "We're No Angels."

Theatre 4: "She-Devil" (Susan Seidelman), with Meryl Streep, Roseanne Barr, and Ed Begley, Jr.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)

Through Jan. 11: "Harlem Nights" (Eddie Murphy), with Murphy, Richard Pryor, and Redd Foxx.

From Jan. 12: "Internal Affairs" (Michael Figgis), with Richard Gere and Andy Garcia.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 11: "Back to the Future Part II" (†). From Jan. 12: "Downtown" (Richard Benjamin), with Forest Whitaker and Anthony Edwards.

Theatre 2: "Always" (†).

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)

"The Wizard" (Todd Holland), with Fred Savage, Beau Bridges, and Christian Slater.

West Side Cinema I and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)

Theatre 1: "National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation" (Jeremiah S. Chechik), with Chevy Chase.

Theatre 2: (Matinées only) "The Little Mermaid" (†); and (evenings only) "Sea of Love" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

Through Jan. 9: "On the Waterfront" (1954, directed by Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and "Viva Zapata!" (1952, Kazan), with Brando, Jean Peters, and Anthony Quinn.

Jan. 10-11: "The Godfather" (1972, Francis Ford Coppola), with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino.

Jan. 12-13: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951, Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "The Wild One" (1954, Laslo Benedek), with Brando and Lee Marvin.

Jan. 14-16: "The Last Metro" (1981, François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Jean Poiret; and "Ménage" (†).

From Jan. 17: "The Return of Martin Guerre" (1983, Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye; and "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs" (†).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Jan. 9: "Queen of Hearts" (1989, Jon Amiel); and "A Room with a View" (1986, James Ivory), with Maggie Smith, Denholm Elliott, Helena Bonham-Carter, Julian Sands, and Daniel Day-Lewis.

Jan. 10-11: "Innerspace" (1987, Joe Dante), with Dennis Quaid, Martin Short, and Meg Ryan; and "Honey, I Shrunk the Kids" (1989, Joe Johnston), with Rick Moranis.

Jan. 12-13: Two different programs of Warner Brothers cartoons.

Jan. 14: "Querelle" (1983, Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brad Davis, Franco Nero, and Jeanne Moreau; and "A Love in Germany" (1984, Andrzej Wajda; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Marie-Christine Barrault.

Jan. 15-16: "Steppenwolf" (1974, Fred Haines), with Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda; and "Siddhartha" (1973, Conrad Rooks), with Shashi Kapoor.

From Jan. 17: "The Manchurian Candidate" (1962, John Frankenheimer), with Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Janet Leigh, Angela Lansbury, and James Gregory; and "Winter Kills" (1979, William Richert), with Jeff Bridges, John Huston, Anthony Perkins, Eli Wallach, Toshiro Mifune, and Ralph Meeker.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

Through Jan. 9: "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" (1962, Robert Aldrich), with Bette Davis, Joan Crawford, and Victor Buono; and "Dead Ringer" (1964, Paul Henreid), with Davis, Karl Malden, and Peter Lawford.

Jan. 10-11: "Goodbye, My Fancy" (1951, Vincent Sherman), with Joan Crawford, Robert Young, and Frank Lovejoy; and "The Fountainhead" (1949, King Vidor), with Gary Cooper, Patricia Neal, and Raymond Massey.

Jan. 12-13: "Strangers on a Train" (1951, Alfred Hitchcock), with Farley Granger, Robert Walker, and Ruth Roman; and "I Confess" (†).

Jan. 14: "The Unbearable Lightness of Being" (1988, Philip Kaufman), with Daniel Day-Lewis, Lena Olin, and Juliette Binoche.

Jan. 15-16: "A World Apart" (1988, Chris Menges), with Barbara Hershey, Jodhi May, Jeroen Krabbé, and Linda Mvusi; and "Place of Weeping" (1986, Darrell Roodt).

From Jan. 17: "New York, New York" (1977, Martin Scorsese), with Liza Minnelli and Robert De Niro; and "Mean Streets" (1973, Scorsese), with De Niro, Harvey Keitel, and Amy Robinson.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Jan. 8: "Antigone" (1961, George Tzavellas; in Greek), with Irene Papas; and "Young Aphrodites" (1966, Nikos Koundouros; in Greek).

Jan 9: "The Petrified Forest" (1936, Archie Mayo), with Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart; and "The Man Who Came to Dinner" (1942, William Keighley), with Davis, Ann Sheridan, and Monty Woolley.

Jan.10: "Dressed to Kill" (1946, Roy William Neill) and "Terror by Night" (1946, Roy William Neill), both with Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes and Nigel Bruce as Dr. Watson.

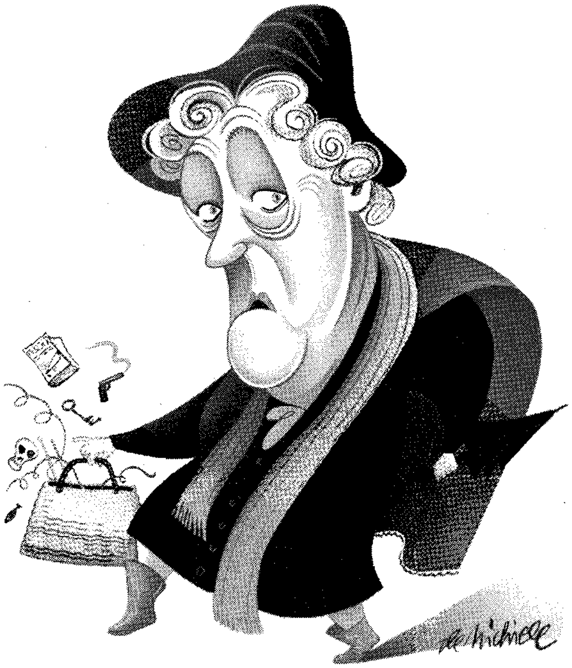
Jan. 11: "The Gold of Naples" (1957, Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Sophia Loren, De Sica, Silvana Mangano, and Totò; and "Luna" (1979, Bernardo Bertolucci), with Jill Clayburgh and Matthew Barry.

Jan. 12-13: "The 39 Steps" (1935, Alfred Hitchcock), with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, and Godfrey Tearle; and "The Lady Vanishes" (1938, Hitchcock), with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker.

Jan. 14: "The Fountainhead" (1949, King Vidor), with Gary Cooper, Patricia Neal, and Raymond Massey; and "The V.I.P.s" (1963, Anthony Asquith), with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Maggie Smith, Orson Welles, Margaret Rutherford, Rod Taylor, and Louis Jourdan.

Jan. 15: "Jules and Jim" (1962, François Truffaut; in French), with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "The 400 Blows" (1959, Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud.

Jan. 16: "Murder She Said" (1962) and "Murder Most Foul" (1965), both films directed by George Pollock, with Margaret Rutherford.



At Theatre 80 St. Marks, Margaret Rutherford in "Murder She Said" and "Murder Most Foul"

Jan. 17: "The Sun Also Rises" (1957, Henry King), with Tyrone Power, Ava Gardner, Errol Flynn, Mel Ferrer, and Eddie Albert; and "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" (1952, King), with Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward, and Gardner.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)

THEATRE 1: Films directed by Vincente Minnelli. Jan. 8 at 2:30: "Goodbye, Charlie" (1964), with Tony Curtis, Debbie Reynolds, and Pat Boone. . . . ¶ Jan. 8 at 6: "The Courtship of Eddie's Father" (1963), with Glenn Ford, Ronny Howard, and Shirley Jones. . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at 2:30: "Undercurrent" (1946), with Katharine Hepburn, Robert Taylor, and Robert Mitchum. . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at 6: "The Clock" (1945), with Judy Garland, Robert Walker, and Keenan Wynn. . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 2:30: "Madame Bovary" (1949), with Jennifer Jones, Van Heflin, and Louis Jourdan. . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 6: "Undercurrent." . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at 2:30: "The Bad and the Beautiful" (1952), with Kirk Douglas, Lana Turner, and Dick Powell. . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at 6: "Two Weeks in Another Town" (1962), with Douglas, Edward G. Robinson, and Cyd Charisse. . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 2: "The Cobweb" (1955), with Richard Widmark, Lauren Bacall, and Charles Boyer. . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 5: "Madame Bovary." . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 2: "The Bad and the Beautiful." . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 5: "Lust for Life" (1956), with Douglas, Anthony Quinn, and James Donald. . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 2: "Madame Bovary." . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 5: "The Cobweb." . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 2:30: "Tea and Sympathy" (1956), with Deborah Kerr and John Kerr. . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 6: "Some Came Running" (1958), with Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, and Shirley MacLaine.

THEATRE 2: Jan. 9 at 3: "Tiger, Lion, Panther" (1989, Dominik Graf; in German). . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at 6: "Ice" (1988, Berthold Mittermayr; in German). . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 3 and 6: "James Baldwin: The Price of the Ticket" (1989, Karen Thorsen), a documentary. . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at 2:30: "Paths of Survival" (1989, Uwe Janson; in German). . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at 6: "The Moroccan" (1989, Elfi Mikesch; in German). . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 3 and Jan. 14 at 1: "The Spider's Web" (1989, Bernhard Wicki; in German). . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 5:30: "Land of Fathers, Land of Sons" (1988, Nico Hofmann; in German). . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 2:30: "The Moroccan." . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 5:30: "Waller's Last Walk" (1983, Christian Wagner; in German). . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 3: "Land of Fathers, Land of Sons." . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 6: "Stachoviak!" (1989, Philip Gröning; in German); and "It's So Much Nicer Wherever We

MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Are Not" (1989, Michael Klier; in German).

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—"MB Playhouse," a chance to see the television dramas you may have missed in the past thirty or so years. Jan. 9-13: John Cheever's "The Five-Forty-Eight" (1979, PBS) with Laurence Luckinbill and Mary Beth Hurt. . . . From Jan. 16: Flannery O'Connor's "The Displaced Person" (1977, PBS) with Irene Worth, John Houseman, and Lane Smith. Showings Tuesdays at 3 and 6 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 3. . . . ¶ "Twenty Years of Monty Python." Jan. 9-13: "Monty Python's Fliegende Zirkus" (1973), two specials made for West German television. The English-language special will be shown in its entirety; two segments of the German-language special will be shown, one in German, one dubbed in English . . . From Jan. 16: A compilation of Python appearances on American television, including segments from "Saturday Night Live," "Late Night with David Letterman," and "The *Tonight Show Starring Johnny Carson.*" Showings Tuesdays at 12:15 and 5:30 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:15.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—In the Riklis Theatre: "Images and Obsessions: The Cinematography of Vilmos Zsigmond." Jan. 10 at 1: "Heaven's Gate" (1980, Michael Cimino), with Kris Kristofferson, Christopher Walken, John Hurt, Sam Waterston, Brad Dourif, and Isabella Huppert. . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 2:30: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind" (1977, Steven Spielberg), with Richard Dreyfuss, François Truffaut, Teri Garr, and Melinda Dillon. . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at 1: "Heaven's Gate." . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 1: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" (1971, Robert Altman), with Warren Beatty, Julie Christie, René Auberjonois, Shelley Duvall, Keith Carradine, and John Schuck. . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 4: "Images" (1972, Altman), with Susannah York, Auberjonois, and Marcel Bozzuffi. . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 1: "Cinderella Liberty" (1973, Mark Rydell), with James Caan, Marsha Mason, Eli Wallach, and Kirk Calloway. . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 4: "The Rose" (1979, Rydell), with Bette Midler, Alan Bates, Frederic Forrest, Harry Dean Stanton, and Barry Primus. . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 2: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller."

Anthology Film Archives, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—Jan. 10 at 7, Jan. 14 at 9, and Jan. 17 at 7: "The Eye Above the Well" (1988, Johan van der Keuken), a documentary. . . . ¶ Jan. 10 and Jan. 17 at 9: "The Spitting Image" (1963, Fons Rademakers). . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 7: "Anamnesis" (1969, Frans Zwartjes) and "It's Me" (1976, Zwartjes). . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 7 and 9: Two different programs of George Kuchar films. . . . ¶ Jan. 11 and Jan. 13 at 9: "Return to Oegstgeest" (1987, Theo van Gogh). . . . ¶ Jan. 11-13 at 10:30 and Jan. 14 at 3: "Dandy" (1988, Peter Sempel). . . . ¶ Jan. 12 and Jan. 14 at 7: "Comedy of Money" (1936, Max Ophuls; in Dutch). . . . ¶ Jan. 12-13 at 7: A program of fifteen short films. . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at 9 and Jan. 13 at 7: "A Strange Love Affair" (1985, Eric de Kuyper and Paul Verstraetan). . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 5: Four short documentary films from the Netherlands. . . . ¶ Jan. 13-14 at 5: "Friendly Witness" (1989, Warren Sonbert), "Babylon Series" (1989, Stan Brakhage), and "Visions in Meditation" (1989, Brakhage). . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 9: "Video Album 1" (1984) and "Reunion in Los Angeles" (1985), both by George Kuchar.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Jan 9 at 1:30: "Angel City" (1977, Jon Jost) and "Mongoloid" (1978, Bruce Conner). . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at 3:30 and 6: "Farewell, My Lovely" (1975, Dick Richards), with Robert Mitchum and Charlotte Rampling. . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at noon: "Eureka" (1979, Ernie Gehr) and five short films. . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 2:30: "Deal" (1976, E. J. Vaughn and John Schott). . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at noon: "The War at Home" (1979, Glen Silber and Alexander Brown). . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 2:30: "Hardcore" (1978, Paul Schrader), with George C. Scott and Peter Boyle. . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at noon: "Grand Opera" (1979, James Benning) and two short films. . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at 2:30: "Real Life" (1979, Albert Brooks). . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at noon: "Why Do Things Get in a Muddle? (Come on Petunia)" (1984, Gary Hill) and three other short films. . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 2:30: An episode each from "The Cosby Show" and "Miami Vice." . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 1: "A Simple Case for Torture, or How to Sleep at Night" (1983, Martha Rosler) and three short films. . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 3:30: An episode each from "Moonlighting" and "Alive from Off Center." . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 1:30: "Good Morning, Mr. Orwell" (1984, Nam June Paik) and three short films. . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 3:30: An episode of "Pee-wee's Playhouse" (1986) and an hour of the Live Aid concert in 1985. . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 6: "Made for TV" (1985, Ann Magnusum and Tom Rubnitz) and four other short films. . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at noon: "Face Fear and Fascination" (1984, Tony Cokes) and three other short films. . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 2:30: "Interviews with Interviewers" (1985, Skip Blumberg) and "Two Moon July" (1985).

French Institute–Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. (355-6100)—Jan. 10 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Les Liaisons Dangereuses" (1959, Roger Vadim; in French), with Jeanne Moreau, Gérard Philipe, Annette Vadim, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Boris Vian.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—Jan. 12 at 6:30: "Twice on a Certain Night" (1956, Heinosuke Gosho; in Japanese) and "The Yellow Crow" (1955, Gosho; in Japanese).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

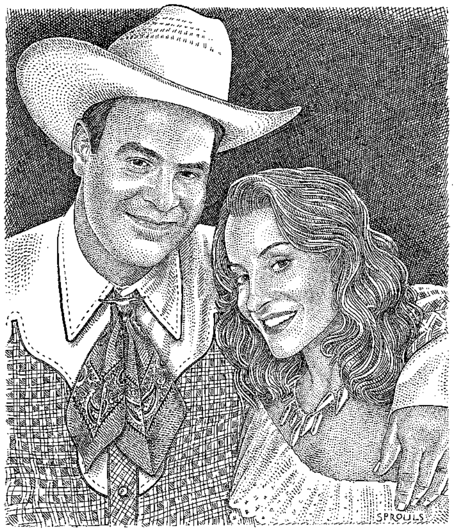
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Terrence Rafferty.)

Always—"A Guy Named Joe" made Steven Spielberg cry when he was twelve; his remake can make you want to cry at the waste of his talent and your time. All he seems to want to do in each scene is get an audience reaction; almost everything is grandiloquent, rushed, confusing. And the whole idea has a voyeuristic queasiness. A miscast Richard Dreyfuss is the daredevil hero. The ace pilot of the wilderness-fire-fighting service, he is in love with Holly Hunter. He dies, but returns to serve as the spiritual guide of a shy young pilot (amateurish Brad Johnson), who replaces him in her (grief-stricken) affections. As Dreyfuss's supervisory angel, Audrey Hepburn delivers transcendental inanities in the cadences that have stoned audiences at the Academy Awards; she's become a ceremonial icon. As Dreyfuss's best friend, John Goodman is turned into a fat-jolly-buddy icon; he saves himself from darlingness, but just barely. With Marg Helgenberger as Rachel. The new screenplay is credited to Jerry Belson, though it plays like an amalgam.—P.K. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/8/90.) (Bay Cinema, Beekman, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, Regency, and National Twin.)

Back to the Future Part II—It's all manic and wacky; it's all twists. The amiably mad inventor Doc Brown (Christopher Lloyd) rushes into the frame to tell teen-age Marty McFly (Michael J. Fox) about new emergencies in the year 2015 or 1955 or an alternate 1985 (brought about by their disrupting the space-time continuum), and they go hurtling off to set things right. The picture is fast and furious, but low in spirit; the inventiveness of the director, Robert Zemeckis, and his writing partner, Bob Gale, seems to be on a treadmill in a void. And yet the construction keeps you going—it's like a frenzied daydream that you don't want to break off. With Thomas F. Wilson as the bullies Biff and Griff.—P.K. (12/11/89) (Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, and Olympia. . . . ¶ Manhattan Twin, Worldwide Cinemas, and National Twin; through Jan. 11.)

Blaze—The love story of that old raspy-voiced rooster Earl K. Long, three-time governor of Louisiana, and the young red-headed stripper Blaze Starr is bawdy and satirical—it's Rabelaisian. Life was a banquet for Earl, and when he met Blaze he'd found the centerpiece. Ron Shelton, who wrote and directed, cherishes Blaze (Lolita Davidovich, in her first major screen role), and he adores Ol' Earl (Paul Newman), who used his swamp smarts to fight the white supremacists. But Shelton doesn't quite engage with the material; the picture is lame and rhythmless. Still, it's never boring, and it offers a ribald view of Southern politics that contrasts with the stern, melodramatic portrait of Earl's older brother Huey as a fascistic demagogue in the 1949 film "All the King's Men." Newman, using the low, hoarse voice of a lifelong stump speaker, seems an eccentric husk of a man. He begins too far into the character; we have to catch up. By the end, we're with him. With Robert Wuhl, Jerry Hardin, Gailard Sartain, Jeffrey DeMunn, Garland Bunting, and, in one scene, the real Blaze Starr.—P.K. (12/11/89) (Gramercy, Cinema II, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema. Evenings only.)



Dan Aykroyd and Patti LuPone in "Driving Miss Daisy"

Crimes and Misdemeanors—Written and directed by Woody Allen, it's a sad, censuring look at an eminent ophthalmologist (Martin Landau) and other crooks in high places who (in Allen's view) have convinced themselves that they can do anything, because they don't think God is watching. Allen is making the film equivalent of a play of ideas, and the ideas have no excitement. He's telling us not just what we already know but what we've already rejected. Woody Allen himself plays a little, grubbing-for-a-living documentary filmmaker who falls in love but can't compete for the woman (Mia Farrow) against a darling of the media, a tall, egomaniacal TV producer played with a wonderfully smug, screwy abandon by Alan Alda. Except for Alda, and Landau (when he's showing nervous impatience), and Jerry Orbach, who plays the ophthalmologist's shady brother, most of the large cast is proficient yet brittle and dull. With Sam Waterston (as a rabbi who's going blind), Anjelica Huston, Claire Bloom, Joanna Gleason, Caroline Aaron, Nora Ephron in a bit, and Daryl Hannah—uncredited, but looking so luscious she almost stops the show. The bland cinematography is by Sven Nykvist.—P.K. (10/30/89) (Loews Tower East, Quad Cinema, and Carnegie Screening Room.)

Driving Miss Daisy—Alfred Uhry's adaptation of his much honored play is still full of manipulative bits—it's virtually all manipulative bits—but the director, Bruce Beresford, understands how to work them while cutting down on their obviousness. Set in Atlanta, starting in 1948, the movie is the story of the companionship that develops between stubborn, suspicious Miss Daisy (Jessica Tandy), a wealthy Jewish widow of seventy-two, and her resilient chauffeur, Hoke (Morgan Freeman), a widower about a decade younger than she is. Essentially, it's about how he changes her. He's made upright, considerate, humane—he's made perfect—so that nothing will disturb our appreciation of the gentle, bittersweet reverie we're watching. But it's acted (and directed) eloquently. Tandy and Freeman achieve a beautiful equilibrium. And Dan Aykroyd comes through with a fine performance as Miss Daisy's good-old-boy son. With Esther Rolle and Patti LuPone.—P.K. (12/25/89) (68th St. Playhouse, 8th St. Playhouse, Chelsea Cinemas, 57th St. Playhouse, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Drugstore Cowboy—Nihilistic humor rarely bubbles up in a movie as freely as it does here. Set in Portland, Oregon, in 1971, the story is about two couples who live together and travel around the Pacific Northwest robbing hospitals and pharmacies, grabbing fistfuls of pills and capsules. They're like a junkie version of Clyde Barrow's gang. The director, Gus Van Sant, takes us inside a lot of underground attitudes: the druggies are monomaniacal about leading an aimless existence—they see themselves as romantic figures. They're comic, but they're not put down for being comic. The picture keeps you laughing because it's so nonjudgmental. Van Sant is half in and half out of the desire of adolescents to remain kids forever. As the gang's twenty-six-year-old leader, Matt Dillon brings the role a light self-mockery that helps set the tone of the film, and Kelly Lynch is strikingly effective as the leader's wife. Also with James Le Gross, Heather Graham, James Remar, Max Perlich, Beah Richards, Grace Zabriskie, and William Burroughs. The script, by the director and Daniel Yost, was based on an unpublished novel by James Fogle, who's in prison for drug-related robberies.—P.K. (10/30/89) (Angelika Film Center, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

Enemies, A Love Story—Emotionally overwhelming. Adapted from Isaac Bashevis Singer's New York City novel, set in 1949—a post-Holocaust sex farce in which three passionately jealous women are in love with a guilt-ridden, self-effacing man. The director, Paul Mazursky, has gathered a superbly balanced cast and kept the action so smooth that the viewer is carried along on a tide of mystical slyness. Ron Silver is the Polish-Jewish intellectual who survived the Final Solution by hiding in a hayloft. Margaret Sophie Stein is the Gentile peasant (now his wife) who risked her life to take care of him. Lena Olin is his diabolically willful mistress, a survivor of the camps. Anjelica Huston is the wife (with an erotic aura) he thought was killed by the Nazis. This richly satisfying movie is restrained, yet it has its own deeply crazy turmoil. Mazursky pulls the rug out from under us, and we drop through the farce. With Alan King, Judith Malina, Phil Leeds, and Mazursky. The script is by Roger L. Simon and the director.—P.K. (12/25/89) (Angelika Film Center, Gotham Cinema, Chelsea Cinemas, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

The Fabulous Baker Boys—Two lounge pianists (brothers, played by Beau and Jeff Bridges) add a vocalist (Michelle Pfeiffer) to their act, and she changes their lives. This romantic fantasy has a forties-movie sultriness and an eighties movie-struck melancholy. Put them together and you have a movie in which eighties glamour is being defined. The young writer-director Steve Kloves trips off your bluesy, narcissistic feelings about popular music and commercial-movie emotions; he invites you to laugh if you want to. (You feel the heat even if you're laughing.) The three stars seem perfect at what they're doing—newly minted icons. When Pfeiffer (who does her own singing) delivers "Makin' Whoopee," while crawling over a grand piano like a long-legged kitty-cat, she rivals Rita Hayworth in "Gilda."—P.K. (10/16/89) (Angelika Film Center, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

Get Out Your Handkerchiefs (1978)—This sex comedy by the writer-director Bertrand Blier is flagrantly funny in a slangy, buoyant, unpredictable way. Feelings are expressed that hadn't come out in movies before, yet it's all reassuringly quiet; the film's texture is soft and sensual, and there's a velvety underlayer to the scenes. Blier's slapstick poetic logic is so coolly, lyrically sustained that nothing that happens seems shocking. Like his earlier "Going Places," it's about two pals (played by Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere) who don't really understand women, and their not understanding women is part of their bond. This time, the two aren't roughnecks; they're polite, respectable men, for whom women are like another species. Seeing this film, a woman enters a man's fantasy universe that has been stripped of hypocrisy. With the lovely, dark Carole Laure as Depardieu's wife and Dewaere's mistress, Michel Serrault as the neighbor, and Riton as the Mozartian prodigy. In French.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; starting Jan. 17.)

Henry V—This fast-paced version, adapted and directed by its young star, Kenneth Branagh, isn't exultant, like the version made forty-five years earlier by Laurence Olivier. Branagh emphasizes the price paid for war: the bloodshed. And, in keeping with his generation's supposed disillusion with war, he minimizes the play's glorification of the English fighting man. His conception of how to film the play is to look closely at the conniving, the misgivings, the ego wars. (This epic noir doesn't indicate why the French lost at Agincourt.) Branagh is not an overnight great moviemaker; his attempts at spectacular effects strain his inventiveness. But as an actor he has something of James Cagney's confident Irishness; he's intensely likable, with a beautiful, expressive voice, and a straightforwardness that drives the whole film ahead. He and the other performers are so up that you feel their pride in working on true dramatic poetry. It's a company of stars: Paul Scofield as the melancholy French king whose face foretells the doom of his army, Christopher Ravenscroft as the herald Mountjoy, Derek Jacobi as the Chorus, Judi Dench as Mistress Quickly, Robbie Coltrane as Falstaff, Brian Blessed as Exeter, Richard Briers as Bardolph, Richard Easton as the Constable of France, Alec McCowen as Ely, Robert Stephens as Pistol, Emma Thompson as Katherine, Geraldine McEwan as Alice, Christian Bale as Falstaff's boy, and, best of all, perhaps, Ian Holm as the chattering Welshman Fluellen.—P.K. (11/27/89) (Quad Cinema, and Festival.)

The American Museum of the Moving Image reaches the pastoral peak of its tribute to the cinematographer Vilmos Zsigmond (through January 26) with 1971's beautifully woozy Northwestern "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" (January 13 and January 17). In their first collaboration, Zsigmond and the director Robert Altman wanted the movie (in Zsigmond's words) to "look like old photographs, old color photographs"—even though color film was not available commercially until 1935, more than three decades after the story takes place. (Andrew Wyeth's paintings inspired Zsigmond's color scheme.) They also worked to emphasize and build on "a very humid, cold, muddy background"; by flashing and pushing the negative, they managed "to muddy up the film a little."

By conceiving this movie about a frontier gambling man, McCabe (Warren Beatty), and his love affair and business partnership with a madam, Mrs. Miller (Julie Christie), in terms of both period photography and color, Zsigmond and Altman gave it the rooted ambience of historical fiction and the poetic leeway of a fable. And by building on the lowering weather of their Vancouver locations they meshed the giddy goings on of the characters with the wild whirl of nature. The result is a movie that's both seductive and bracing.

Zsigmond displays his scruffier, urban talents in 1979's "The Rose" (January 14), the director Mark Rydell's slam-bang rock tragedy based on a juicy Bo Goldman–Bill Kerby script about a Joplinesque singer, played (brilliantly) by Bette Midler. Zsigmond and the designer Richard MacDonald are geniuses at capturing the hedonism of such glitzy settings as a leopard-lined personal airplane cabin. Along with Midler and Rydell, they give the film a sweaty, strung-out velocity. It's a headlong death trip.

I Confess (1953)—A priest with a past (Montgomery Clift) is caught in a trap: either he must betray the secrets of a murderer's confession or he himself will be convicted of the murder. The premise of this Hitchcock thriller is promising, but the movie, set in Quebec and partly shot there, is so reticent it's mostly dull. Clift seems determined not to move more than the tiniest facial muscles. With a miscast Anne Baxter, and Brian Aherne, O. E. Hasse, Karl Malden, and Dolly Haas. From a play by Paul Anthelme, adapted by George Tabori and William Archibald. —P.K. (Thalia SoHo; Jan. 12-13.)

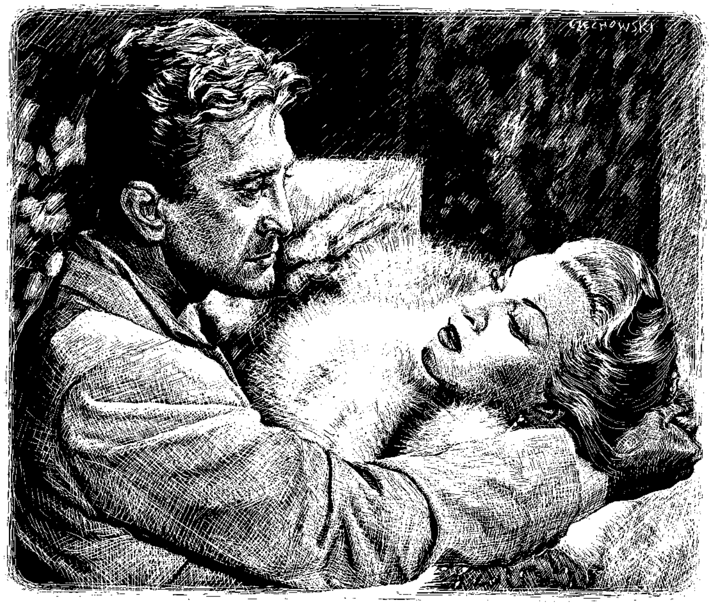
The Little Mermaid—Disney-style kitsch. It's technologically sophisticated, but with just about all the simpering old Disney values in place. They're just slightly updated: the Little Mermaid—a teen-age tootsie in a flirty seashell bra—is like Sleeping Beauty plus tomboy spunk. The film does have a cheerful calypso number ("Under the Sea," by Howard Ashman and Alan Menken), and the color is bright—at least, until the mermaid goes on land, when everything seems to dull out. Pat Carroll provides the voice of Ursula, the Sea Witch; Samuel E. Wright provides the voice of Sebastian.—P.K. (12/11/89) (23rd St. West Triplex, and Guild. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and West Side Cinema. Matinées only. . . . ¶ 86th Street East Twin; through Jan. 11.)

Ménage (1986)—The first half hour of this sex farce is wonderfully brisk and slam-bang provocative: the writer-director Bertrand Blier violates old formulas and experiments with ideas of subversion and chaos. Gérard Depardieu, huge, and with the belly of a bear, is the burglar who, at night in a café, overhears the callous, bitchy wife, Miou-Miou, bawling out her loving husband, Michel Blanc—a wisp of a man, meek, sad-eyed, and bald—because he can't make enough money to please her. Enamored of the mousy husband, Depardieu slugs the wife, throws a mess of money at her, and then takes the two along on his surreally easy burglaries and showers the loot on them, waiting for his chance to bed the man. During the house break-ins, Blier has a comic inspiration: the rich victims are so bored that they love the excitement of being robbed. But he drops this and concentrates on Depardieu's seduction of Blanc, which is only briefly amusing. It's the first step in his screwball-fable demonstration of how arbitrary sex preferences are. By the time that Miou-Miou has been sold to a pimp and the two men are in drag, working as prostitutes, Blier is trying so hard to be outrageous that he loses the beat; the outrageousness comes to seem another kind of bondage to formula. Depardieu has learned how to push everybody around and take over the screen; he's an accomplished clown (and that jaw of his is hilarious when you first see him made up as a woman), but his other qualities seem to have disappeared—at least, they're not in evidence here. With Bruno Cremer. In French.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; Jan. 14-16.)

Music Box—When the cast and the script are right for Costa-Gavras—as they are here—he can give a courtroom melodrama the pull and excitement of a thriller. Jessica Lange is the Chicago lawyer defending her retired steelworker father (Armin Mueller-Stahl) against deportation to Hungary, where the Communist government is waiting to try him for war crimes. The emotional core of the movie is that during the trial, as the Second World War victims give their accounts, the daughter begins to lose faith in her father's innocence. There are no flashbacks; there's no shock apparatus. We simply take in what they're saying, and we watch her take it in. Lange verges on the astounding. Costa-Gavras provides a low-key, controlled atmosphere, and she fills it with passion. The final plot developments feel fake, but this is a remarkably lucid piece of storytelling. The script is by Joe Eszterhas; with Frederic

Forrest, Donald Moffat, Lukas Haas, Michael Rooker, and Sol Frieder as the bald old man with the goatee, and Elzbieta Czyzewska as the precise, closed-faced woman who describes how she was raped.—P.K. (1/8/90) (Plaza.)

My Left Foot—The greatness of Daniel Day-Lewis's performance as the Dubliner Christy Brown, a victim of cerebral palsy who became a painter and a writer, is that he pulls you inside Christy's frustration and rage (and his bottomless thirst). There's nothing soft or maudlin about this movie's view of Christy: he's anguished and locked in yet excitingly insolent. The movie may tear you apart, but it's the story of a triumphantly tough guy who lived it up, and Day-Lewis's interpretation has some of the sexual seductiveness that was so startling in Olivier's Richard III. This is the first film of the Irish playwright-director Jim Sheridan, who wrote the superb screenplay with another Irish playwright, Shane Connaughton. With Brenda Fricker, Ray McAnally, Fiona Shaw, Ruth McCabe, and Hugh O'Conor playing Christy as a child. —P.K. (10/2/89) (Lincoln Plaza.)



At MOMA, Kirk Douglas and Lana Turner in "The Bad and the Beautiful"

Raging Bull (1980)—Martin Scorsese's film based on the life of the former middleweight champ Jake La Motta (played by Robert De Niro) is a biography of the prizefight genre; it's also about movies and about violence, it's about gritty visual rhythm, it's about Brando, it's about the two "Godfather" pictures—it's about Scorsese and De Niro's trying to top what they've done and what everybody else has done. Scorsese puts his unmediated obsessions on the screen, trying to turn raw, pulp power into art by removing it from the particulars of observation and narrative. He loses the low-life entertainment values of prizefight films; he aestheticizes pulp and kills it. De Niro put on more than fifty pounds to play the older, drunken La Motta; he seems a swollen puppet. With Cathy Moriarty, whose Vickie La Motta is a beautiful icon—a big, lacquered virgin-doll of the forties—and Joe Pesci as Joey La Motta.—P.K. (Loews 19th Street East 6.)

Roger & Me—Michael Moore's widely praised muckraking documentary is about his two-and-a-half-year pursuit of Roger Smith, the chairman of General Motors, who, according to the film, is directly responsible for closing eleven plants and bringing about the destruction of Flint, Michigan—GM's birthplace and Moore's home town. The film purports to show what was happening in Flint from February, 1987, to August, 1989, but what happens is that Moore, a big shambling joker who's the director, producer, writer, and star, deadpans his way through interviews with an assortment of unlikely people, who are used as stooges. He chases gags and improvises his own version of history: in his account of the plant closings, the worker layoffs, and the construction of tourist attractions, he compresses the events of many years and fiddles with the time sequence. He comes on in a give-'em-hell style, but he breaks faith with the audience. And he does something that is humanly very offensive: "Roger & Me" uses its leftism as a superior attitude. Members of the audience can laugh at ordinary working people and still feel that they're taking a politically correct position.—P.K. (1/8/90) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, Cinema I, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Sea of Love—This romantic thriller, written by Richard Price and directed by Harold Becker, has a simple and rather familiar story: a cop (Al Pacino) investigating a series of murders falls in love with one of the suspects (Ellen Barkin). But the movie isn't entirely predictable; it provides plenty of surprises, odd little riffs that keep us alert. And Pacino is amazing. He's playing a middle-aged, divorced, depressed, semi-alcoholic man who exposes himself to great peril by conducting an affair with a young woman who might be a killer. The actor's face has a saggy, disappointed look now, but there's something hopeful, a wary avidity, in his eyes. In this role, he seems to be startling himself with his own vitality. Barkin is perfectly cast as an ambiguous object of desire; she can look very soft or very, very hard, and the camera doesn't know quite what to make of her. It's a consistently entertaining movie, although Becker's direction has a tendency to flatten the highs in the material. And Price's script, full of sharp dialogue and smart ideas, nevertheless has a few characteristic lapses—most damagingly, a slackening of inspiration toward the end. Also with John Goodman (in good form, as the hero's partner), William Hickey, Richard Jenkins, Christine Estabrook, and Michael Rooker. (The title song, a pop ballad first recorded by Phil Phillips in 1959, is played throughout the movie, and it works beautifully.)—T.R. (9/18/89) (West Side Cinema. Evenings only.)

Sex, Lies, and Videotape—Steven Soderbergh's smooth, handsome first feature generates a fair degree of psychological tension out of next to nothing. It's a triangle drama with a cunning little kink in it. The triangle consists of Ann (Andie MacDowell), a beautiful young Southern woman who has "never really been that much into sex"; her husband, John (Peter Gallagher), a sleazy yuppie lawyer; and her younger sister, Cynthia (Laura San Giacomo), who's sleeping with John. The kink is an old college pal of John's, named Graham (James Spader), a soft-spoken drifter who comes to town and changes everybody's life. Graham has sworn off sex, because, he says, it's the only way for him to stay honest: he's impotent, except when he's watching one of his dozens of home videos—all of them interviews he has conducted with women about sex. He's like a retired gunslinger, a laconic hombre who won't pull his artillery out of its holster because he's seen too much killin' already. This is "Shane" remade as a Southern psychodrama. But there's some real conviction in it—a mixed-up fervor that keeps us watching.—T.R. (8/7/89) (Angelika Film Center. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; through Jan. 11.)

Shirley Valentine—Willy Russell, who wrote the play (and the movie) "Educating Rita," gives us another Englishwoman learning a thing or two about life. This time, it's a housewife in her forties whose kids are grown and gone and whose husband is so unresponsive that she spends a lot of time talking to the kitchen wall. A friend persuades her to come along on a two-week holiday in Greece, and Shirley, away from her dull husband and her constricted life, starts to enjoy herself for the first time since her adolescence. But she's not just having a fling or reliving her giddy youth—the writer wants us to understand that she's experiencing deeper, maturer pleasures. Russell's script is an adaptation of his play, which was a monologue. Though this isn't a one-woman show anymore, it's still a showcase for perky, round-faced Pauline Collins. She's very likable, and her performance is mercifully restrained. Lewis Gilbert's direction is long on maturity and short on pleasure: the picture moves at a careful, measured, guided-tour pace. By the end, poor Shirley seems more than ever like a lost soul: an Edna O'Brien character who woke up and found herself on "The Love Boat." Also with Tom Conti.—T.R. (9/4/89) (Loews 19th Street East 6.)

Story of Women—Actually, it's the story of one woman, Marie Latour (Isabelle Huppert), a provincial wife and mother struggling to get by during the German Occupation of France. To help make ends meet, she provides rooms for the use of prostitutes and performs an occasional abortion; bored with her husband (François Cluzet), she takes a young collaborator (Nils Tavernier) as her lover, and then arranges an affair for her husband so he'll stop bothering her. For a while she thrives, but when the French authorities learn of her activities as an abortionist they decide to make an example of her: they condemn her to death, as a demonstration of the moral strength of their subjugated nation. The director, Claude Chabrol, and his co-writer, Colo Tavernier O'Hagan, have drawn their material from the true story of Marie-Louise Giraud, who was executed in 1943. At first, we're grateful for Chabrol's matter-of-fact approach: he respects the ambiguities of his heroine's character. But after a while his objectivity becomes frustrating: it doesn't have the chilling rigor of Louis Malle's 1974 portrait of a collaborator, "Lacombe, Lucien." Huppert, livelier than usual, gives a nice performance, but "Story of Women," finally, seems like just about every other prestigious French movie of the past few years: a well-crafted star vehicle in the guise of something more serious. Also with Marie Trintignant. In French.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

Valmont—A version of the Choderlos de Laclos novel "Les Liaisons Dangereuses," directed by Miloš Forman, from the script he prepared with the writer Jean-Claude Carrière. In the novel, the Marquise de Merteuil and the Vicomte de Valmont, French aristocrats in the late seventeen-seventies, play their sexual conquests with the cold calculation that might be given to war games—they turn innocent people into pawns. Here, their manipulations are so lightweight and offhand there's no sting to them. There has always been the danger that period movies will become intoxicated with jesters and fire-eaters and village fairs. "Valmont" has its share, but it's really into candlelit interiors and pale-rose bodices and rose-and-gold furniture. The story disappears among the cushions. As Valmont, the blandly handsome Colin Firth doesn't have the energy to be a lecher or even to make contact with the audience.—P.K. (11/27/89) (Angelika Film Center.)

The War of the Roses—Michael Douglas and Kathleen Turner play Oliver and Barbara Rose, a yuppie couple whose banally "perfect" marriage isn't strong enough to survive their individual mid-life crises. When they decide to divorce, things get real ugly: the Roses' hatred and pettiness keep escalating, to the point of absurdity and far beyond. These successful, eighties-style people are revealed as greedy, self-centered, infantile: they'd rather die than have to sacrifice either their egos or their possessions. (This social observation may not come as a surprise to everybody.) "The War of the Roses," written by Michael Leeson (from a novel by Warren Adler), is one of Hollywood's periodic attempts at black comedy, and, like most of its predecessors, it's not quite black enough and not quite funny enough. The director, Danny DeVito, who also acts in the film, seems a bit too pleased with his own outrageousness. The picture has a peculiar, not very satisfying tone: smugly savage.—T.R. (Bijou Cinema, 34th St. East, Coronet, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, 62nd & Broadway, and Criterion Center.)

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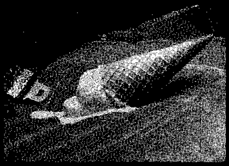

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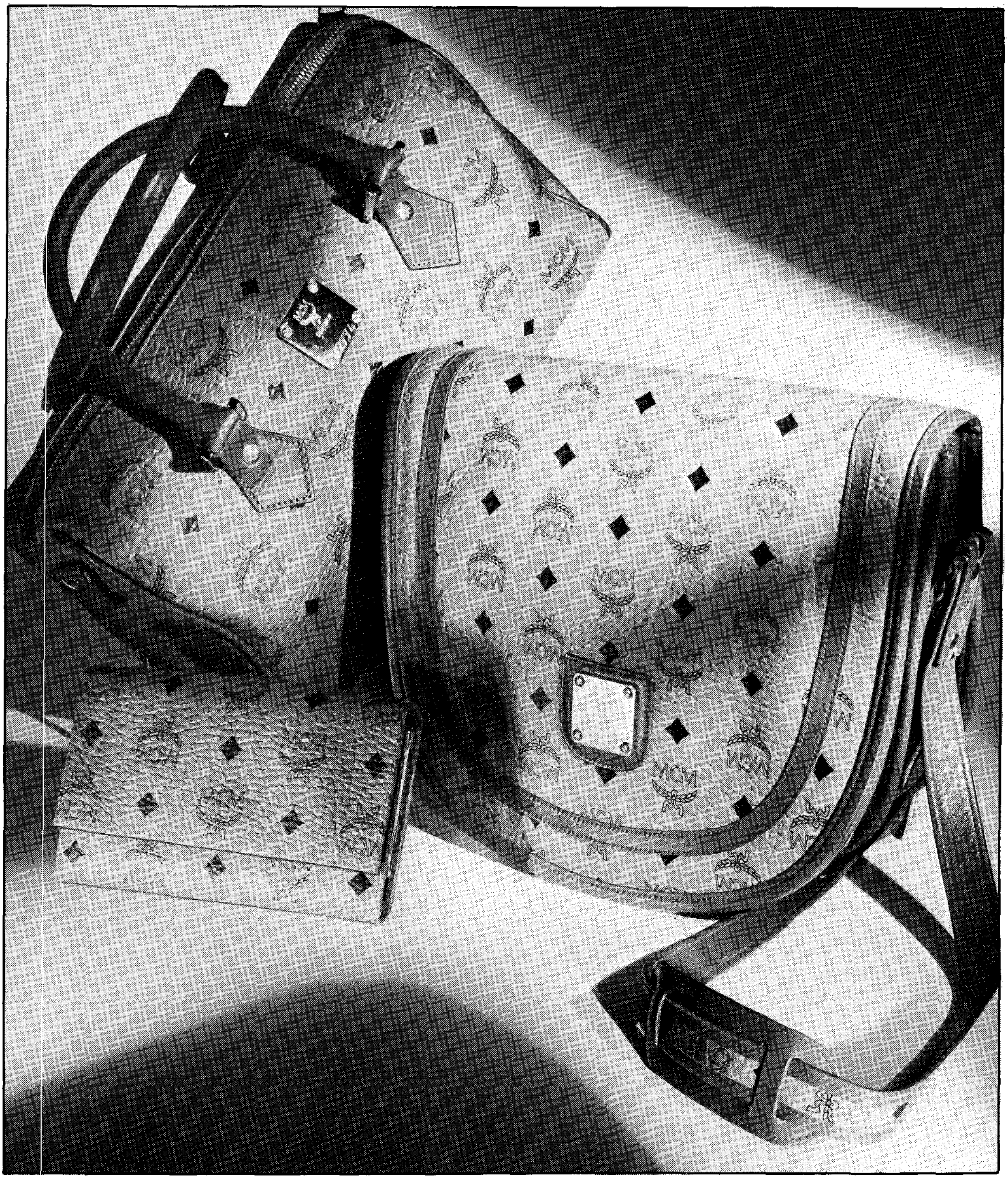

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND writes:

When I was a kid, my mother served us a dish called mamaliga. I knew that this was a "Rumanian" dish, which meant that it came from the same place my father's family had come from. I also knew that my mother's family had come from a place called Hungary. But, while Hungary often figured in the grownup conversations I overheard, hardly anyone talked about Rumania. The few times I heard my father's father refer to "the Old Country," it was with a bitterness that seemed out of place in his big, warm house in the East Bronx, where the family gathered on major holidays; the word "anti-Semitism" was whispered. For years before its meaning became clear to me, I knew that it was a bad word, not unlike the bathroom words that figured prominently in the Yiddish punch lines of the long stories my grandfather told after dinner. Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that I came to associate Rumania itself with something shameful.

Rumanian *food* was another story. My grandfather loved to cook, and his back-yard garden (with its biennially bearing peach tree) was as much a part of the house as the always chilly cellar, where he concocted a variety of wines and brandies, which had to be tasted constantly to see if they were "ready." But drinking was a sideline in that house. The central attraction, no matter what the season or the holiday, was food. Great chunks of meat pot-roasted with five or six vegetables until all the ingredients exchanged flavors and a cloud of aromatic steam erupted from the pot when the lid was lifted. Huge bowls of salad treacherously mixed with raw onions, unpitted black olives, and hot peppers. Countless small dishes heaped with pickled tomatoes, sweet-and-sour cucumbers, and strange-looking fruits of the earth which reminded me of shrunken heads, and which (much to my later regret) I never had the courage to try.

Mamaliga was a bright-yellow puddle of cornmeal mush, so bland as to be almost tasteless even when it was salted. What made it appealing was its slightly spongy consistency. You spooned on gravy, which it absorbed and then released to your tongue with an almost audible pop. Years after my grandfather died, I found myself drinking coffee one cold winter's morning in Ratner's, on the Lower East Side, next to a man who was methodically spooning his way through a plate of mamaliga. We got to talking, and the man, who remembered sharing a glass of tea with Trotsky at the old Café Royal, in the East Village, told me that a plate of mamaliga was the only thing that took the chill out of his bones these days. He liked it with sour cream. Glancing at his plate, I made a connection that had never occurred to me before. Mamaliga, which I had always thought of as quintessentially Rumanian, was, of course, sweet corn, maize—the New World's gift to the Old. Amerindian agricultural wizards had labored for centuries to turn its unpromising ancestor into a plant that had somehow crossed an ocean and a continent to become a staple for generations of Rumanian peasants and their Jewish neighbors.

By that time, I knew that hundreds of thousands of Rumanian Jews had died during the Second World War at the hands of the Nazis and the Nazis' Rumanian Fascist allies. I was also aware that the land making up much of Rumania had once been part of a rich province of the Roman Empire known as Dacia, which shipped grain and precious metals to the Imperial City itself. But only now did I realize that my childhood vision of the country as a chilly, shadowy, boggy sort of place owed more to history than to geography. Somewhere in my grandfather's homeland, fields of tasselled corn must spread out under a sun that my grandfather—grateful for the New World's gift of freedom—had apparently struck from his memory, even as he sat down to eat at a table redolent of the Old Country.

His complicated feelings about Rumania would not have found easy resolution in the latest news from Bucharest. For all Ceausescu's depredations, the late dictator did give long-suffering Rumanian Jews a chance to emigrate—if they could meet his price, which was rumored to be as high as seven thousand dollars per person. It is a terrible thing to trade human lives for money, but there are worse things, and Rumania has experienced them in full. Trade at least implies communication, and not even tyrants with imperial ambitions can be sure of what that will lead to. I know that my grandfather would have relished reports that some homegrown and imported foods that were missing from Rumanian tables for years are reappearing in stores. Some of this bounty turned up in government warehouses marked for shipment abroad to pay the country's foreign debt, while imported delicacies, like coffee and tropical fruits, were "liberated" from hoards that had been reserved for the Communist élite under Ceausescu. One woman, standing in line with hundreds of others, was quoted as saying, "I heard there were bananas, but I myself haven't actually seen any." For what it's worth, a non-Rumanian from New Orleans tells me that sliced bananas make a fine topping for cornmeal mush.

•

AN English friend of Samuel Beckett's writes:

"Now not," one might say of Beckett, looking to him for words, he being exact in inexact times. "NOBEL PRIZE WINNER DEAD," say the headlines. Or not in life, or what passes for it, as his work says, cheering us on. Fair to both parties, life and death, those limits not so easily understood but giving us comedy's provisions. Provisions being in short supply.

Heard once that the Nobel Prize Committee telephoned an American professor before Beckett was given the Nobel Prize in Literature, in 1969. "Can you swear on the Bible and/or all the works in your library that Samuel Beckett is not a pessimist or a nihilist?"

"Sure."

I reported the answer later to Beckett. He, of all, knew the difference between that "Sure" and anything suggesting certainty. American usage often revived his born Irish, never lost, for all his switch to French and to France, where he died. Died on December 22, 1989, just avoiding obligation to another decade artificially divided. Born on Good Friday of 1906, though some claim a month later. Who but he not to choose a happy date?

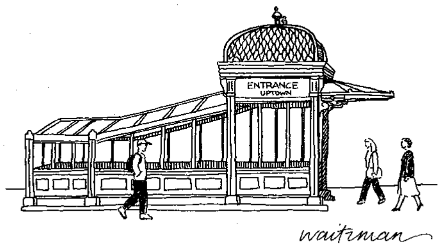
Pessimism, nihilism, no. He was a marvellously convivial man. In life, in work. "Worstward Ho" is a cheerful title, discharging fears. He was always in search of the difficulty, not in its clutch.

Move on. The cremation of George Devine, the founder of the English Stage Company at the Royal Court Theatre: of English directors, prized above all others for work with Beckett (and Brecht), and a most considerable actor himself in Beckett's work. Tantamount to Billie Whitelaw, Jack MacGowran, Patrick Magee, Irene Worth. It was a filthy day. Dripping. One small car of close friends was driven by a girl who had no idea of the way to Golders Green Crematorium. (Devine, hardy and ungrudging man, had been stricken by a heart attack.) Olivier opened the crematorium door, serving as usher. The drab business seemed a poor memorial of George Devine's resolute work. Then, unexpected, Sam Beckett was there, at the back. As in his work, he seemed to walk slippered. Our few heads twisted round. Heads now bowed. Heads then haught (Beckett word). Then something from Britten's "War Requiem." The Lachrimosa, I think.

Heed was paid. Beckett came back to what he made no wake. He stopped a very few of us on the way to have a whiskey. Bloody cold. All shuddering. He cheek by cheek in the common privation, looking after people. Extremity is—was—his familiar. At a long refectory table in the kinder middle of London—a table that was a rescued plank found propping a garage door—he felt under the sixteenth-century thing and found not (of course) chewing gum but a medieval schoolboy's remnant of bacon rind. An immediate school hymn in his gravel voice:

"The trivial rind,
The common task,
Will furnish all
We ought to ask."

Beckett had a loathing of academicism. See "How It Is": "God knows I'm not intelligent otherwise I'd be dead." And "Eh Joe": "That penny farthing hell you call your mind." Beckett learns, listens, goes further. His felicities, his speaking of "braving sleep," that somnia he always fought, put us in his debt as a nodding species windy when woken, chatting away to the brink. He seemed to share his feelings about sleep with Shakespeare. As about many another thing. Once, over a game of pool in Paris, he spoke of himself as "an old man, blind and foolish." Companionship with Lear ("I am a very foolish fond old man"). Blind: that change. Beckett was contemplating eye operations that might make him able to see colors again instead of white shapes. The blindness feared for him was not his fear. He troubled only about the loss of whiteness, its loss to his work, its cost to his picturing of drained limbs, white hair. "Cleave to the malady," he said cheerfully after shooting into a pocket.



He walked us out to oysters. He was, for once, talking to himself, in what he called "the last person." If first, why not last? He talked about Proust, a hero. And about music. About music's beautiful convention of da capo. Time after time in his work, Beckett uses da capo. He felt he developed it further after "Waiting for Godot." "Endgame" better satisfied him.

Wise old bird. He knew how deeply his work connected to music hall in its funniness and in its summonings of the talk of the long married, the long-lived friends. From the start, his writing had to do with that, and the shared staving off of death, which may be comedy. The unendable friendship of tramps, of intimates unreachable, up to their necks in ashcans. Beckett to me: "Vaudeville gives birth to the comedy of exhaustive repetition."

So. "Happy Days." Winnie buried to above the waist and then to the neck in sand, with her dear speechless husband, Willie, crawling faithfully around the dune and needing advice from her against sunburn. She does indeed mean "another heavenly day" when she wakes up chattily and lays out her toothbrush on the sand. She needs specs to read the, no doubt, signal message on the brush. "Poor Willie—(*rummages in bag*)—no zest—(*rummages*)—for anything—(*brings out spectacles in case*) . . . poor dear Willie—(*lays down case*)—sleep for ever—(*opens spectacles*)—marvellous gift—(*puts on spectacles*)—nothing to touch it—(*looks for toothbrush*)—in my opinion . . . (*examines handle, reads*)—genuine . . . pure . . . what?—(*lays down brush*)—blind next . . . (*shakes out handkerchief*)—what are those wonderful lines."

Then: "Woe woe is me," she says, wiping one eye. "To see what I see," wiping the other. "Wouldn't miss it," she says.

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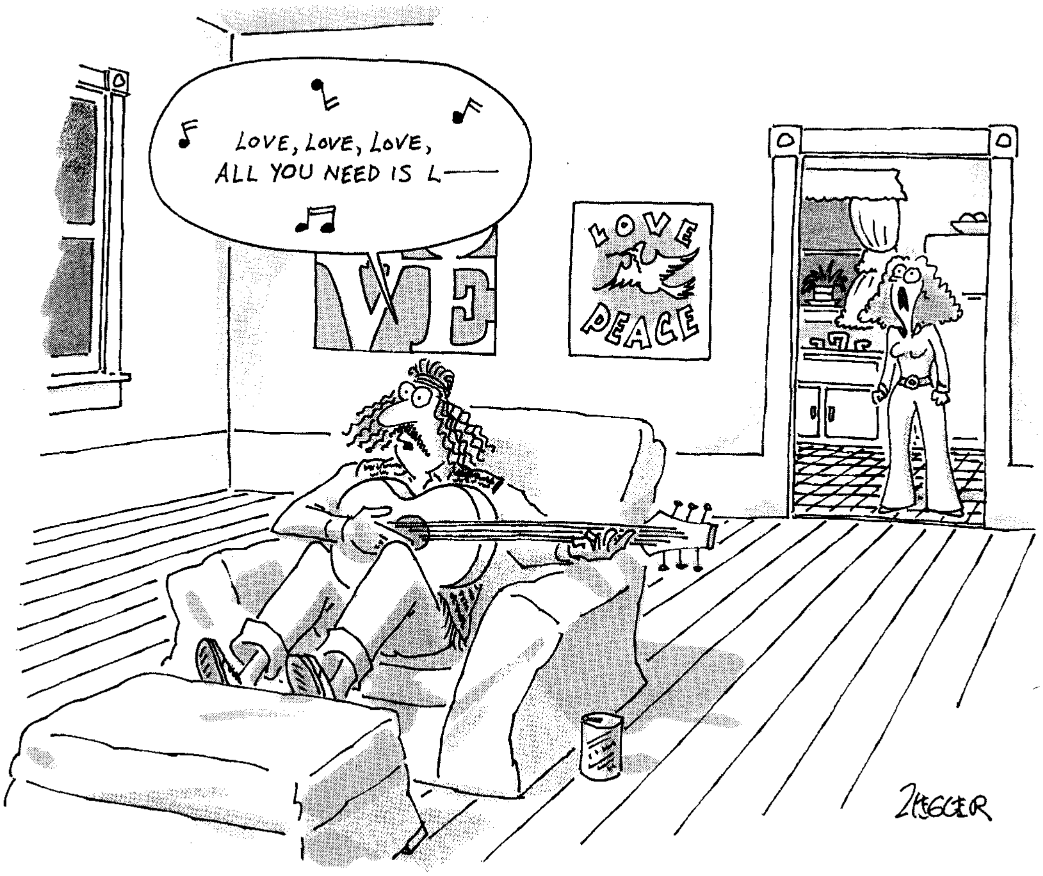
Foleys

MOST foley artists hate to work in water. Or mud. Tell a foley artist that he's going to be spending the morning on "Swamp Thing Three," or else stomping around in a tub of water, snarling and snapping pieces of wood together in order to duplicate a crocodile feeding frenzy for the soundtrack of a Jacques Cousteau film, while a rep from the oceanographer watches and after each take says, "I don't sink zat's good enough, let's try wance more," and—well, you better buy him a good lunch if you want his best work. Foley artists supply the sounds for many of the actions that take place in movies, on television, and in commercials. The sets on which those actions are filmed are all but dead quiet, because the sound engineers are trying to record what the actors are saying. What sounds can't be later supplied by sound-effects records and tapes—the slight clink, perhaps, of the beer bottle knocking against the ketchup when the refrigerator door is opened, the telephone receiver being picked up and put back, the rustle and scrape of fabric when a couple embrace—are re-created by the foley artist.



"The sixties are over, Ralph. The seventies and the eighties, for God's sake, are over. Give it a rest!"

• •

In New York City, there are five studios equipped with what are called foley stages. (Jack Foley, from whose name the term derives, worked at Universal Pictures during the thirties and forties and was responsible for solving a number of technical problems involving sound re-creation.) Most foley work involves the duplication of footsteps, which is why foley stages are built with what are called foley pits. There are six foley pits in a studio at Sync Sound, on Tenth Avenue between Fifty-fifth and Fifty-sixth Streets. Four of the pits have surfaces flush with the floor, which is carpeted, and two are a foot deep; one of these at the moment is filled with leaves and branches, and one is filled with dirt. The four flush surfaces are concrete, for duplicating the sound of footsteps on a sidewalk; marble, for courthouse steps and museums; sand; and gravel. By means of covers that fit over the pits it is possible to re-create the sound of footsteps on wood, on linoleum, on a metal grate like the ones over subway vents, and on a steel plate like the ones over the steps leading from sidewalks into the basements of buildings, and the squeak of sneakers on a gym floor.

The foley-artist-in-residence at Sync Sound is Rick Wessler. He is in his mid-forties. He is constantly picking up things and banging them to hear what sound they make. He has been an actor both on and off Broadway, in films, in television, and in commercials. He began his career in show business as a mime; he is fond of saying that he started out seen but not heard and now is heard but not seen.

Except for the foley pits, the studio Mr. Wessler works in looks like a suburban garage or an attic or a basement storeroom. It is, of course, full of shoes. Mr. Wessler buys them a size large, so that he can slip in and out of them easily. (He had difficulty finding size-11 high heels.) Elsewhere, on shelves or in corners, are a basketball; a tambourine; a shovel; a hoe; a grocery cart, for squeaks and rattles; two pieces of an old fire escape, to bang or scrape together to reproduce the sound of train couplings or falling elevators; a sledgehammer; a tire; a bicycle; a shoebox of broken glass; a piece of wood, for creaking; suitcases, for the sound of their snaps; a rubberized flight bag, to be picked up and squeezed for the sound of a leather jacket being taken off; a liquor bottle; a tray of dishes and glasses, for kitchen and restaurant scenes; and a tall canvas bag filled with sand—what boxers call a heavy bag—for punches and for those times when Mr. Wessler just doesn't feel like throwing himself on the floor to duplicate the sound of a falling body.

Mr. Wessler works mainly in darkness. On the far wall of the studio is a screen onto which the film is projected. If he is matching the steps of a person on a sidewalk, he walks in place on the concrete foley pit. He tries to duplicate the actions of the person on the screen as closely as possible: when the actor turns, Mr. Wessler turns. If it is a woman on the screen, Mr. Wessler walks as lightly as possible—unless, of course, it is a heavy woman. If the actor is walking on a rainy night, Mr. Wessler pours water he keeps in a Clorox bottle onto the concrete.

The other day, Mr. Wessler was working on an episode of a police series for NBC. To create the sound of a police dog's footsteps he wore a pair of leather gloves to the fingers of which he had taped Popsicle sticks. The episode featured a circus lion escaping from a carpeted office and running down a corridor. To duplicate its padding footsteps Mr. Wessler wore sheepskin gloves. He knelt on the carpet beside a foley pit that had a linoleum cover. He drew the back of his hand across the carpet to simulate the sound of the lion rising from the carpet on the screen, and when the lion came into the corridor Mr. Wessler transferred his hands to the linoleum. The reason he was foleying the lion's steps is that on the set a trainer had been shouting to the lion "Look over here!" and banging pots and pans to get its attention and calling out "You're a good lion, yes . . . you . . . *are!*"

Unless a foley is particularly elaborate or demanding, Mr. Wessler does no rehearsing. He reviews a tape of the film or commercial or television show beforehand and notes exactly where the effects he is to supply occur, and decides how he will reproduce them. Most are straightforward. For a difficult effect, you can spend a few hours coming up with a solution. The most contrived foley he has had lately involved duplicating the sound of an electric fan. The director had set up a scene in the sheriff's office in a small Southern town. In the background he had placed a fan with slowly turning blades, which threw a shadow across the room. Although Mr. Wessler pointed out that a fan with blades turning that slowly would make no sound at all, the director insisted on hearing the fan. Mr. Wessler built the sound from three components, recorded on separate tracks and later put together. For the sound of the fan's motor, he put the bicycle upside down and recorded the sound of its chain as he turned the pedals while pressing on the back tire to slow it up. For the sound of the breeze, he slowly passed a piece of paper back and forth in front of the microphone. To suggest an out-of-kilter fan blade striking the housing, he ran the point of a pocketknife around the inside rim of a hubcap.

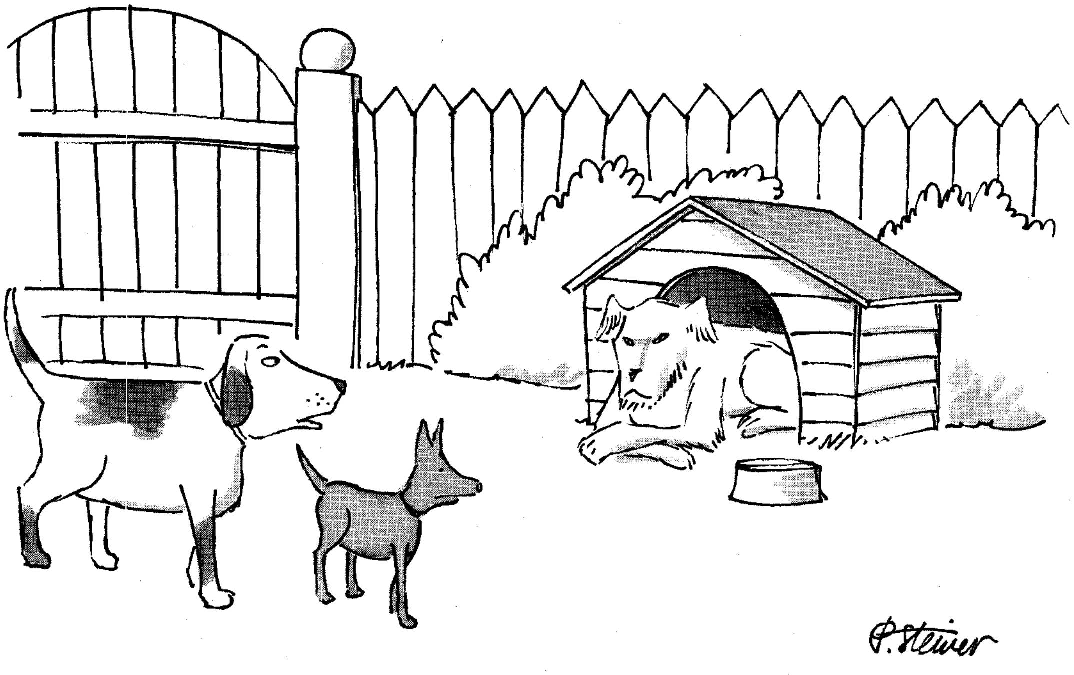
Producers of movies and commercials and television shows usually want everything done yesterday, or the day before. Mr. Wessler must often work late into the night to complete a show by its deadline. The studio is down a long, windowless corridor, behind heavy, soundproofed doors, and is exceptionally quiet. When he leaves it early in the morning and steps outdoors, the first few moments are disorienting. Tenth Avenue, he says, sounds as loud as a drag race.

Home Brew

OF seven homegrown beers Jeff Silman entered in tasting tournaments over the last year, five earned ribbons. His barley-wine ale, a minor masterpiece, beat out more than forty sudsy challengers in a local competition called Dark, Strong and Spicy, to win Best of Show. Among the subterranean fraternity concocting their own beers in cramped city kitchens, Silman is—for the moment, anyway—the master.

We like beer, too. So when Silman invited us late last month to watch over his shoulder while he brewed his entry for an upcoming competition sponsored by a Staten Island club called the Outlaws of Homebrew, a powerful thirst came over us, and we followed our taste buds right to his door. By the time we had huffed our way up four flights to his apartment, in Brooklyn Heights, we understood what he'd meant when he told us over the phone that brewing sometimes seems easier than carrying beer home. Silman met us on a landing piled four cases high with empties, and he looked just about the way a homebrew-meister should: gray beard crowned by a handlebar mustache; bluejeans; a white T-shirt bearing the logo of a small Vermont brewery ("Catamount. Pride of the North Country"); and flip-flop sandals. He resembled a short-cropped version of Frank Zappa.

Who decorated Silman's apartment? Indiana Jones? Draped from the walls were a bullwhip, a beaded Botswani spear, a hammock, nunchakus, pistol-shooting trophies, a ship's lantern, and assorted backpacks. The most valued arti-



"*His roots are in the Cold War.*"

fact of all, however, was on a shelf in the kitchen: a dog-eared diary, Silman's "brew log," containing scribbled recipes for the sixty batches—exactly three hundred gallons of beer—birthed in his kitchen over the last four years. After putting a four-gallon pot of water on the stove to boil, Silman opened the log to a fresh page and set about designing his interpretation of a Northern Brown Ale, one of sixty-three categories and subcategories in which home brewers compete.

First, Silman fixed a taste in his mind's palate ("Mildly alcoholic. Slight sweetness. Doesn't have a lot of hop aroma. A very full beer"); then he drafted a recipe that would deliver his vision to frothy life. "I see a picture," he said. "I work toward the picture. I'm going toward an aesthetic. I get my information from trial and error. That's how you grow in this field. If I brew something I like, I have to be able to duplicate it. So I take copious notes." He also consults a wad of pages copied from "McKenzie's 5000 Recipes," a British folk-chemistry tome published in 1825.

At the top of the diary page, headlining his list of carefully considered ingredients, Silman wrote "AWTEW." "A Shakespeare quote," he explained. " 'All's well that ends well.' Eastern Europe is free. The Chinese have stopped killing students. It's the right way to end the eighties. We're brewing a beer."

Pinned to Silman's refrigerator is the official slogan of home brewing: "Relax. Don't worry. Have a homebrew. Because worrying is like paying interest on a debt you may never owe." At his kitchen counter, nearby, Silman began measuring small amounts of Irish moss and gypsum and weighing out little mounds of crystal malt and chocolate malt and hops, and pulverizing the chocolate malt with a jumbo rolling pin inherited from his grandmother. "Traditionally, the brewer was a magician," he said. "Nobody knew what the guy was doing. Until Pasteur came along with his microscope, nobody even knew what yeast *was*."

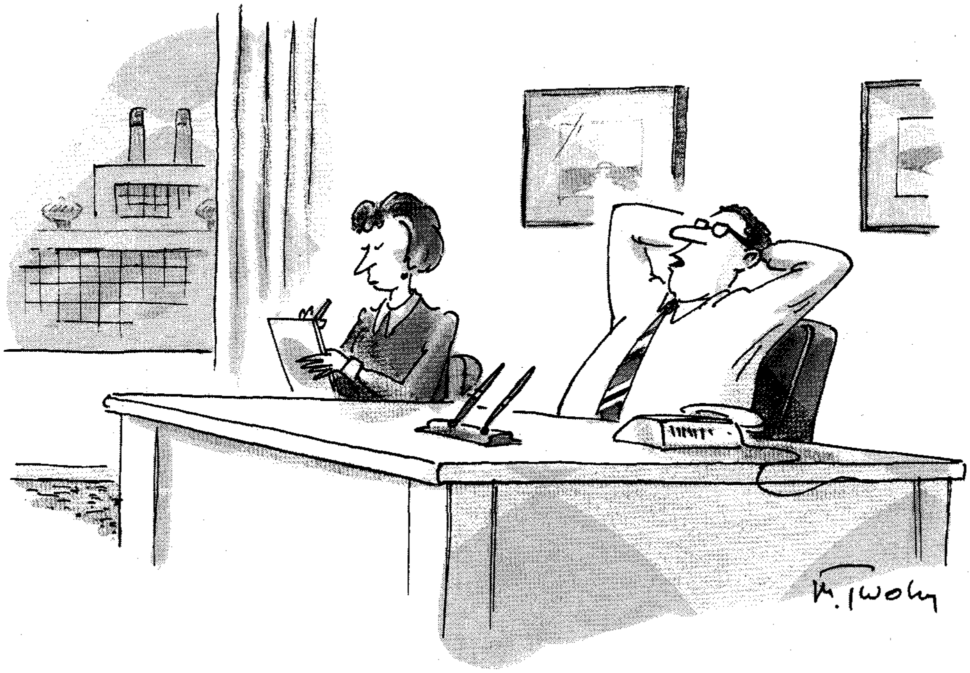
One by one, the ingredients sank into the pot, forming a gurgling brownish sap known as "wort." "Now we're at the mercy of the flame," Silman announced. "Let's step into the library." The library turned out to be a bathroom with ten cases of Silman's previous efforts stockpiled beneath a sepia-tinted portrait of his bespectacled Great-Aunt Fanny. "You're supposed to drink beer while you brew," Silman informed us, standing in the shower and perusing his repository for a suitable quaff. "It's supposed to be fun." He plucked out a Southern Brown Ale, a close cousin to the batch in progress, and poured it out, carefully preserving a residue in the bottom of the bottle. "That's the famous brewer's yeast you buy in health-food stores," he said, giving the sludge a swirl. "Loaded with Vitamin B. I drink it before I go to bed at night. Prevents hangovers."

He must have noticed our intense interest. "We're not in this to get blotto," he warned. "This is a serious thing." Nonetheless, we drank generous draughts, and enjoyed a strangely smooth succession of dark, nutty flavors. They bloomed in a variety of earthy tones on our tongue before disappearing down our gullet.

Silman, who has a job as a sporting-knife salesman, travels for about a hundred and forty days a year, usually taking an atlas of regional beers along to guide him toward the local brew. "I've got so that I can taste a beer and make a pretty valiant attempt at duplicating it," he said. "My taste buds are the same, but I've got more information now. I'm fairly persnickety and scientific in my approach. Beer is an amalgamation of science and art. It's alchemy." He went on, "The styles are out there already. You're not inventing new stuff until you get into, say, the cherry-vanilla stouts. Budweiser turns out millions of gallons a year, and it's always the same. You've got to take your hat off to them. They're magnificent brewers. But their formulation doesn't do anything for me."

We asked what his favorite beer in the world was. He laughed, and said, "The classic answer to that is 'The beer that happens to be in my hand at the moment.' "

After an hour, Silman cooled the bubbling solution in the sink, stirred in a syrupy yeast, and sloshed the whole potful into a seven-gallon drum—a midway stop on the ascent to full beerhood. Fermentation is a coherent chemical process, he said, but to us it is another of those unfathomable everyday miracles. We can drive a car, but we have no understanding of what goes on under the hood. It's the same with brewing. The yeast goes in, and ten days later beer somehow comes out. "There's an old saying," Silman told us. " 'Listen to your beer.' If your yeast starts to work quickly and vigorously, then you know you have a winner. I can hear it bubbling already, so I know for a fact that this is going to be a wonderful beer."



"Gentlemen: This is a follow-up on our recent Christmas card."

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LIFE WITHOUT LEANN

BY the time you receive this, it will have been more than five hundred days and nearly seventy-five weeks since Leann and I broke up, and, while I cannot proclaim our long ordeal ended, I am pleased to report some encouraging developments in that direction.

LEANN WATCHER OF THE WEEK . . . Kudos (and a two-year subscription to this newsletter) for Mike, of Evanston, Ill., who so eloquently and informatively captures a brief encounter he had with Leann on Jan. 6.

"Leann has lost some weight," Mike writes, "but she is no less beautiful for it. She says she has been exercising, taking classes, doing this, doing that. It appeared to me that she was struggling to fill some void. Your name didn't come up, but it wasn't so much what she said as what she didn't say."

THE STRUGGLE CONTINUES . . . *If only it could all be such good news.* But unfortunately, OPERATION: TERRIBLE MISTAKE has not been the success I anticipated, and I'm afraid a new strategy may be required.

As you may recall (LWL #57), the operation's objectives were to: (1) apply societal pressure; (2) foster emotional uncertainty; (3) precipitate reevaluation; and ideally (4) achieve reconciliation.

The following conversation starter was suggested:

LEANN, I WAS SO SORRY TO HEAR ABOUT YOU AND LARRY. YOU MAKE SUCH A WONDERFUL COUPLE. SO I DON'T MIND TELLING YOU, I THINK YOU ARE MAKING A TERRIBLE MISTAKE. THIS IS MY OWN PERSONAL OPINION ON THE MATTER.

Unfortunately, a number of well-meaning individuals took this suggestion rather more literally than intended, and repeated it verbatim to Leann, creating a cumulative effect other than the one desired.

I have now received word through an intermediary that Leann requests I "call off the zombies." I will honor her wishes, as always, though I must emphasize that I cannot be held responsible for the behavior of individuals acting on their own initiative.

LEANN ANONYMOUS . . . In our first *meeting at Gatsby's, the bartender,* Mark, graciously accommodated us by closing off the back room and supplying extra folding chairs. All in attendance praised the wisdom of moving these mutual support sessions from my apartment, which some had complained was not neutral territory, and which had become quite cramped in any case. (On a related matter, Mark told me privately that, while he appreciates our patronage, he'd prefer that in the future we try not to monopolize the jukebox, or at least play a variety of songs. He says that if he doesn't see some improvement the Hank Williams selections will have to go.)

We ordered a round, and at Tom's suggestion dispensed with the reading of the minutes. We proceeded immediately to old business, resuming debate on Leann's eyes and whether they are a turbulent sea green or a sand-flecked moon blue. It appeared there could be no middle ground on the issue, until Dick stood up and declared, "To paraphrase Elton John, 'Who cares if they're blue or if they're green, those are the sweetest eyes I've ever seen.' "

The motion to adopt Dick's language carried unanimously, and we collected more change for the jukebox.

We ordered another round, and the conversation turned naturally to the rest of Leann: her quirky perky nose, her funny sunny smile, the perfect curve of her neck, her soft shoulders, *and so on, until petty jealousies pre*cluded further discussion.

Soon thereafter, we took a break to order more refreshments, and then it was time to welcome new members. A stubby and not particularly attractive man, who had been spotted with Leann as recently as mid-November, stood up in the back of the room.

"My name is Harry," he said, "and I love Leann."

Harry then related his long, sad tale, the details of which were all too familiar, ending with that same old refrain.

"She met this guy," he said. "She says she's deliriously happy."

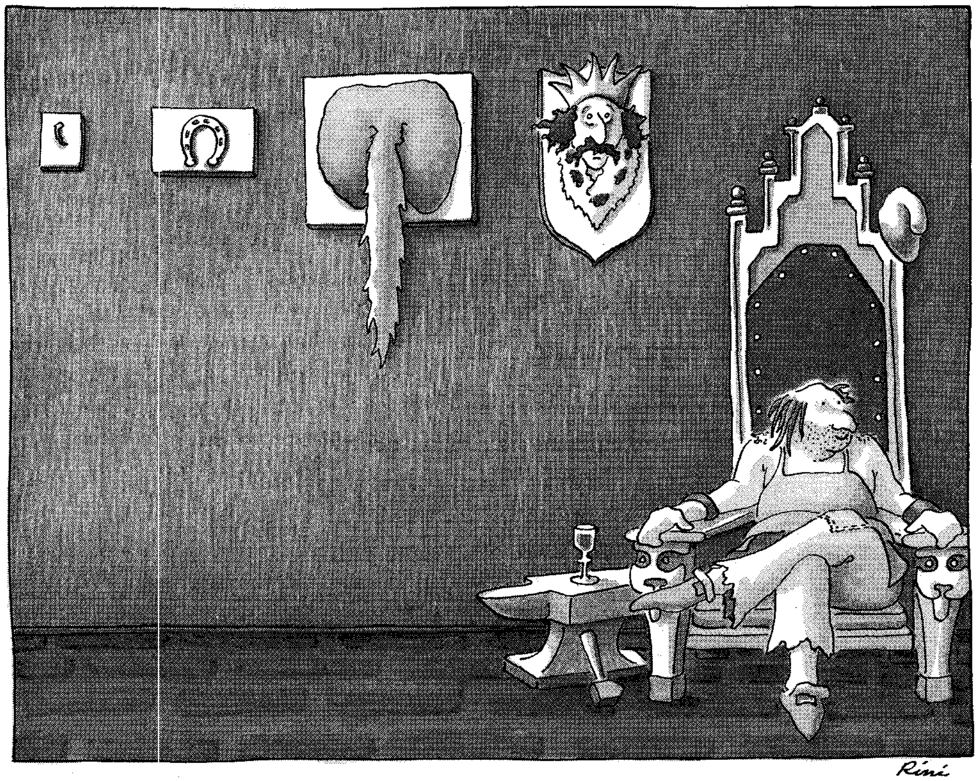
"Deliriously happy, eh?" Gunther said slowly, staring into his beer. "He's *doomed.*"

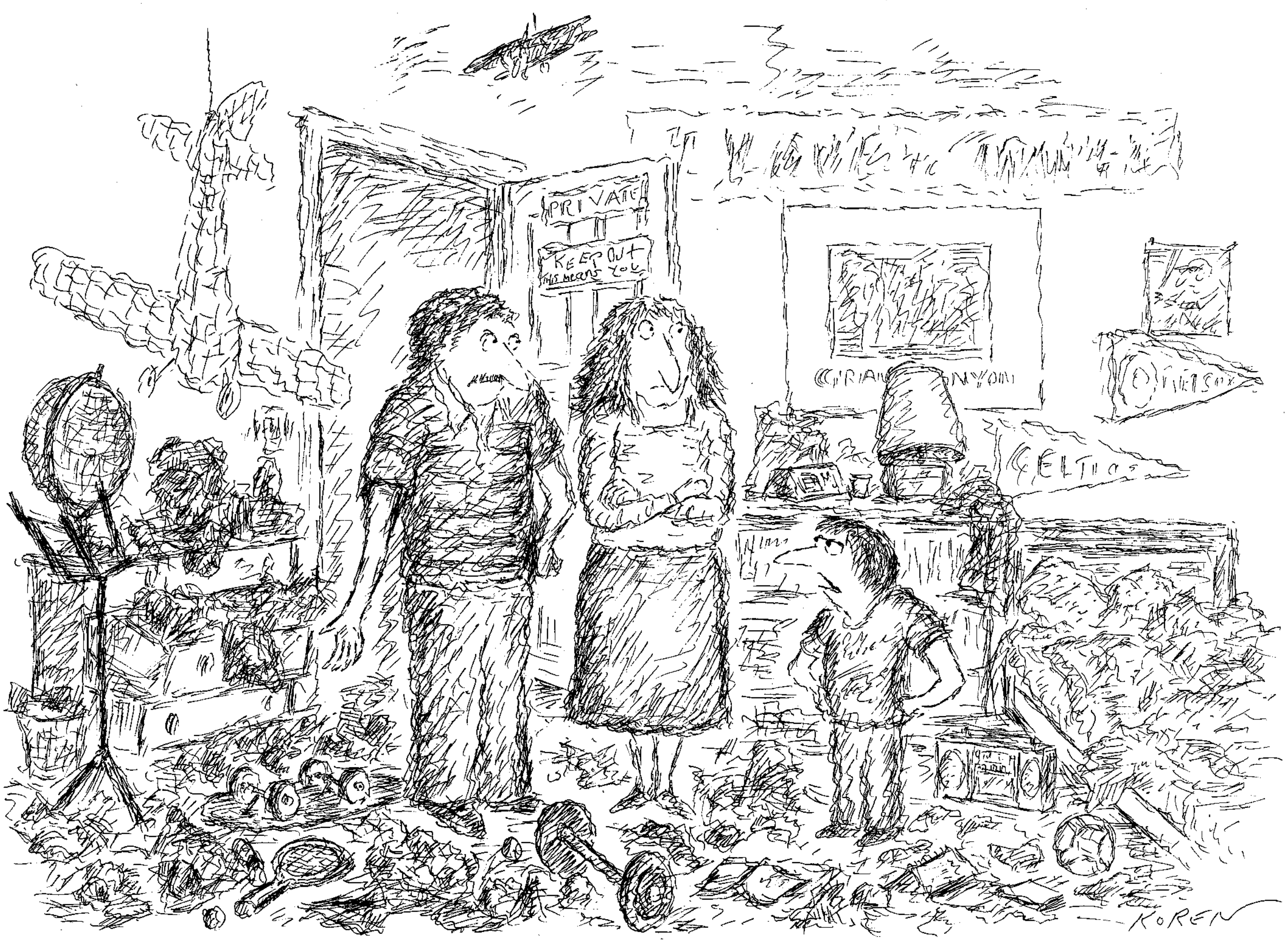
Those of us who could still laugh did so.

"Really?" Harry said, cheering considerably. "So you think there's a chance I can win her back?"

This question prompted extensive debate, leading to the inevitable threats of violence and ceasing only when Quentin moved that we change the name of our group from Lovers of Leann to Victims of Leann. The motion was soundly defeated, and we voted to adjourn.

Elmo closed the meeting by





"Both of you are rotten and hateful—from a kid's perspective."

* * *

singing "Oh, Leann," including a new verse that had recently come to him in a dream:

Oh, Leann,
I love you,
Love you still,
I love you,
I love you,
I love you still,
I always will.

LEANN ALERT . . . My special friend Jane, who has been so supportive during this difficult time, has suggested there is a need for a group addressing the concerns of the lovers of the Lovers of Leann. Anybody who knows somebody who might be interested in such a group should have them write to Leann Anon at this address.

THIS WEEK'S LEANN CHALLENGE . . . Leann is what she eats, but how well do you know what she eats? Everybody knows Leann likes horseradish on her hamburgers, but how many of you know what *kind* of horseradish? (Here's a hint: She received a case of it for Christmas.)

The answer to last week's challenge: From left to right.

LEANN'S MAILBAG . . . The mail ran heavy this week with entries to the "Candid Leann" photo contest, and it's obvious I need to remind everyone that the rules clearly stipulate that Leann must be the only person shown in the photograph.

In consideration of those who may wish to resubmit, I've decided to extend the deadline two weeks, until Jan. 29. And remember, entries cannot be returned.

One of our foreign correspondents, Miles, writes from Windsor, Ontario, "I'm going to be in the States in the near future, and I was hoping to finally meet this Leann I've heard so much about. Do you have her phone number or an address where I can write her directly?"

No need for that, Miles. Just send your correspondence to Leann in care of this newsletter, and I'll make sure she gets it.

And finally, Reggie, of Buffalo Grove, Ill., writes in and asks:

"Larry, isn't it time you got on with your life? It's been nearly two years [sic] since Leann broke up with you [sic], and I hate to be the one to tell you, pal, but it's over. O-V-E-R [sic].

"But listen," Reggie continues, "there are a lot of other chicks in the sea, my friend, and they're yours for the picking. Go for it!"

Well, Reggie, I don't quite know how to answer that. It's difficult to determine exactly what it is you're driving at, since I'm afraid I do not share your bitter perspective or your particular gift for playground aphorisms. So please understand when I suggest this: You know nothing about love.

But thanks for the letter, Reg. Your "Larry Loves Leann" T-shirt is in the mail. —LARRY DOYLE

THE POET AND THE MUSE

NINA was a marvellous woman, an ordinary woman, a doctor, and it goes without saying that she had her right to personal happiness like everyone else. Of this she was well aware. Nearing the age of thirty-five after a lengthy period of joyless trial and error—not even worth talking about—she knew precisely what she needed: a wild, true love, with tears, bouquets, midnight phone vigils, nocturnal taxi chases, fateful obstacles, betrayals, and forgiveness. She needed a—you know—an animal passion, dark windy nights with street lamps aglow. She needed to perform a heroine's classical feat as if it were a mere trifle: to wear out seven pairs of iron boots, break seven iron staffs in two, devour seven loaves of iron bread, and receive in supreme reward not some golden rose or snow-white pedestal but a burned-out match or a crumpled ball of a bus ticket—a crumb from the banquet table where the radiant king, her heart's desire, had feasted. Well, of course, quite a few women need pretty much the same thing, so in this sense Nina was, as has already been said, a perfectly ordinary woman, a marvellous woman, a doctor.

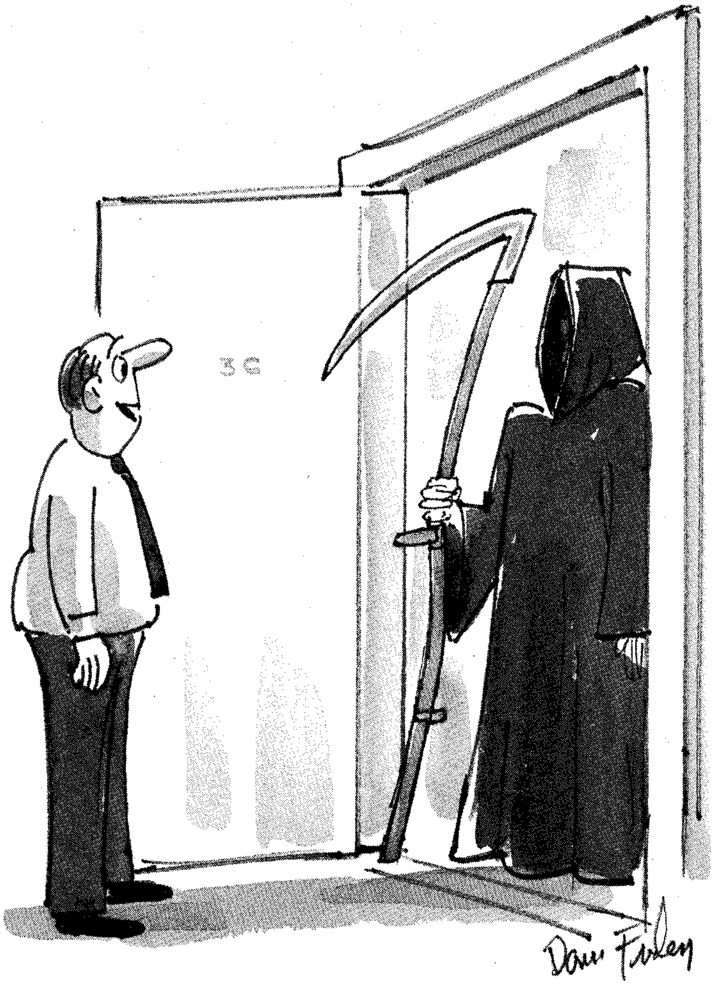
SHE had been married: it was as if she'd done an interminable, boring stretch on a transcontinental train and emerged—tired, dispirited, and yawning uncontrollably—into the starless night of a strange city, where the only kindred soul was her suitcase.

Then she lived the life of a recluse for a while: she took up washing and polishing the floors in her spotless little Moscow apartment, developed an interest in patterns and sewing, and once again grew bored. An affair with the dermatologist Arkady Borisovich, who had two families not counting Nina, smoldered sluggishly along. After work she would drop by his office to see him. There was nothing the least bit romantic about it; the cleaning lady would be emptying out the trash cans and slopping a wet mop across the linoleum while Arkady Borisovich washed his hands over and over, scrubbing them with a brush, suspiciously inspecting his pink nails and examining himself in the mirror with disgust. He would stand there, pink, well fed and stiff, egg-shaped, and take no notice of Nina, though she was already in her coat on her way out the door. Then he would stick out his triangular tongue and twist it this way and that—he was afraid of infection. A fine Prince Charming! What sort of passion could she find with Arkady Borisovich? None, of course.

Yet she'd certainly earned the right to happiness, she was entitled to a place in the line where it was being handed out: her face was white and pretty and her eyebrows broad, her smooth black hair grew low from her temples and was gathered at the back in a bun. And her eyes were black, so that out in public men took her for a Moldavian Gypsy, and once, in the metro, in the passageway to the Kirovskaya station, a fellow had even pestered her, claiming that he was a sculptor and she must come along with him immediately, supposedly to sit for the head of a houri—right away, his clay was drying out! Of course she didn't go with him; she had a natural mistrust of people in the creative professions, since she had already been through the sorry experience of going for a cup of coffee with an alleged film director and barely escaping in one piece; the fellow had a large apartment with Chinese vases and a slanted garret ceiling in an old building.

But time was marching on, and at the thought that out of the approximately hundred and twenty-five million men in the U.S.S.R. fate in all its generosity had managed to dribble out only Arkady Borisovich for her, Nina sometimes got upset. She could have found someone else, but the other men who came her way weren't right either. After all, her soul was growing richer as the years passed, she experienced and understood her own being with ever greater subtlety, and on autumn evenings she felt more and more self-pity: there was no one to whom she could give herself—she, so slim and black-browed.

Occasionally Nina would visit some married girlfriend and, having stopped off to buy chocolates at the nearest candy shop for someone else's big-eared child, would drink tea and talk for a long time, eying herself all the while in the dark glass of the kitchen door, where her reflection was even more enigmatic, and more alluring in comparison with her friend's



"Couldn't I do a couple of hundred hours of community service instead?"

"Never mind why. Just watch her until I get back."

spreading silhouette. Justice demanded that someone sing her praises. Having finally heard her friend out—what had been bought, what had been burned, what ailments the big-eared child had survived—and having examined someone else's standard-issue husband (a receding hairline, sweatpants stretched at the knees—no, she didn't need one like that), she left feeling dismayed. She carried her elegant self out the door, onto the landing, and down the staircase into the refreshing night: these weren't the right sort of people, she should never have come, in vain had she given of herself and left her perfumed trace in the drab kitchen, she had pointlessly treated someone else's child to exquisite bittersweet chocolate—the child just gobbled it down with no appreciation; oh, well, let the little beast break out in an allergic rash from head to toe.

She yawned.

And then came the epidemic of Japanese flu. All the doctors were pulled out of the district clinics for house calls, and Arkady Borisovich went, too, putting on a gauze face mask and rubber gloves to keep the virus from getting a hold on him, but he couldn't protect himself and came down with it, and his patients were assigned to Nina. And there, as it turned out, was where fate lay in wait for her—in the person of Grisha, stretched out completely unconscious on a bench in a custodian's lodge, under knit blankets, his beard sticking up. That was where it all happened. The near-corpse quickly abducted Nina's weary heart: the mournful shadows on his porcelain brow, the darkness around his sunken eyes, and the tender beard, wispy as a springtime forest—all this made for a magical scene. Invisible violins played a wedding waltz, and the trap sprang shut. Well, everybody knows how it usually happens.

A sickeningly beautiful woman with tragically undisciplined hair was wringing her hands over the dying man. (Later on, to be sure, it turned out that she was no one special, just Agniya, a school friend of Grisha's, an unsuccessful actress who sang a little to a guitar, nothing to worry about, that wasn't where the threat lay.) Yes, yes, she said, she was the one who'd called the doctor—you must save him! She had just, you know, dropped in by chance, after all he doesn't lock his door, and he'd never call for help himself, not Grisha—custodian, poet, genius, saint! Nina unglued her gaze from the demonically handsome custodian and proceeded to look the place over: a large room, beer bottles under the table, dusty molding on the ceiling, the bluish light of snowdrifts from the windows, an abandoned fireplace stuffed with rags and rubbish.

"He's a poet, a poet—he works as a custodian so he can have the apartment," mumbled Agniya.

Nina kicked Agniya out, lifted her bag from her shoulder and hung it on a nail, carefully took her heart from Grishunya's hands and nailed it to the bedstead. Grishunya muttered deliriously, in rhyme. Arkady Borisovich melted away like sugar in hot tea. The thorny path lay ahead.

On recovering the use of his eyes and ears, Grishunya learned that the joyous Nina meant to stay with him to the bitter end. At first he was a bit taken aback, and suggested deferring this unexpected happiness, or—if that wasn't possible—hastening his meeting with that end; later, though, soft-hearted fellow that he was, he became more complaisant, and asked only that he not be parted from his friends. Nina compromised for the time being, while he regained his strength. This, of course, was a mistake; he was soon back on his feet, and he resumed his senseless socializing with the entire, endless horde. There were a few young people of indeterminate profession; an old man with a guitar; teen-age poets; actors who turned out to be chauffeurs and chauffeurs who turned out to be actors; a demobilized ballerina who was always crying, "Hey, I'll call our gang over, too"; ladies in diamonds; unlicensed jewellers; unattached girls with spiritual aspirations in their eyes; philosophers with unfinished dissertations; a deacon from Novorossisk who always brought a suitcase full of salted

BIRD IN SPACE: FIRST STUDY

(Constantin Brancusi)

Nothing grows in the shadow of great trees . . .
And yet in a wine cask's shadowy tube—oak aged
and curved to a first-growth trunk—
his legs inched up from his ankles.
He was sixteen, alone. By a storefront window
in Craiova, great breaths of chocolate
sighing out from a churn stick

held him. And the pattern of wheat dust
on silos, the pattern of corn
on a pulpy cob, like the grid marks in squid.
Hunger. Its spidery grip. And then he was hired,
dipped by the wrists into wine casks.
Small, slender—the restaurant above him
no more than a wind of garlic—he lathered, scrubbed,

all the pips slipping out from the rough-hewn wood,
all the bristle tips, esters,
and the odors of yeast, wet wool, the wine sludge
curved to the shape of his knees, his fingertips
curved to the oak blebs: body and barrel
in equal exchange—a melding, a kiss.

Days passed. A year. Often at dusk
he read cards at the restaurant tables, watched
the wide Rumanian faces swell, withdraw.
From a circle of Chariots, of Towers
and delicate Hanged Men, a fear would begin,
brushing up through each face like a wine flush.
Enigmas. The queer burbles of candle wax.
Then a cello spun out its long notes, binding,
cupping them all to the known earth,

as, morning by morning, the slats of an oak wine cask
cupped his small body. Sometimes
he sang there—cello songs, drawn down to the tempo
of bristle tips, splinters. Sometimes he studied
his hoop-slice of sky: looped from the ceiling, from
strings like the rays of geometry, amber onions,
three halved by the barrel rim's sharp circumference,
beets and beet tufts, and, weekly,

the marbled hind legs of a roebuck.
Globe shapes, light-polished, or cragged
by a smatter of earth. Then weekly,
arcing into his view from a fuller body,
two thighs, two hocks, pulled tight at the hooves
by a thread of rawhide: pale form in a fixed arc,
like the memory of motion, like a bird stalled
in the ice-winds of space, its stillness, flight.

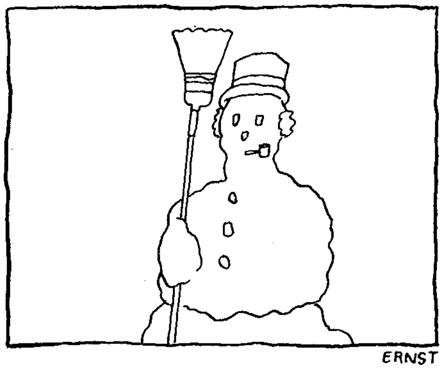
—Linda Bierds

• •

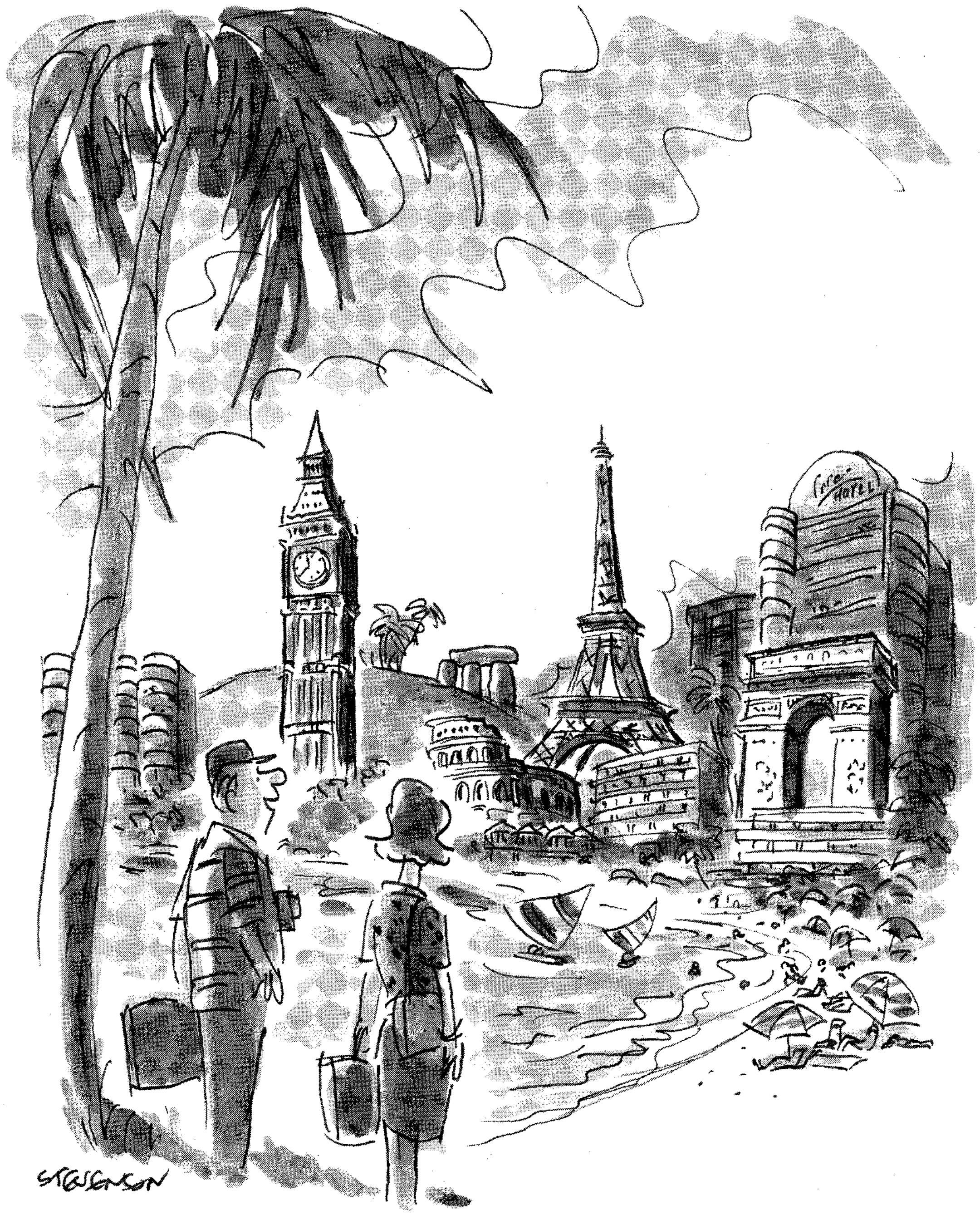
fish; and a Tungus from eastern Siberia, who'd got stuck in Moscow—he was afraid the capital's cuisine would spoil his digestion and so would ingest only some kind of fat, which he ate out of a jar with his fingers.

All of them—some one evening, some the next—crammed into the custodian's lodge; the little three-story outbuilding creaked, the upstairs neighbors came in, people strummed guitars, sang, read poems of their own and others, but mainly listened to those of their host. They all considered Grishunya a genius; a collection of his verse had been on the verge of publication for years, but a certain pernicious Makushkin, on whom everything depended, was blocking it—Makushkin, who had sworn that only over his dead body . . . They cursed Makushkin, extolled Grishunya, the women asked him to read more, more. Flushed, self-conscious, Grisha read on—thick, significant poems that recalled expensive, custom-made cakes covered with ornamental inscriptions and triumphant meringue towers, poems slathered with sticky linguistic icing, poems containing abrupt, nutlike crunches of clustered sounds and excruciating, indigestible caramel confections of rhyme. "Eh-eh-eh," said the Tungus, shaking his head; apparently he didn't understand a word of Russian. "What's wrong? Doesn't he like it?" murmured the other guests. "No, no—I'm told that's the way they express praise," said Agniya, fluffing her hair nervously, afraid that the Tungus would jinx her. The guests couldn't take their eyes off Agniya, and invited her to continue the evening with them elsewhere.

Naturally, this abundance of people was unpleasant for Nina. But most unpleasant of all was that every time she dropped by, whether during the day or in the evening after her shift, there was this wretched creature sitting in the custodian's lodge—no fatter than a fork, wearing a black skirt down to her heels and a plastic comb in her lacklustre hair, drinking tea and openly admiring Grisha's soft beard: a person named Lizaveta. Of course, there couldn't possibly be any affair going on between Grishunya and this doleful aphid. You had only to watch her extricate a red, bony hand from her sleeve and reach timidly for an ancient, rock-hard piece of gingerbread—as if she expected any moment to be slapped and the gingerbread snatched away. She had rather less cheek than a human being needs, and rather more jowl; her nose was gristly; in fact, there was something of the fish about her—a dark, colorless deepwater fish that slinks through the impenetrable gloom on the ocean floor, never rising to the sun-streaked shallows where azure and crimson creatures sport and play.



No, no love affair, there couldn't be. Nonetheless, Grishunya, the beatific little soul, would gaze with pleasure at that human hull; he read poems



"Gee, honey, this place has got everything."

• •

to her, wailing and dipping on the rhymes, and afterward, deeply moved by his own verse, he would blink hard and turn his eyes up toward the ceiling as if to stanch his tears, and Lizaveta would shake her head to show the shock to her entire organism, blow her nose and imitate a child's sporadic whimpers, as if she, too, had just been sobbing copiously.

No, this was all extremely unpleasant for Nina. Lizaveta had to be gotten rid of. Grishunya liked this brazen worship, but then, he wasn't picky; he liked everything on earth. He liked swishing a shovel about in the loose snow in the morning, living in a room with a fireplace full of trash, being on the ground floor with the door open so anyone could drop in; he liked the crowd and the aimless comings and goings, the puddle of melted snow in the vestibule, all those girls and boys, actors and old men; he liked the ownerless Agniya, supposedly the kindest creature in the world, and the Tungus, who came for who knows what reason; he liked all the eccentrics, licensed and unlicensed, the geniuses and the outcasts; he liked rawboned Lizaveta, and—to round things out—he liked Nina as well.

Among the little outbuilding's visitors, Lizaveta was considered an artist, and indeed she did exhibit in second-rate shows. Grishunya found inspiration in her dark daubings, and composed a corresponding cycle of poems. In order to concoct her pictures, Lizaveta had to work herself into an unbridled frenzy, like some African shaman: a flame would light up in her dim eyes, and with shouts, wheezes, and a sort of grubby fury she would attack the canvas, kneading blue, black, and yellow paint with her fists, and scratching the wet, oily mush with her fingernails. The style was called "nailism"—it was a terrible sight to behold. True, the resulting images looked rather like underwater plants and stars and castles hanging in the sky—something that seemed to crawl and fly simultaneously.

"Does she have to get so excited?" Nina whispered to Grishunya once as they observed a session of nailism.

"Well, I guess it just doesn't happen otherwise," dear Grishunya whispered back, exhaling sweet toffee breath. "It's inspiration, the spirit, what can you do, it goes its own way." And his eyes shone with affection and respect for the possessed scrabbler.

Lizaveta's bony hands bloomed with sores from caustic paints, and similar sores soon covered Nina's jealous heart, still nailed to Grisha's bedstead. She did not want to share Grisha; the handsome custodian's blue eyes and wispy beard should belong to her and her alone. Oh, if only she could become the fully empowered mistress of the house once and for all, instead of just a casual, precarious girlfriend; if only she could put Grisha in a trunk, pack him in mothballs, cover him with a canvas cloth, bang the lid shut and sit on it, tugging at the locks to check: Are they secure?

Oh, if only . . . Yes, then he could have whatever he wanted—even Lizaveta. Let Lizaveta live and scratch out her paintings, let her grind them out with her teeth if she wanted, let her stand on her head and stay that way, trembling like a nervous pillar beside her barbaric canvases at her annual exhibitions, her dull hair decked out with an orange ribbon, red-handed, red-faced, sweaty, and ready to cry from hurt or happiness, while over in the corner various citizens sit at a rickety table cupping their palms to shield against inquisitive eyes as they write their unknown comments in the gallery's luxurious red album: "Revolting," perhaps; or "Fabulous"; or "What *does* the arts administration think it's doing?"; or else something maudlin and mannered, signed by a group of provincial librarians, about how sacred and eternal art had supposedly pierced them to the core.

Oh, to wrest Grisha from that noxious milieu! To scrape away the extraneous women who'd stuck to him like barnacles to the bottom of a boat; to pull him from the stormy sea, turn him upside down, tar and caulk him and set him in dry dock in some calm, quiet place!

But he—a carefree spirit ready to embrace any street mongrel, shelter any unsanitary vagrant—went on squandering himself on the crowd, giving himself out by the handful. This simple soul took a shopping bag, loaded it with yogurt and sour cream, and went to visit Lizaveta, who had fallen ill. And of course Nina had to go with him—and, my God, what a hovel! what a place! yellow, frightful, filthy, a dark little closet, not a single window! There lay Lizaveta, barely discernible on an iron cot under an army blanket, blissfully filling her black mouth with white sour cream. Bent over school notebooks at a table was Lizaveta's fat, frightened daughter, who bore no resemblance to her mother but looked as though Lizaveta had once upon a time bred with a St. Bernard.

"Well, how are you doing here?" asked Grishunya.

Lizaveta stirred beside the dingy wall: "All right."

"Do you need anything?" Grishunya insisted.

The iron cot creaked. "Nastya will take care of everything."

"Well then, study hard." The poet shuffled about and stroked fat Nastya on the head; he backed into the hallway, but the enfeebled Lizaveta was already dozing, a stagnant lake of unswallowed yogurt apparently frozen in her half-open mouth.

"She and I should really, er, hook up or something," Grishunya said to Nina, gesturing vaguely and looking the other way. "You see what problems she has getting an apartment. She's from way up north, from Totma, she can only rent this storeroom, but what talent, no? And her daughter's very drawn to art, too. She sculpts, she's good—and who can she study with in Totma?"

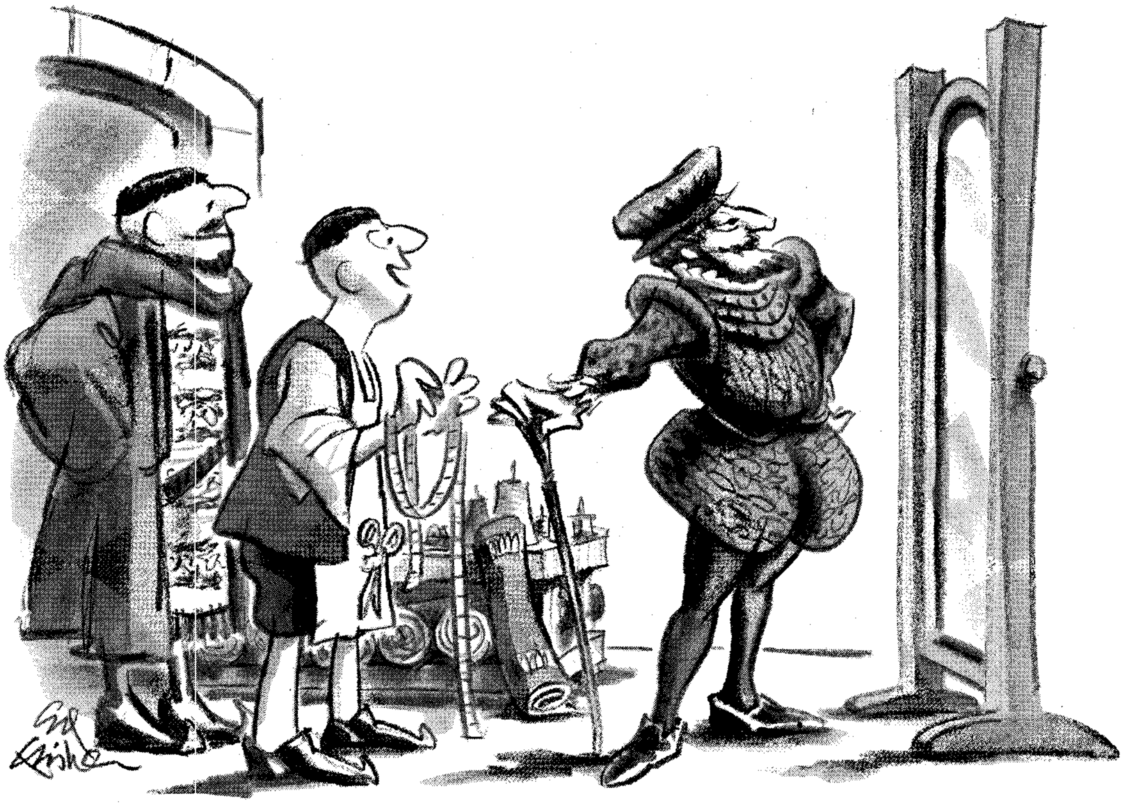
"You and I are getting married. I'm all yours," Nina reminded him sternly.

"Yes, of course, I forgot," Grishunya apologized. He was a gentle man; it was just that his head was full of a lot of nonsense.

Destroying Lizaveta turned out to be as hard as cutting a tough apple worm in half. When they came to fine her for violating the residence permit in her passport, she was already holed up in a different place, and Nina sent the troops over there. Lizaveta hid out in basements and Nina flooded basements; she spent the night in sheds and Nina tore them down; finally, Lizaveta evaporated to a mere shadow.

SEVEN pairs of iron boots had Nina worn out tramping across passport desks and through police stations, seven iron staffs had she broken on Lizaveta's back, seven kilos of iron gingerbread had she devoured in the hated custodian's lodge: it was time for the wedding.

The motley crowd had already thinned out, a pleasant quiet reigned in the little house in the



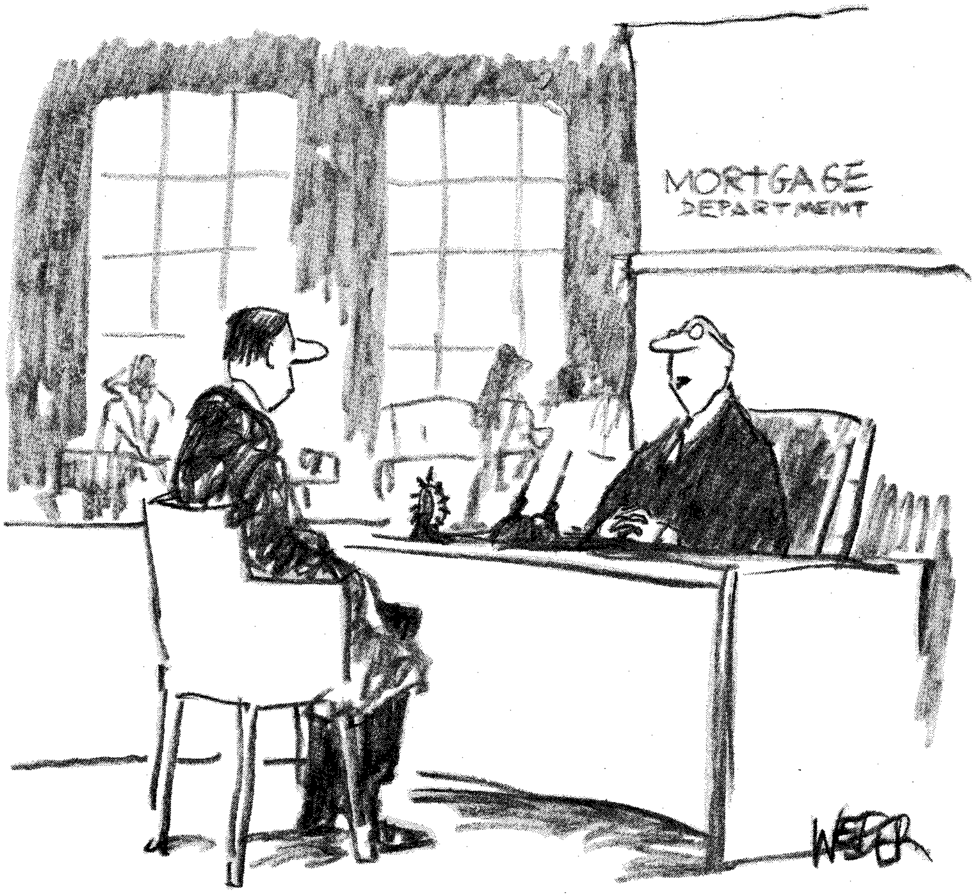
"*Très* Renaissance!"

evenings, and now it was with due respect that the occasional daredevil knocked at the door, carefully wiping his feet under Nina's watchful gaze and immediately regretting that he had ever come by. Soon Grishunya would no longer be slaving with a shovel and burying his talent in the snowdrifts; he would be moving to Nina's, where a sturdy, spacious glass-topped desk awaited him, with two willow switches in a vase on the left, and, on the right, from one of those frames that lean on a tail, Nina's photo smiled at him. And her smile promised that everything would be fine, that he'd be well fed and warm and clean, that Nina herself would go to see Comrade Makushkin and finally resolve the long-drawn-out question of the poetry collection: she would ask Comrade Makushkin to look over the material carefully, to give his advice, fix a few things, and cut up the thick, sticky layer cake of Grisha's verse into edible slices.

Nina allowed Grishunya a final goodbye to his friends, and the innumerable horde poured in for the farewell supper—girls and freaks, old men and jewellers. Three balletical youths with women's eyes arrived prancing on turned-out toes, a lame man limped in on crutches, someone brought a blind boy, and Lizaveta's now nearly fleshless shadow flitted about. The crowd kept coming; it buzzed and blew around like trash from a vacuum cleaner hooked up backward; bearded types scurried past; the walls of the little house bulged under the human pressure; and there were shouts, sobs, and hysterics. Dishes were broken. The balletical youths made off with the hysterical Agniya, catching her hair in the door; Lizaveta's shadow gnawed her hands to shreds and thrashed on the floor, demanding to be walked all over (the request was honored); the deacon led the Tungus into a corner and questioned him in sign language on the faith of his people, and the Tungus answered, also by signs, that their faith was the best of all faiths.

Grisha beat his porcelain brow against the wall and cried out that fine, all right, he was prepared to die, but after his death—you'll see—he'd come back to his friends and never be parted from them again. The deacon didn't approve of such proclamations. Neither did Nina.

By morning all the scum had vanished, and, packing Grishunya into a taxi, Nina carried him off to her crystal palace.



"It isn't generally realized, Mr. Tully, but we bankers are not in this business for the money."

• •

AH, who could possibly paint the portrait of the beloved when, rubbing his sleep-filled blue eyes and freeing a young, hairy leg from beneath the blankets, he yawns with all his might! Entranced, you gaze at him: everything about him is yours, yours! The gap between his teeth, and the bald spot, and that marvellous wart!

You feel you're a queen, and people make way for you on the street, and your colleagues nod respectfully, and Arkady Borisovich politely offers you his hand, wrapped in sterilized paper.

How fine it was to doctor trusting patients, to bring home bags full of goodies, to check in the evenings, like a solicitous sister, to see what Grishunya had written during the day.

Only he was a frail thing: he cried a lot and didn't want to eat, and he didn't want to write neatly on clean paper but, out of habit, kept on picking up scraps and cigarette packs, and doodling or else just drawing flourishes and curlicues. And he wrote about a yellow, yellow road, on and on about a yellow road, and high above the road hung a white star. Nina shook her head: "Think about it, sweetheart. You can't show poems like that to Comrade Makushkin, and you should be thinking about your book. We live in the real world." But he didn't listen, and kept on writing about the road and the star, and Nina shouted, "Did you understand me, sweetheart? Don't you dare write things like that!" And he was frightened and jerked his head about, and Nina, softening, said, "Now, now, now," and put him to bed. She fed him mint-and-lime-blossom tea, infusions of adonis and motherwort, but the ungrateful man whimpered and made up poems that offended Nina, about how motherwort had sprouted in his heart, his garden had gone to seed, the forests had burned to the ground, and some sort of crow was plucking, so to speak, the last star from the now silent horizon, and how he, Grishunya, seemed to be inside some hut, pushing and pushing at the frozen door, but there was no way out, there was only the pounding of red heels in the distance. . . . "Whose heels are those?" demanded Nina, waving the piece of paper. "I'm just interested —whose heels are they?"

"You don't understand anything." Grishunya snatched the paper.

"No, I understand everything perfectly well," answered Nina bitterly. "I just want to know whose heels they are and where it is they're pounding!"

"Aaa-agh!!! They're pounding in my head!!!" screamed Grishunya, covering his head with the blanket, and Nina went into the bathroom, tore up the poems, and scattered them into the watery netherworld, the little domestic Niagara.

Men are men; you have to keep an eye on them.

Once a week she checked his desk and threw out the poems that were indecent for a married man to compose. And once in a while she would rouse him at night for interrogation: Was he writing for Comrade Makushkin, or was he shirking? And he would cover his head with his hands, lacking the strength to withstand the bright light of her merciless truth.

They managed this way for two years, but Grishunya, though surrounded by every care and concern, did not appreciate her love, and stopped making an effort. He roamed the apartment and muttered—muttered that he would soon die, and the earth would be heaped over him in clayey, cemeterial layers, and the slender gold of birch coins would drift over his grave mound like alms, and the wooden cross or pyramid marker (whichever they didn't begrudge him) would rot beneath the autumn rains, and everyone would forget him, and no one would visit, only the idle passerby would struggle for a moment to read the four-digit dates. He strayed from poetry into ponderous free verse as damp as pine kindling, or into rhythmic lugubrious prose, and instead of a pure flame a sort of white, suffocating smoke poured from his malignant lines, so that Nina coughed and hacked, waved her hands about, and, choking, screamed, "For heaven's sake, stop writing!"

Then some kindhearted people told her that Grishunya wanted to return to his little house, that he had gone to see the custodian hired in his place—a fat woman—and bargained to see how much she would ask for handing him back his former life, and the woman had actually entered into negotiations. Nina had connections in the Municipal Health Department, and she dropped hints that there was a wonderful three-story building in the center of town, it could be taken over by an institution, hadn't they been looking for something? Municipal Health thanked her, it did suit them, and very soon the little building was no longer a custodian's lodge: the fireplace was torn out, and one of the medical institutes settled its faculty there.

Grisha fell silent, and for about two weeks he was quiet and obedient. Then he actually cheered up, took to singing in the bath and laughing—but he completely stopped eating, and he kept going up to the mirror and pinching himself. "What are you so cheerful about?" Nina interrogated him. He opened his identity card and showed her the blue margins freshly stamped with fat lilac letters reading "Not Subject to Burial." "What does that mean?" asked Nina, frightened. Grishunya laughed again and told her that he had sold his skeleton for sixty rubles to the Academy of Sciences, that "his ashes he would outlast, and the worms elude," that he would never lie in the damp ground, as he had feared, but would stand among lots of people in a clean, warm room, laced together and inventoried, and students—a fun crowd—would slap him on the shoulder, flick his forehead, and treat him to cigarettes; he'd figured it all out perfectly. And he wouldn't say another word in answer to Nina's shouts; he simply proposed that they go to bed. But she should keep in mind that from now on she was embracing government property and thus was materially responsible before the law for the sum of sixty rubles and twenty-five kopecks.

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AND from that moment on, as Nina said later, their love seemed to go awry, because how could she burn with full-fledged passion for public property, or kiss academic inventory? Nothing about him belonged to her anymore.

And just think what she must have gone through—she, a marvellous, ordinary woman, a doctor, who had indisputably earned her piece of the pie like everyone else, a woman who had fought for her personal happiness, as we were all taught to do, and had won her right in battle.

Despite all the grief he'd caused her, she was still left with pure, radiant feelings, she said. And if love didn't turn out quite the way she had dreamed, well, Nina was hardly to blame. Life was to blame. And after his death she suffered a good deal, and her girlfriends sympathized with her, and at work they were kind and gave her ten unpaid days off. And when all the red tape was done with, Nina made the rounds of her friends and told them that Grisha now stood in the little house as a teaching aid, tagged with an inventory number they'd given him, and she'd already gone to have a look. And everything was actually just as he had wanted: the students joke with him, they tug on his wrist to make him dance about, and they put a white cap on his head. The place is well heated, at night he's locked up in the closet, but otherwise he's always around people.

And Nina also said that at first she was very upset about everything, but then it was all right, she calmed down after a woman she knew—also a lovely woman, whose husband had also died —told her that she, for one, was even rather pleased. The thing was that this woman had a two-room apartment and she'd always wanted to decorate one room Russian style, just a table in the middle, nothing else, and benches, benches all around the sides, very simple ones, rough wood. And the walls would be covered with all kinds of peasant shoes, icons, sickles, spinning wheels—that kind of thing. And so now that one of her rooms was free, this woman had apparently gone and done it, and it's her dining room, and she always gets a lot of compliments from visitors.—TATYANA TOLSTAYA

(*Translated, from the Russian, by Jamey Gambrell.*)

ANNALS OF POLITICS

THE JOHNSON YEARS: THE OLD AND THE NEW

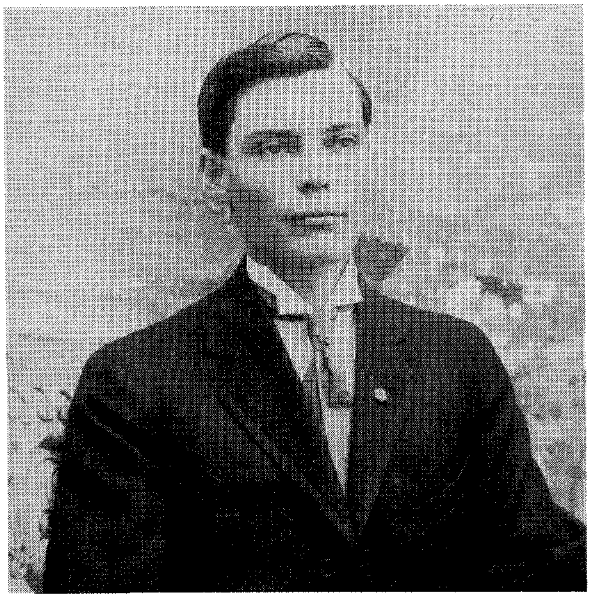
I—THE OPPONENT

IN all the vast and empty Hill Country of central Texas there was no more deserted area than the seventy miles of rolling hills and towering limestone cliffs between Brady and Junction, about a hundred and twenty miles west of Austin. Only a few widely scattered ranch houses dotted that area; for long stretches, after night fell, not a single light marked a human presence. Beginning in the year 1904, however, there was one light. It was the light of a campfire. Each night, it was in a different location, for it marked the camp of a wagon travelling each week back and forth between Brady and Junction. Lying in the little circle of flickering light cast by the fire was a single person: a slender teen-age boy. He would be lying beside the fire on his stomach, reading a book.

The boy was the son of impoverished parents. He was determined to be something more, and his determination had led him to haul freight between Junction and Brady. Older men, deterred by the thought of five nights alone each week in the trackless hills and by the seven dangerous, often impassable, streams that would have to be forded on each trip, had refused even to try to do that. But the boy had tried, and had succeeded. The little freight line was beginning to pay. Yet he was determined to be something more. He wanted a profession, and had written away to a correspondence school for textbooks on bookkeeping. And at night he would be studying them, in the little circle of light from his campfire.

The boy was Coke Robert Stevenson. And if that scene—the single circle of light in the dark and empty hills; the boy within that circle, studying to get ahead; the courage and ambition that had brought the boy out into the emptiness—symbolizes the legend of the West, so, indeed, Coke Stevenson's whole life was raw material for that legend.

His father was an itinerant schoolteacher who would travel with his family—Coke, born in 1888, was the oldest of eight children—to remote communities on the Texas frontier and offer to hold a "term of school," usually about three months, for thirty dollars a month. Coke, named after Governor Richard Coke, a Confederate veteran who in 1873 wrested the government of Texas from the carpetbaggers and freed the state from the injustices of Reconstruction, got his only schooling in his father's classes; in his entire life, he had twenty-two months of formal education.


Courtesy Stevenson Collection

Coke Stevenson at twenty-one

The Stevensons' poverty had forced Coke to go to work at the age of ten, building fences and digging irrigation ditches on nearby ranches for a dollar a week. By the time he was twelve, he was a cowhand on a ranch; at fourteen, while his father and mother homesteaded in Kimble County, deep in the Hill Country, the slender, dark-haired, serious-faced boy was herding steers in the fierce winds that whipped across the rugged mesas of the Continental Divide, in New Mexico. By that time, he wanted a ranch of his own, wanted one desperately. Asked in later years what his early ambitions had been, he replied, "I never had any doubt. I wanted to be a rancher." His mother noticed that out of every payment he received, no matter how small it was, her son was careful to save something.

When Coke was sixteen, his father opened a small general store in Junction, a little town in Kimble County wedged between high, green hills on the banks of the Llano River. Stocking the store became a problem; it was as hard to bring manufactured goods into the Hill Country, cut off from the rest of Texas not only by its hills and its vast distances but by the lack of roads and railroads, as it was for Hill Country farmers and ranchers to get their produce out of the Hill Country to market. A railroad had the previous year pushed a line as far as Brady, some seventy miles away, but the Brady-Junction "road" was no more than a rough, rocky trail winding over the steep, jagged hills; in rainy spells it turned into a ribbon of mud. And rain made the seven swift Hill Country streams between Brady and Junction swell and race, and fording them could be dangerous even for a man on horseback; the thought of bringing a loaded wagon across all seven of them twice on each round trip was daunting. Men saw only danger in that trip; for Hill Country farmers and ranchers, one writer said, "the task of bringing in supplies and getting the fruits of their labor to market was an arduous one even when the roads were at their best. It was more than man and beast could stand when conditions were at their worst." But while Coke Stevenson saw the danger he saw something else as well. Years later he told a friend, "I saw opportunity." With his savings he bought a wagon and six horses.

To induce merchants to use his "freight line," he knew, he would have to maintain a regular schedule. He announced that he would make a round trip every week, even though that meant logging more than twenty miles a day.

Six-horse teams were generally driven from a seat on the wagon, but the old trail drivers with whom Coke bunked in his ranch jobs had told the boy how such teams were driven in the early days on the frontier, and that was how he drove his: sitting among them. By riding the lead horse, the one on the left in the wheel team, closest to the wagon, he could spur him on, and could reach the horse beside him, too, with a kick; he used the whip on the other four. It was harder to sit a saddle all day than to sit on a wagon seat, but you could control the horses better, and get the most out of them.

The trip was as hard as men had foreseen. It would be many years before Coke Stevenson could bring himself to talk about the months during which, every day, "you had to make better than twenty miles a day" over those rocks and ruts, with little chance that, should a wheel or an axle break or any of a thousand other possible mishaps occur on those "seldom travelled trails," someone would come along to help. When, decades later, he did talk about those months, men who knew the Hill Country and who could picture the difficulties he had surmounted would look at him with awe. On arriving in Brady, he would unload his freight, fall asleep exhausted in the wagon yard, and awake before dawn the next morning to load up again and head out on the road back. When it rained out on the trail, he slept underneath the wagon; when it rained for several days, he was wet through for several days. When the wagon got mired in the mud, there was no one but him and the horses to get it out. "Once, I got stuck so bad in a mudhole that I was there eleven days," he would recall. The rain kept falling; at night he was so wet and cold that he burrowed into the load of freight for warmth. But, as Charles E. Simons, one of his biographers, was to write, "rare was the occasion when he did not maintain his schedule, and the confidence of his customers grew with each successfully completed [trip]." And opportunity had, indeed, been there. Carrying "anything from a bolt of linen to a windmill," he earned enough to buy a second wagon, which he hitched behind the first, and he filled that with goods, too. He began to make money: forty dollars a month, he would later recall.

But a freight line was not what he had always wanted, and by this time Coke Stevenson had decided there were better ways of getting what he wanted. He wrote away for the textbooks, and each night on the trail, after he had cooked dinner and rubbed down the horses (one of his brothers was to recall how Coke "treasured those six horses; they were all he had"), he would build up the campfire and lie on his stomach in the circle of its light and teach himself bookkeeping. During those evenings, the teen-age boy's only companions in the dark hills would be the horses and the books; a friend to whom, years later, Coke Stevenson talked about his experiences described them as "evenings of loneliness."

After two years of freighting, when he was eighteen, the opportunity for which he had been hoping appeared. Two brothers from England opened a bank in Junction. When he applied for a job, however, what he got instead was an insult. "The president," Stevenson would recall, "laughed at the idea of a freighter being a bookkeeper, but said that, since no Negroes were in the town, he could use a janitor" to sweep the floor and clean out the cuspidors. Men who knew Coke Stevenson in later years knew how quick a temper he had. But they also knew that he almost never showed it. As long as it was in a bank, the janitor's job might "work up to something" better than freighting, he felt. Although it paid only half the forty dollars a month he had been earning, he took it. Some months later, the bookkeeper became ill, and the president asked Coke if he could keep the books for a while. After he showed that he could, he was made bookkeeper, and then, at the age of twenty, cashier.

But he was still not earning enough money to buy a ranch—and by this time he had found the ranch he wanted, the ranch of his dreams. One day, following the canyon of the South Llano River through the hills southwest of Junction, he had come to its low, broad, shimmering falls. Beyond them, framed against the canyon's limestone wall, a herd of deer grazed in a riverbank meadow until his horse was almost among them, and then leaped gracefully away, white tails flashing. As he watched, Stevenson was to recall, a flock of wild turkeys strutted out

CONCH SHELL

1

The conch shell on our kitchen counter leans
Sideways on its spiky, flaring lip,
Displaying a pinkish, petal-like interior.
The outer shell, much grittier,
Still has its papery membrane, a brown caul
Flaking away in tatters. This reminds us
That our shell is not mere ornament
But once housed some unappealing, pale
Worm- or sluglike being:
One of those slippery, spittle-
Mantled creatures who construct, laborious
In secretion, such begonia-plush
Palaces of glory.

Shells are paradoxical the way they draw
The eye, and then the fingertips, inside.
When we peek inside the conch shell,
There is a sloping balustrade of faint
Pink before the darkness, almost like a bare
Shoulder glimpsed briefly in a window frame.
When we look within, the final light
Dissolves in shadow, just as once we peered
Upward to where the staircase of our childhood
Spiralled into the dark.

2

The conch is the trumpet of solemn festivals,
And its pinnacle—auger-threaded,
Spire-sleek, piquant as lance-

• •

Tip or the brass casque of a khan—
Scalpels the roughened currents asunder.
But the russet life that hides inside,
Whose flesh tastes good in broths,
Flinches from the light.

The secret fabricator of itself,
Refusing to be known
By anything beyond the dawn-pink
Shell that houses and articulates
Its lithe inhabitant—
How that small, crawling diffidence,
That slime-wreathed animal that flows,
A pygmy to its own magnificence,
Inches ocean runnels, seraphically akimbo!
This recluse with a flare for ostentation,
Glabrous and glistening, secure in glory
That it secretes but cannot see,
Emblems a self in its configurations.

3
I've seen conchs docked and husked,
Stripped of their calcareous splendor, plump
Amorphous things, arching, like tongues
Torn from mouths or some hidden
Shapelessness of desire drawn into the sun.
I've seen the unrecognizable architect
Of itself marketed in dripping baskets,
Leaving nothing behind but the pale
Pulsing of remembered oceans
In its veiled shell's proclamatory lip.

—Eric Ormsby

• •

of one of the groves of spreading, sparkling-leaved pecan trees that dotted the bank. In the river's clear, rushing water, tall herons and cranes stood like statues.

Splashing across a ford, he spurred his horse up the far bluff, and came out onto broad, rolling upland pastures. Large swaths were covered with cedar, but cedar could be cleared away, if a man was willing to put in the necessary effort. And while in most of the Hill Country the beauty of the landscape was a trap, concealing from would-be ranchers the aridity of the climate, this was one of the few spots in which water would not be a problem. Three miles or so downriver was a hundred-foot bluff, and from its face, from under a thick outcropping of rock, a sheet of water almost a hundred yards wide cascaded to the river below. This was called the Seven Hundred Springs, because, although subsequent exploration would reveal that the cascade came from a single spring, the rivulets pouring down the face of the rock gave the illusion of coming from many. Pushing through the cedar brakes in the pastures atop the bluff, Stevenson found hidden among them one stream after another, all clear and cold enough so that he knew them to be spring-fed, a source of abundant water. In later years, reporters travelling to that spot to interview Stevenson would marvel at its beauty. The river, one wrote, is "as pretty a stream as you could conjure up in your dreams." Twenty-year-old Coke Stevenson determined in the instant that it would be the site of his house, and the land around it his ranch. He wrote away for more books.

This time, they were law books. He studied them at night, after the bank closed, in the office of a Junction attorney, using the attorney's books as well; during the almost five years that he was studying, townspeople grew accustomed to seeing the light burn late in the attorney's office; sometimes, they said, it burned all night. During the nights, too, he built a house in town, for himself and his bride, Fay Wright, the ebullient, charming daughter of the local doctor. He built it with his own hands, working by the light of a lantern, using the lumber from two old frame houses that he tore down so that he would not have to spend the money he was saving to buy his ranch. In September, 1913, Stevenson rode out of the Hill Country to San Antonio to take, and pass, the examination for his law degree. Early in 1914, he received his first substantial legal fee. With that and his savings, he bought his ranch—five hundred and twenty acres at the falls of the South Llano—for eight dollars an acre.

IN that year, however, his life took a turning he *hadn't* planned. It was due to a number of qualities that he possessed. Some were physical. Coke Stevenson was tall—a little more than an inch over six feet—and strong; slender, but wiry, and with extremely broad shoulders and big hands. He held himself very erect, and had a slow, careful, deliberate way of looking around him from the doorway before he stepped into a room—like, in the words of the Texas historian T. R. Fehrenbach, an old gunfighter squinting "carefully down both sides of the street, evaluating the men, the weather, the lay of the land, before emerging into the sun—the famous, careful, Southwestern stare." Stevenson was very quiet. He had, a reporter says, "the original poker face." Although his friends say he had a "wonderful sense of humor," only his friends knew it. He seldom laughed out loud, "but you'd suddenly look at him, and see those big shoulders shaking, and you'd know Coke was enjoying the joke more than anyone." On serious matters "Coke kept his own counsel, he was slow to speak," a friend says. When he did speak, it was in the low, slow Texas-cowboy drawl, and each word seemed carefully chosen. And when he spoke other traits emerged, including one that even opponents define as "sincerity." He quickly earned a reputation as an outstanding courtroom advocate. "Coke would never say a word he didn't believe, and that shone through," a fellow-attorney says. "When he spoke to a jury, the jury believed him." So did people outside the courtroom. Coke Stevenson didn't talk much, but when he talked men listened. The tall young attorney in cowboy boots and ill-fitting suits

Gahan Wilson

"But let's not dwell on the past."

• •

was, without meaning to be, a leader of men.

The year Stevenson bought his ranch, 1914, was a year in which Kimble County ranchers, always on the verge of financial disaster because of the thin, poor soil, the difficulty of getting goods in and out, and the recurring Hill Country droughts, were pushed to the very brink by a new menace: livestock thieves. It was suspected that the rustlers' leader was the son of the county's most prominent, and popular, family. Capturing him red-handed might mean gunplay; prosecuting him would mean antagonizing his family. Solving the rustling problem would be a dangerous yet delicate job; the county commissioners asked Stevenson to do it—as the new county attorney.

Stevenson had become interested in politics, but he thought of politics as political philosophy and issues. He had never considered holding public office, he was to recall: he accepted the appointment only on condition that he could resign it as soon as the crisis was over.

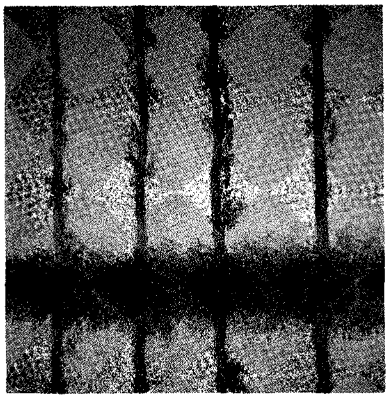
Enlisting the help of Frank Hamer, already famous as perhaps the toughest of the Texas Rangers, Stevenson "lay out" with Hamer in the hills night after night waiting for the rustlers. When they were captured, their leader turned out to be the young man who had been suspected. The capture turned out to be the easy part of the job. At the time, Stevenson was to recall, he had little concept of public life. Receiving a crash course in the subject now, he didn't like it at all.

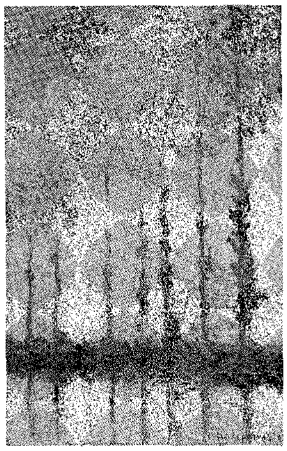
Claiming that the young man wasn't guilty, his family said that the new county attorney had arrested him only to make a name for himself with a sensational case; other Kimble residents felt that even if the young man *was* guilty he should have been let off with a warning, because of his family's contributions to the county. During the months the case dragged on, Stevenson's reaction to the criticism was dramatic: he refused to reply to it with a single word. By the time the case ended—with the young man convicted and in jail—more arrests had been made, and the news was out: Kimble was a good county for rustlers to avoid. But as Stevenson was leaving his first public office he was given a second, for Kimble had another problem now—one more serious, if less dramatic, than rustling.

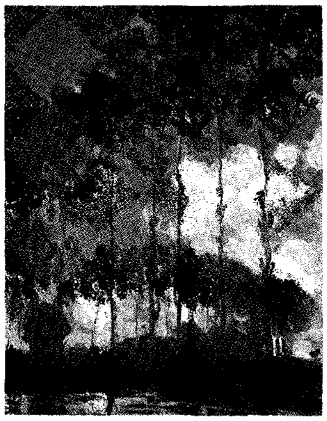
It was Stevenson's own fault that he was given this new position. During the previous year, 1917, the trail to Sonora, the only route from Junction to the west, had washed out, becoming, as the writer Charles E. Simons put it in a profile, a "quagmire" so "hopeless . . . that even a single horse had difficulty getting through." Trying to repair the trail, Junction's citizens had organized a work party similar to a barn raising, with every man bringing his own pick and shovel. But little progress was being made, because the men were being given no direction—until, in his quiet, slow-speaking way, Coke Stevenson began giving it.

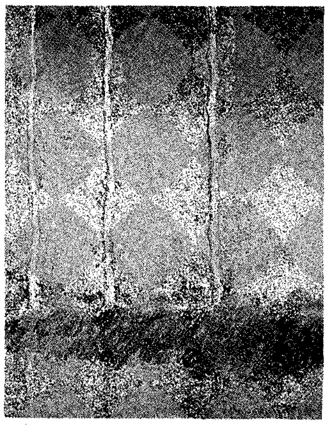
As he made suggestions, the crowd of boisterous men quieted, and listened to them, and followed them. Stevenson had the men return to their ranches to get wagons, and then had them fan out with the wagons, each carrying a team of men, across the hills to bring back the largest boulders they could find. The boulders were rolled into the mud, and when they sank from sight more were brought until they rose above the surface. Then smaller rocks were added until the trail was restored. The ranchers thought the job was done, but Stevenson suggested that maybe it wasn't. As long as they had put in so much work already, he said, maybe the trail should be smoothed out, made more like a real road. He had the men take their wagons to nearby streams, bring back gravel from the streambeds, and spread and level it over the rocks.

Now, in January, 1918, the road situation throughout Kimble County had become more critical. Many other parts of Texas were being linked together, by roads and rail, but the Hill Country was almost as isolated as ever. Laying tracks through hills was too expensive in a sparsely populated district, so railroads generally shunned the Hill Country. Most of America was entering the Automobile Age; a state highway department had been established in Texas, and construction of paved roads was under way in other sections of the state. But, with a few exceptions, Hill Country roads were as rudimentary as ever. (The most notable exception was the Fredericksburg-









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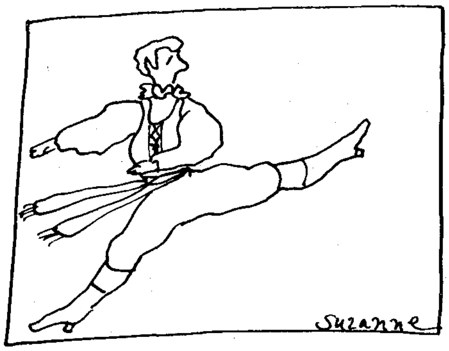
Austin highway, which was about to be built through the heroic efforts of the representative from that area, Lyndon Johnson's father, Sam Ealy Johnson.) The lack of rail connections with the rest of the state meant that trucks or wagons were the only means for the area's ranchers and farmers to get their produce to market, and, because of the condition of the roads, their produce was often spoiled by the time it got there. With more and more roads being built elsewhere in the state, the competitive position of ranchers throughout the Hill Country was steadily worsening, even before the terrible drought of 1916-17.

Nowhere was the situation more critical than in Kimble County. There were two hundred motor vehicles in Kimble in 1918, but in all that huge county, larger than the state of Rhode Island, there was not a foot of paved road; moreover, as one Hill Country chronicler wrote, "no system of roads existed to connect the [county] with the outside world." One evening in January, Junction's elder citizens met in the bank. "This group of men had recognized that Junction and Kimble County had reached an important milestone; that it either must go forward or be lost in the shuffle of progress," Simons wrote. Their only hope was "to give the county some modern roads and to provide access to the markets of the state." They decided to propose a hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar bond issue to finance road construction, but they knew the work wouldn't get done unless someone "took hold of the job and got it started on the right track." Coke Stevenson wasn't even at the meeting at the bank; he had had enough of public service. But if it hadn't been for him, everyone knew, there would still be no road to Sonora. The young lawyer was sitting at home with his wife, reading in front of a fire, when, late in the evening, the phone rang, and he was summoned to the bank, where he was asked to accept the nomination for county judge, the county's chief administrative officer. At first, he flatly refused, but so serious was the situation that, finally, feeling he had no choice, he accepted, on two conditions: that under no circumstances would he be asked to accept a second two-year term, and that he would not have to campaign. His friends did the campaigning, and he won easily.

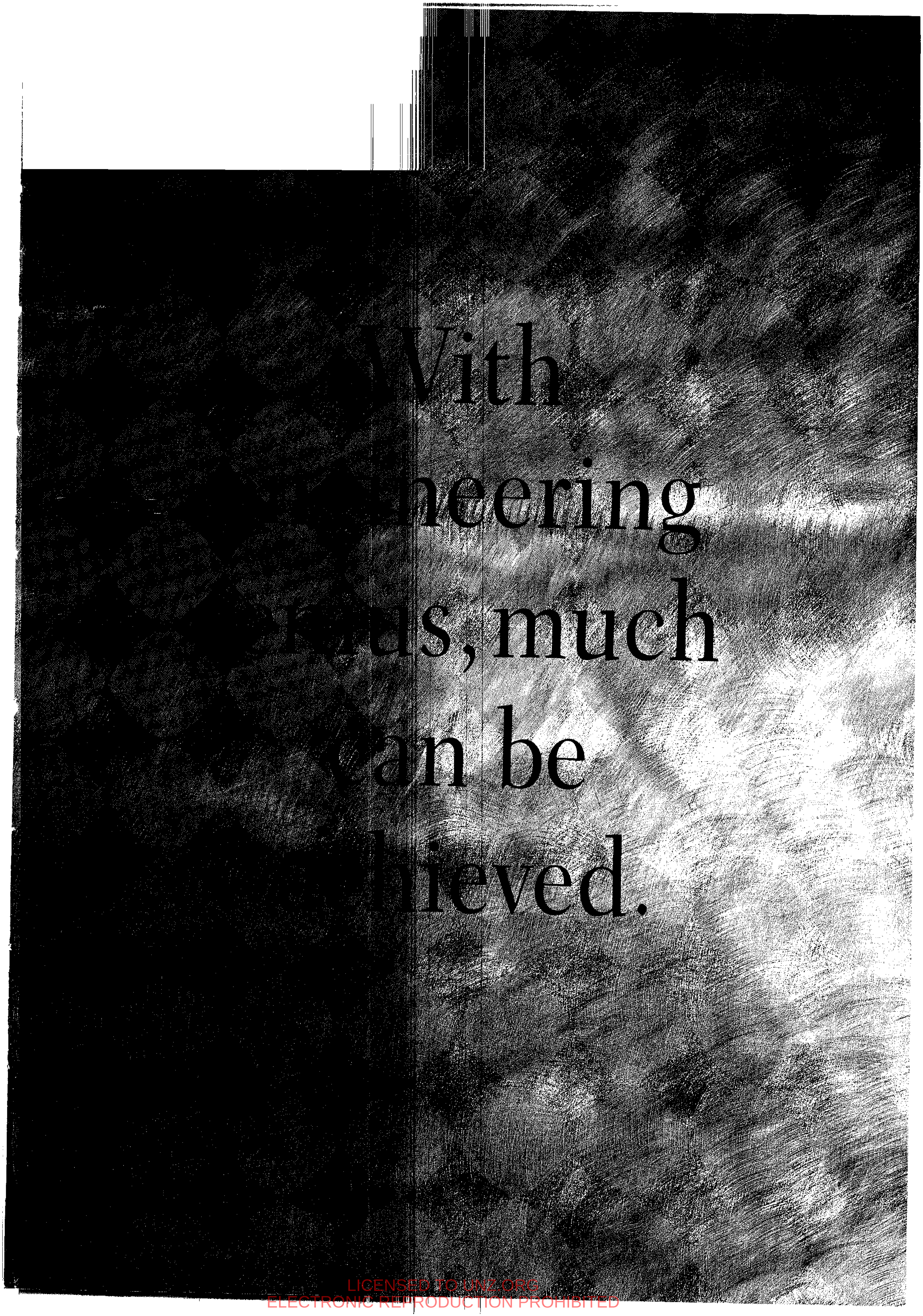
During his two years as county judge, other qualities in Coke Stevenson became apparent. One was an unusual ability to persuade men to sacrifice for a common weal. Although a hundred and fifty thousand dollars was more than the county's taxpayers could afford, it wasn't enough for the job. And Stevenson felt that none of it should be spent on right-of-way; the land, he said, should be donated, since its owners would benefit from the road. This proposal had been broached before, and rejected. Now, at a number of public meetings, Stevenson spoke of how individuals should coöperate for the public good. The right-of-way was donated. By the end of the two years, Junction was linked by road with every other town in the county. And it was being linked with the outside world. Rivalry had for years existed between Junction and Kerrville, a town in neighboring Kerr County, which lay between Kimble and San Antonio. But Stevenson persuaded Kerr's commissioners to cosponsor a joint mass meeting of the two counties at which Stevenson argued that Kerr should build a road that would meet Kimble's at the border and link the two county seats. When he had finished speaking, in his slow, quiet way, Kerr agreed to do so. The agreement meant that Kimble would have a passable road most of the way to San Antonio.

To build the roads, the man who had taught himself law taught himself engineering. Kimble's hills were laced with small streams and steep slopes. Building elevated bridges was prohibitively expensive, so roads would have to dip down to the streams, crossing them on roadbeds laid just above water level, and up again. Stevenson knew nothing about engineering and little about mathematics. But he cut miniature car wheels out of cardboard, figured the ratio with the Model T wheel travelling at twenty-five miles per hour (the standard of the day), and tested the miniature wheels on various concave surfaces to determine the proper "roll" of the dips. It was, the reporter Mitchell McClendon was to write, "testimony of the character of road he built" that the Junction-Kerrville Road, the first piece of improved highway in all the immense distances between San Antonio and El Paso, was still in use more than twenty years later.

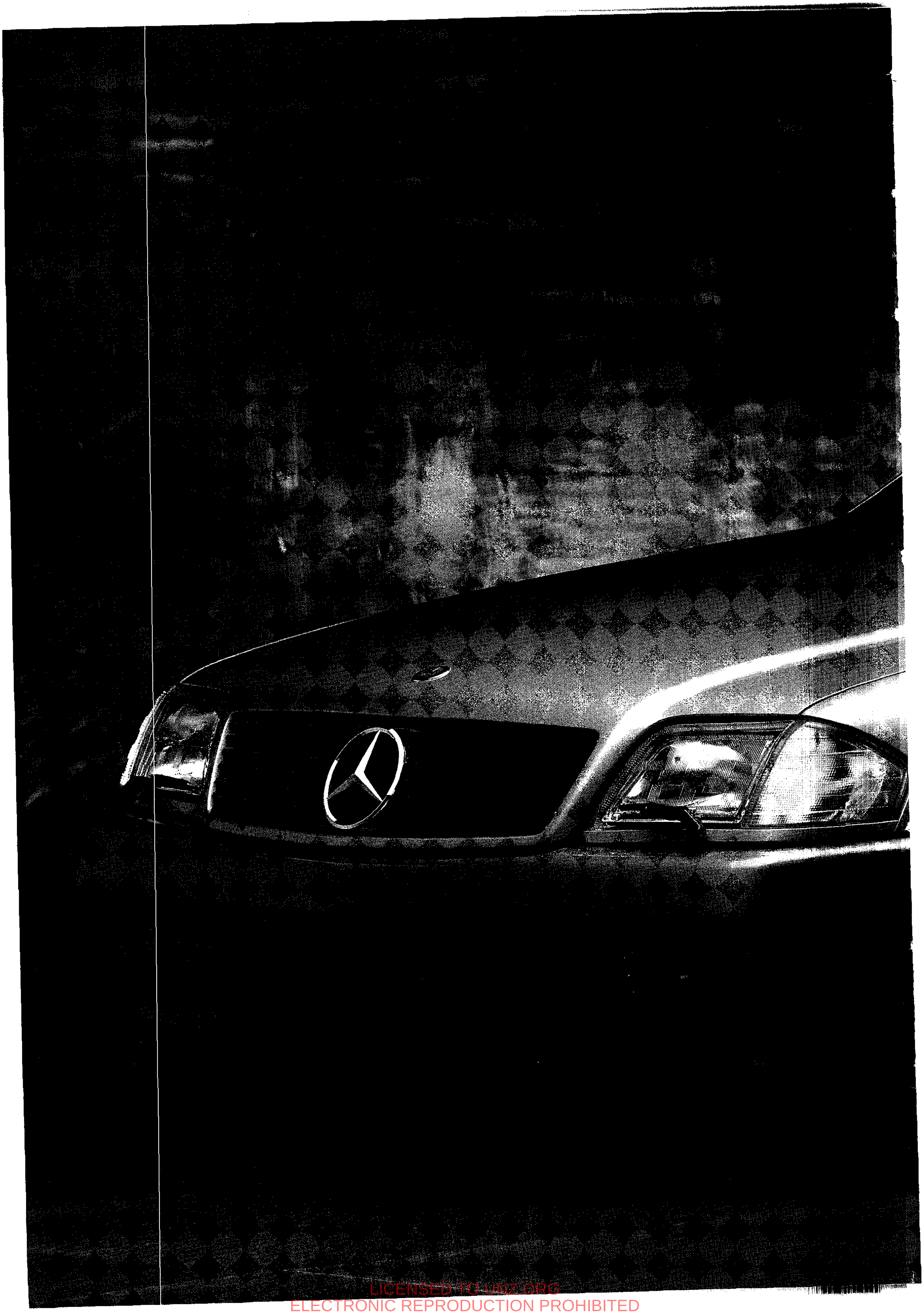


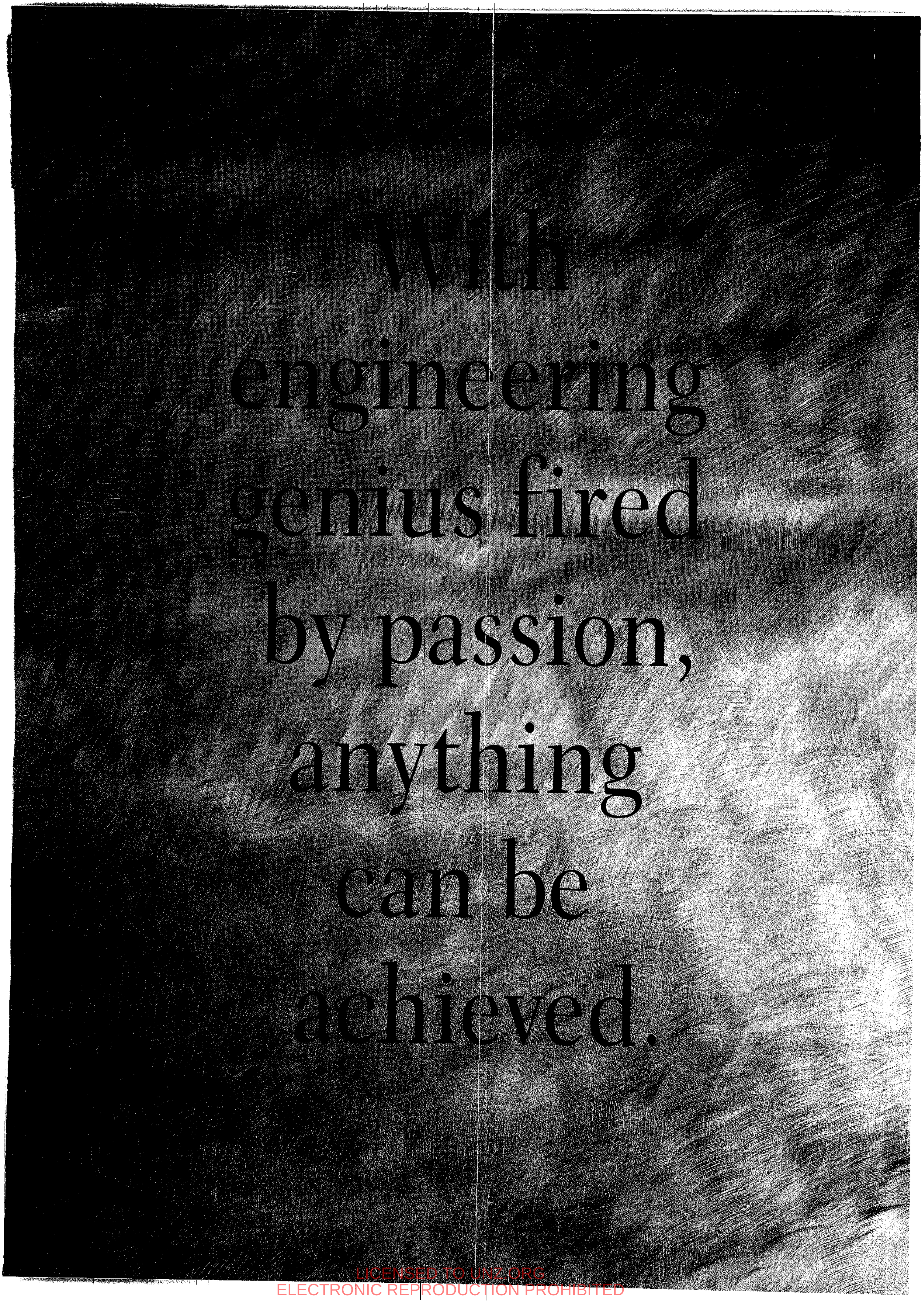
By the end of his two-year term, Coke Stevenson's fame had spread through the Hill Country, and a delegation called on him to ask him to run for Congress. Slow and thoughtful though he generally was, he responded to this request quickly. "My public life," he was to recall in later years, "came about by accident. I did not deliberately set about entering public life. On the contrary, each time I held an office, it was for the purpose of getting a particular job completed." The jobs—rustler hunting and road building—were over, and, he said, so was his time in "public life." In 1920, he returned to his law practice.

During the next eight years, his reputation as a lawyer continued to spread; from all across the Edwards Plateau—a highland that covered twenty-four thousand square miles—men travelled to Junction in the hope that Coke Stevenson would represent them, in cases ranging from intricate land-title suits to murder. He would never defend a man charged with livestock theft, the cardinal crime of the Old West, and he would never accept a client, no matter how large the offered fee, in whose innocence he did not believe. Yet the docket for a single court term at Junction lists "C. R. Stevenson" as defense attorney in twenty-seven out of thirty-two cases. His reputation spread further; attorneys and judges from Houston and Dallas and San Antonio returned from Hill Country courts to tell their colleagues that in a little town in the middle of nowhere they had just watched what one observer called "one of the greatest trial lawyers in the history of Texas." Sometimes he would try a case in a big city, and courtroom observers realized that that assessment was correct. Judge A. B. Martin, of the Texas Court of Criminal Appeals, said that Stevenson was "the best all-round lawyer" he had ever seen. Although he refused proffered partnerships in big-city law firms



With engineering genius, much can be achieved.

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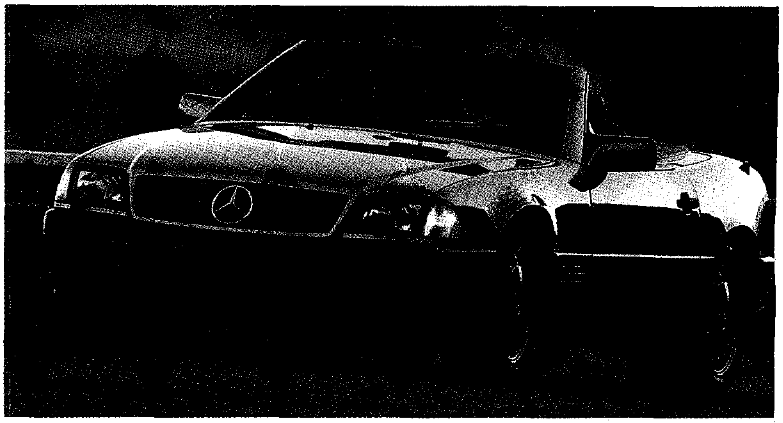
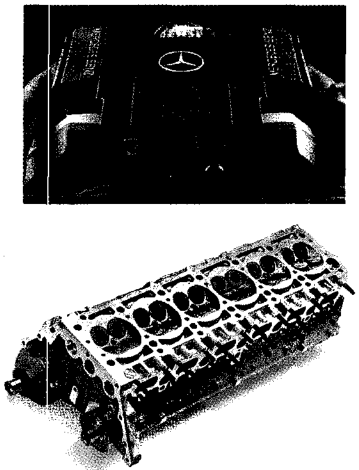


But an advanced new world-class sports car was merely the departure point.



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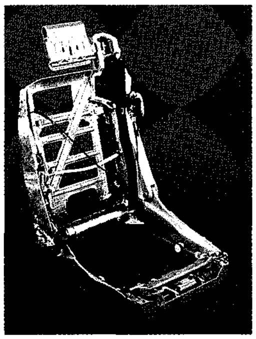
For the j seat be within t



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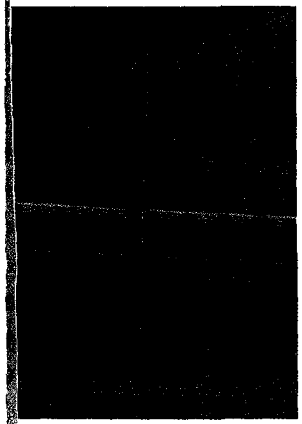

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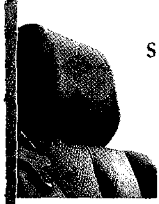
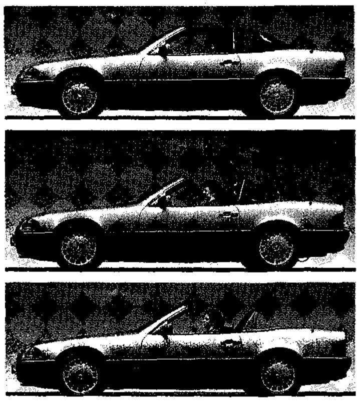


t time in a car, the is self-contained seat.



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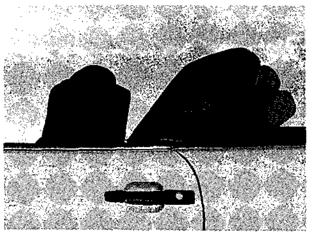

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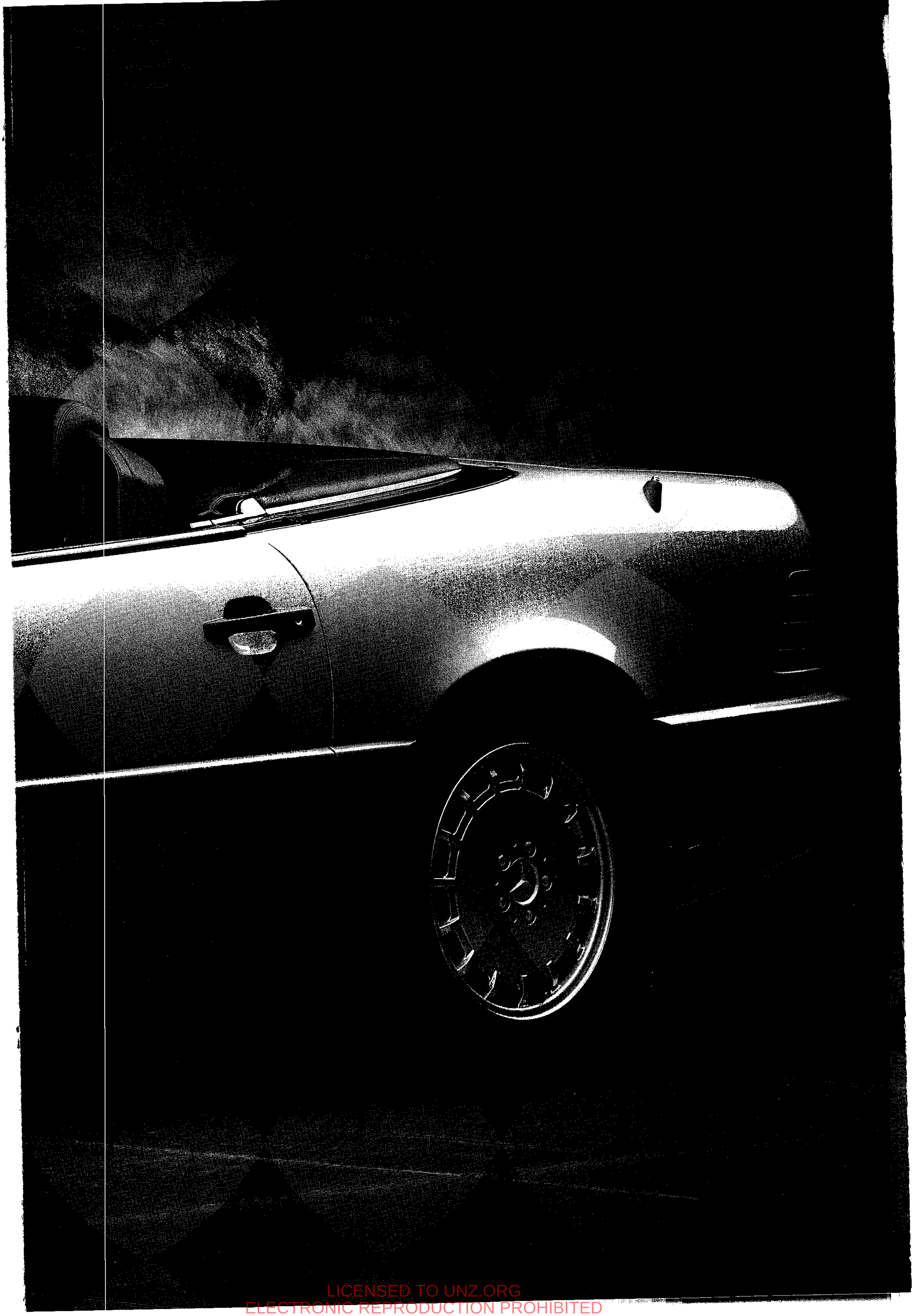

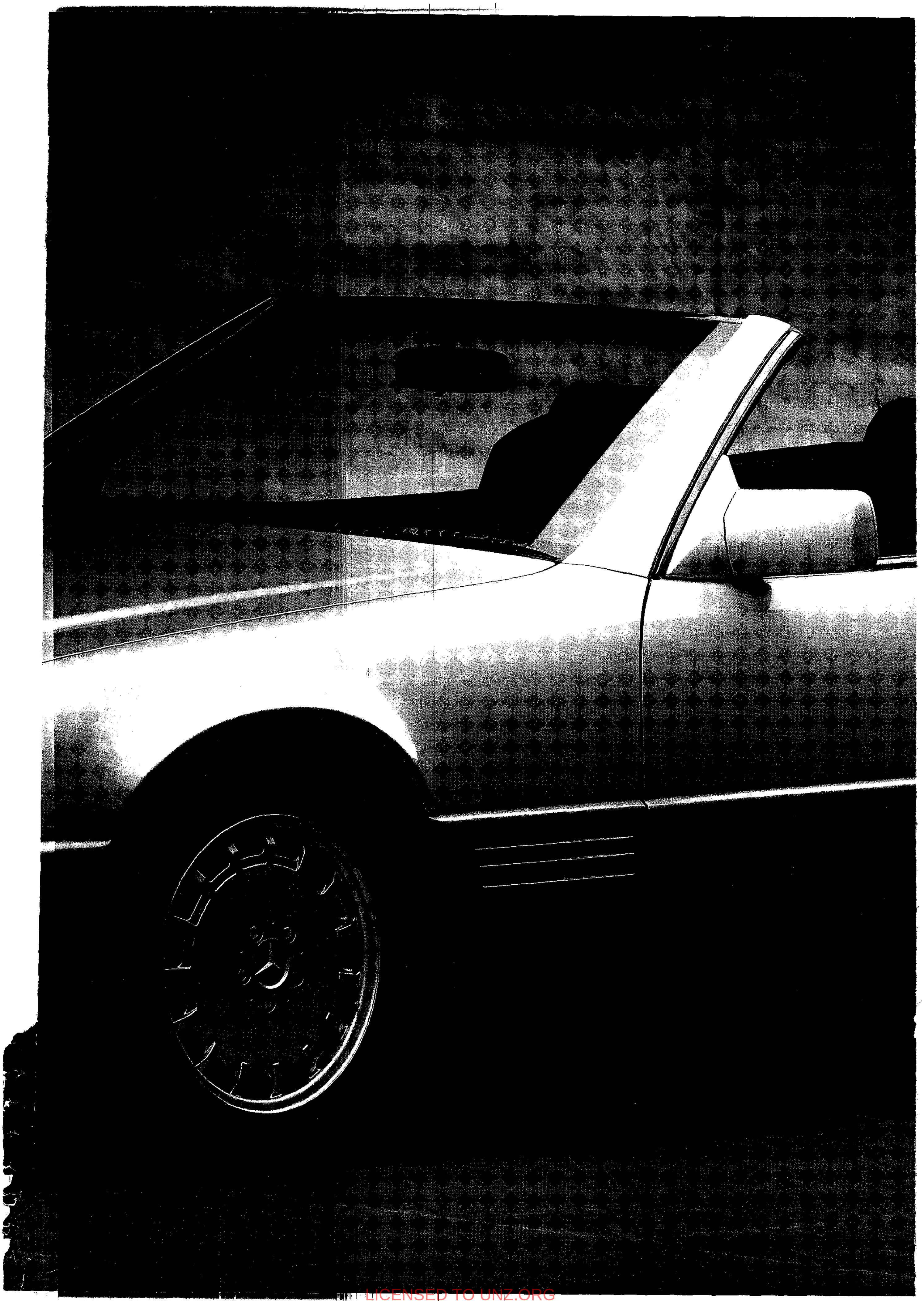

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as quickly as he had refused a congressional seat—he just didn't want to leave the Hill Country, Stevenson would say—he soon was reportedly being asked to try more lawsuits than any other attorney in Texas. Before the end of his career, one writer reported, he had "written landmarks" in law books and the legal reports of the state: monuments of a wholly self-educated attorney that attorneys from great law schools studied. Together with friends, he founded many small businesses in Junction: a hardware store, a title-abstract company, the first Ford automobile agency in the area; on Friday and Saturday nights, he ran the first motion-picture show in Junction, operating the projector himself—not that any of these businesses, in the cash-poor Hill Country, generated much cash profit. He was one of the organizers of a new bank—the First National Bank of Junction—and became its president. At the time he did so, the Junction State Bank, at which he had started as a janitor, asked him to continue as its attorney even though he was now president of a competing bank. Coke Stevenson, his fellow-townsmen said, was so honest that he could represent the two competing institutions at once. Yet Stevenson didn't spend most of his time in town; he spent it at the ranch, and whatever money he made—from the law practice, from the hardware store, from the bank—he put into that ranch. He purchased a second five hundred acres, and then a thousand more, and then three thousand; by 1928, he owned more than six thousand acres of the beautiful, spring-watered property he had come upon so long before.

"Tonight, I feel like eating something controversial."

On the site, below the falls, that he had picked out for his home years earlier, he now built it, with his own hands. Several years later, it burned down, and he built another house, also with his own hands. This one had a wing solely for his books. His self-education had progressed from the practicalities of law to its philosophy and theory, and then to government, to history, and to biography. In the Hill Country, where books were so rare—Junction, like many Hill Country towns, had no library; most families owned only one book: the Bible—he had created a substantial library. He would read at night, but also in the mornings, before daylight. He rose very early every morning, and put on a pot—a battered old graniteware pot—of very strong coffee. Then he would sit down with a book. Friends who stayed at the ranch remember sometimes getting up at four or five in the morning to go to the bathroom, and seeing a lamp burning in the living room and, in its circle of light, Coke Stevenson reading, his huge, gnarled, powerful hands tenderly holding the book. "He treats his books . . . like friends," one man would recall. "None of his books has a turned down edge" to mark the place; "none has notes on the margin—if notes are needed, he makes them on a piece of paper and inserts them at the place."

Fay designed this new house—a sprawling, spacious two-story structure with three great archways in front and, above them, a long terrace. Coke built it—a room at a time, as funds became available. (It would take him ten years to complete it.) To implement his wife's drawings, he sent away for books on architecture and taught himself the rudiments of that profession. The house was somewhat Spanish and romantic in design, and it was built so that it couldn't be destroyed. Underneath the bright Indian rugs that covered them, the floors were of concrete; the ceiling and supporting beams were of concrete reinforced with steel; the walls—thick walls—were of concrete and native stone. A visitor said it was so solid that it was "seemingly indestructible"; another compared it to "a fortress." And it was, in a rough way, very impressive; towering up to the twenty-foot ceiling of the "baronial" living room was a huge, "unbelievable" stone fireplace. It was a stone Fay particularly liked, which was found on a ridge some miles from the house; Coke lugged every stone home in a tow sack. Describing the house, the beautiful, clear river near it, the shimmering falls, the herons standing in the river, the beavers splashing nearby, the herds of deer so tame they ate out of Coke's hand, a writer who was Coke's friend would call the Stevenson Ranch "a Dream Ranch—the dream of a 10-year-old boy who always knew that he wanted to be a rancher."

The ranch *was* a fortress—or, at least, a refuge from the world. Since Coke had refused to build even a rough low-water bridge across the South Llano, the only way of reaching it was by fording the river, which was not infrequently too high to be forded. He refused to have a telephone on the ranch. The closest town was Telegraph, a mile across the river, and that "town" consisted of one building: a store. (The town had no telegraph; it had its name because telegraph poles had been cut from trees near there during the eighteen-fifties.)

"He loved that ranch," says his nephew, Robert Murphey. From time to time, he had a hired man or two helping him, but mostly he worked it himself. He cleared it with his own hands—whole tracts of it; Coke Stevenson's fame as a lawyer was no greater than his fame as an axeman: he could swing a big double-bit axe with such accuracy that he could take a knot out of a log in a single stroke. He fenced the ranch himself. So hard was the Hill Country land—seldom more than a few inches of soil over limestone —that sometimes sinking a post, particularly a big corner post, required dynamite ("If," Murphey says, "you can imagine having to dynamite a posthole"), but most of the time Stevenson used a cutting bar, a heavy steel bar with a sharp edge on it, raising it above his head and slamming it down, over and over, with all his might. "He loved the land, and he never let a day pass on the ranch that he didn't do something to improve the ranch—move a rock, sink a post, whatever," recalls Murphey, who would later live there for some years. "He kept a bunch of old tools in his car, so if he saw something that needed doing he could do it on the spot. That doing something on the ranch every day—that was one of his prideful things." No matter how busy he might be with legal or bank affairs, he let nothing keep him away for the crucial days in a ranchman's year: goat- and sheep-shearing, and cattle-branding—his brand was "CS" on the left hip, nothing fancy. "I don't suppose there's been a calf on my ranch in twenty years that I haven't branded myself," he was to say.

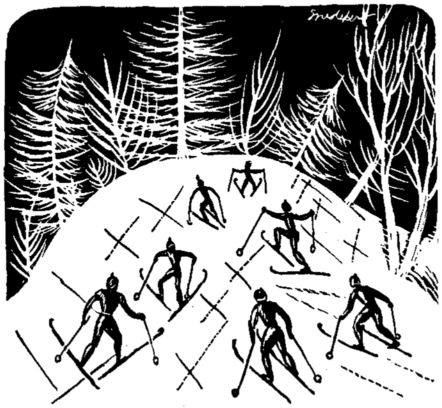
He relaxed there, too: he and his wife played with their son, Coke, Jr., and, a visitor says, "sometimes acted like they were still two kids themselves." Once, when the South Llano was high and fast, he bet Fay that he could drive his Model T two miles right down the middle of the river to the house, did it, and, when he had won, jumped out, yelling like a boy.

BUT he was to be lured into spending time away from that refuge. After eight years, he was to find himself back on the road he had decided not to take: the "public" road.

In part, he came back to that road because of his wife. "Mother believed that Papa was a great, great man who should serve the people," Coke Stevenson, Jr., says. She was a leader herself; Fay Wright Stevenson was later to be called "the most beloved [woman] that official Texas has known in a generation." During the nineteen-twenties, she became active in the local branch of the Eastern Star, and then an officer of the Texas chapter of that international organization. The more time she spent in the capital, the more convinced she was that her husband could lead men on a stage much larger than the Kimble County Commissioners Court—and she believed, quite deeply, that he should. Much as she loved the ranch, she did not believe Coke should spend his whole life there. She began urging him to run for office again.

In larger part, perhaps, he returned to that road because of his reading. He had read the practicalities of the law, and then the principles behind them; "He buried himself in . . . the history of the law," Simons wrote. Then he read history and turned more specifically to government and its theories, and he "became inspired with the soundness of the principles enunciated" in two documents: the constitutions of his country and his state. He read the two constitutions—and took their words—as literally as he read his Bible, and his reverence was no less deep. "He . . . literally adopted them to the bosom of his heart."

The Texas constitution of 1876, drafted by delegates (many of whom had worn the Confederate gray; several had been Confederate generals) representing a people who had seen, under a decade of carpetbagger rule, the injustices of which government was capable, was, as T. R. Fehrenbach puts it, "an anti-government instrument." It not only bound the legislature within very tight limits but said the legislature would henceforth no longer meet every year but every other year, because, as one Texan said, "The more the damn Legislature meets, the more God-damned bills and taxes it passes!" It was no more lenient with the executive branch: the powers of the governor were reduced to a point where he was one of the weakest in America. "If future State Governments prove burdensome and onerous, it ought not to be the fault of this Convention," one of the delegates said, and, indeed, the convention's handiwork made it, in Fehrenbach's words, "almost impossible for government in Texas to be burdensome or onerous in the future." The spirit behind the constitution was the spirit of farmers and ranchers; however much they believed in education, pensions, or government services, the taxes fell on them and their land. The constitution was the embodiment of what Fehrenbach describes as "a lasting philosophy that no Legislature or Governor was to be trusted"—as a result, one analyst concludes, "everything possible was done to limit the power of all branches of government." It was a document more fitted to be the constitution of the older, agrarian South than of an emerging industrial state, but, as Fehrenbach says, "none of these [limitations] was controversial; they were what the people wanted." Indeed, the people wanted them still; every attempt to modify them had been voted down.



The philosophy embodied in the Texas constitution dovetailed with the philosophy of the man who studied it in the light of a predawn fire in his ranch house by the South Llano; its character was his. Thrift, frugality (parsimony, in fact)—the constitution enjoined these on government as he had enjoined them on himself: the saving that had begun at the age of ten; the diligently kept account book; "in him, " a friend was to write, "there is an ingrained hatred of debt of all kinds." Limits on government; the devotion to individuality, to free enterprise, to individual freedom—he had lived his entire life by those principles. And the lessons of his life—almost the only lessons, in effect, that he had had—had convinced him that the constitution was correct. He had saved, stayed out of debt, foreseen his own destiny, known what he wanted, fought, with the aid of no one but his wife, to get it—and had he not attained his

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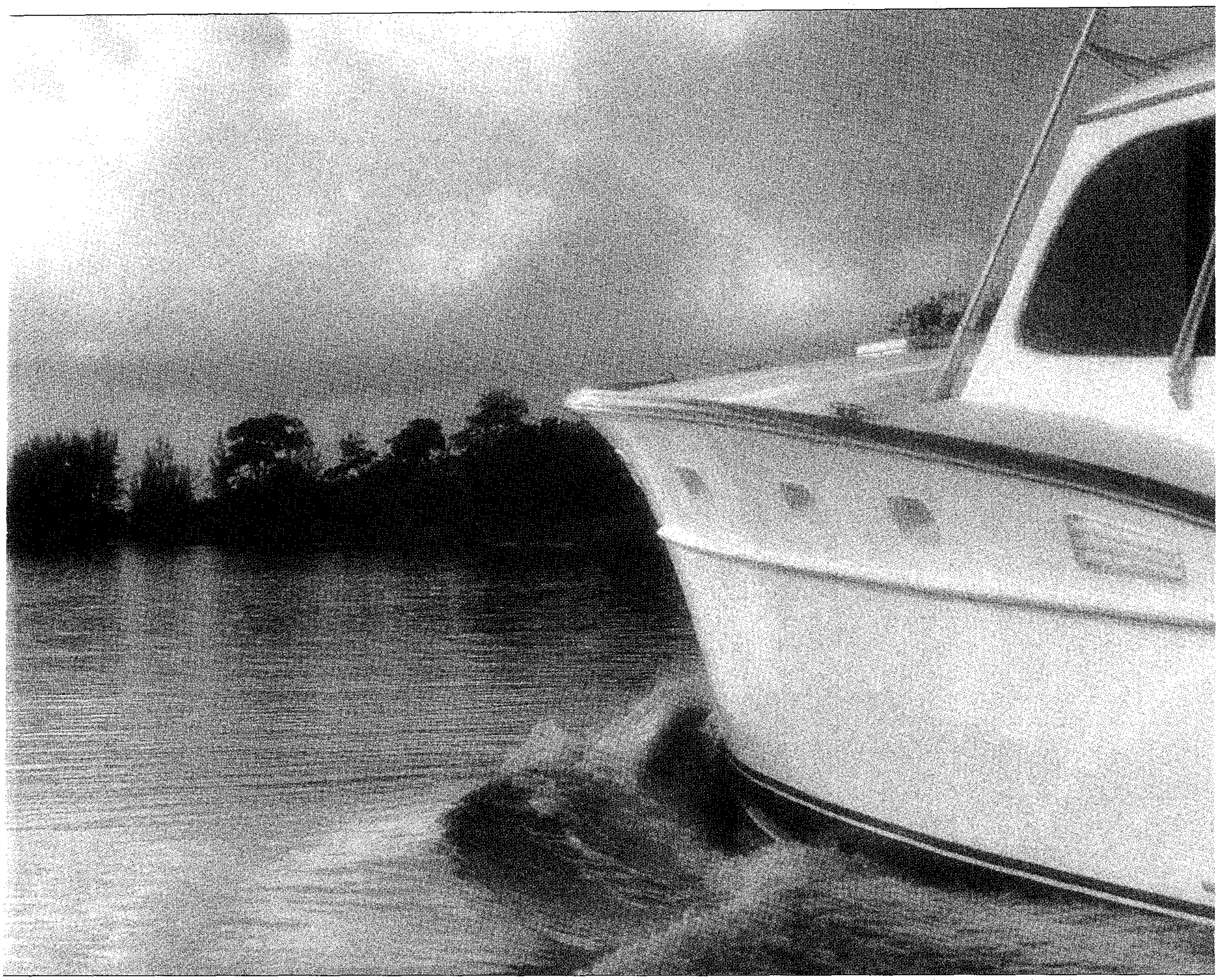

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dream? The world in which he lived reinforced that conviction. If the phrases of the Texas constitution were phrases out of the nineteenth century—well, the Hill Country in which Coke Stevenson lived was, really, a nineteenth-century world.

The Constitution of the United States could, of course, in some ways be read as a document that restricted government in the name of individual freedom—Jefferson had been among those who so read it—and that was the way Coke Stevenson read it. He liked few novels; history was his romance, and his love of history—in particular, the history of his state, the proud heritage of Texas—was almost religious in its depth. (On his ranch, he had found an old log cabin; when he learned that it had been built by Jim Bowie not long before he rode off to his death at the Alamo, Stevenson built a shelter around the cabin to protect it from the elements, so that it would stand as long as possible. He erected a flagpole in front of his ranch house, and on March 2nd, Texas Independence Day, and other state holidays he would, with no one around to watch but his wife and son, solemnly raise, in those lonely, empty hills, the Lone Star flag.) And he believed that the very essence of that heritage—independence, freedom—was embodied in those two constitutions. Now, in the nineteen-twenties, he was coming to believe that the government of Texas was doing violence to that heritage and those principles. The inefficiency of the state government—in particular, the antics of a legislature whose lack of responsibility must, he felt, lead to higher taxes—troubled Hill Country ranchers. No one in Austin seemed interested in economy, they said—of course not, it wasn't their own money they were spending. The particular issue that angered him was continual proposals to float a bond issue—huge, in terms of the time—to improve the state's highway system. Stevenson recognized the urgent need for highways, but a bond issue meant debt. And in the plans being floated for highways the needs of the Hill Country were being neglected, as were those of West Texas, and he thought he knew the reason: these ranching areas were underpopulated and did not have enough weight in state politics. Stevenson began to tell friends, in his quiet, slow way, "The ranch people need representation."

Although he had no intention of providing that representation himself, in 1928, eight years after he had left public office, the legislative seat for his district fell vacant, and once again a delegation of fellow-ranchers asked Coke Stevenson to represent them in government. Once again he refused. But the only candidate who was nominated, a politician from Junction's rival town of Kerrville, was, in Stevenson's view, a free-spender, a liberal "of whose political philosophy I did not approve." He tried to persuade conservative friends to run. When they all refused, at the last minute Stevenson agreed to make the race, and won.

ALMOST from the day he arrived in Austin in 1929, he was, an observer wrote, "a marked man"—marked by the same qualities that had marked him in the Hill Country.

Austin was known as the city of the three "B"s ("beefsteak, bourbon, and blondes"); Congress Avenue was lined with bars and whorehouses at which lobbyists maintained charge accounts for coöperative legislators; beneath the great dome of the capitol, the legislature met in an atmosphere so raucous that it sometimes seemed almost indistinguishable from the nightly scene at the bar in the Driskill Hotel. Stevenson was an unusual figure against this backdrop. He was more silent than ever. He had taken to smoking a pipe, and he seemed never to be without it. When he was asked a question, he would light the pipe, staring down into its bowl as he did so, or puff deeply on it, thinking before he answered. Years of clearing timber and hauling stones and pounding postholes into that hard Hill Country rock had broadened his body so that it matched his great shoulders, and he was as erect as ever and still had the same slow, careful Southwestern stare and the same way, so graceful for a big man, of walking lightly on the balls of his feet. He liked drinking with the boys, who were legislators now rather than ranchers, and he was, in his quiet way, soon as popular at the Driskill Bar as he had been in Junction. When a party was being organized for a hunting trip, he was usually one of the first ones asked. And men who went hunting with him learned that behind that stolid exterior was a sense of humor. Some of Coke's "gags" would, in fact, become staples of Austin lore. During a hunting trip with several fellow-legislators and a lobbyist, for example, a rancher, an old friend, called Stevenson aside and told him that in one of the back pastures where the men were to hunt was an aged horse—an old family pet—so infirm that it should be destroyed. The rancher asked Stevenson to do it for him. Stevenson agreed. As the hunters' car was passing the horse, he asked the driver to stop, and got out. "I think I'll just kill that ol' horse," he said, and, taking aim, shot it in the head.

His companions, unaware of the rancher's request, stared in amazement. "Why did you shoot that horse?" the lobbyist finally asked.

"I just always wondered what it would feel like to shoot a horse," Stevenson drawled. Pausing, he stared hard at the lobbyist. "Now I'm wondering what it would feel like to shoot a man."

But although, in Austin, Stevenson was with the crowd at the Driskill Bar, he was, in a way, not of it; there was a reserve, a dignity, that set him apart from the crowd. And, of course, he was set apart from many legislators by something else, too. "You just instinctively knew that Coke Stevenson was not someone you could approach with any kind of offer at all," one lobbyist recalls today. "I mean, did you ever see him? If you ever had—if you ever saw that stone stare when he got angry—you would know what I mean. No one would have *dared* to offer Coke Stevenson a dime." And although he was a regular at the Driskill Bar he usually left it early, to return to the house where he lived quietly with Fay (Coke could never bear to be separated for any length of time from his wife). "Coke's off readin' again," his friends would say. (Naturally, they did not know the extent of that reading: Who else in Austin was awake at 5 A.M.?)

Much of his reading during these years was not of books but of legislation, proposed and actual; of state budgets; of memorandums, submitted to legislators by state agencies, that went

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generally unread. His reading at the ranch had given him a rare command of philosophies, principles, and theories of governments; now he was gaining as well an understanding of the minutiae and intricacies of state government so detailed that it would become legendary in Austin. "I think Coke really hated politics," a Texas politician says. "Truly *hated* it—the deals, the maneuverings. It just went completely against the grain of the man." But he loved government—loved it and knew it as few men did. "If you started talking about wheeling and dealing—trading votes, whatever—what you got from Coke was that stone stare. Sometimes it wasn't that he was angry; it was just that he was bored. But if you were talking about what government should do and why we should do it, then you had his interest." He was soon deeply respected in that political city—not as a politician but as a public official, a public official who felt that a legislator's responsibilities extended beyond the district that had elected him. Not only did he quickly secure the passage of legislation needed by "ranch people," he was instrumental in the passage of laws with broader—statewide—significance.

The man who so hated waste saw waste everywhere in the government of Texas, and set out to stop it. Learning that there was no auditing of the expenditures of state agencies, he wrote, introduced, and pushed to passage a bill establishing the office of state auditor. To end the state's antiquated bookkeeping practices, which effectively prevented not only taxpayers but public officials from monitoring state expenditures, he pushed for, and won, the enactment of laws making the state's bookkeeping more efficient. One of his biographers was to say that "as he saw it, the issue was glaringly simple. From the time he was a youth he had written down in his ledgers . . . every personal expenditure he made. He knew where *his* money went. . . . The taxpayers were entitled to know where *their* money went." Asked the purpose of these laws, he said, "To get the people out of debt."

He didn't want their money wasted on roads, either—much as he understood the need for a modern highway network. Governor Ross S. Sterling was proposing a constitutional amendment authorizing the huge highway-bond issue—more than three hundred million dollars—to be financed by a gasoline tax. Waste and corruption in highway building were already a joke; the solution, Stevenson said, was not to give the highway department more money, and spend still more on debt service for the bond issue. He proposed an alternative plan: use gasoline-tax revenue not for the service on new debt but to retire the old debt—the bonds already issued by individual counties to build roads within their own borders. This would ease local tax burdens; it would "get the people out of debt." Use the balance of the gasoline-tax revenues to build new highways—but on a pay-as-you-go basis. He had calculated how many miles of highway could thus be built annually, Stevenson said, and it was enough to meet the state's highway needs, particularly since none of the new revenues would be spent on new debt service. The highway lobby (oil and gas companies, road-building contractors) massed against him; at times it seemed that Coke Stevenson—and his philosophy—were all that was standing against legislative approval of the constitutional amendment. But he stood. Passage required the vote of two-thirds, or a hundred, of the hundred and fifty House members. "Gradually the number of affirmative votes climbed as the pressure was skillfully applied," a historian has written. "The number of affirmative votes finally reached 99, but Number 100 never was obtained."

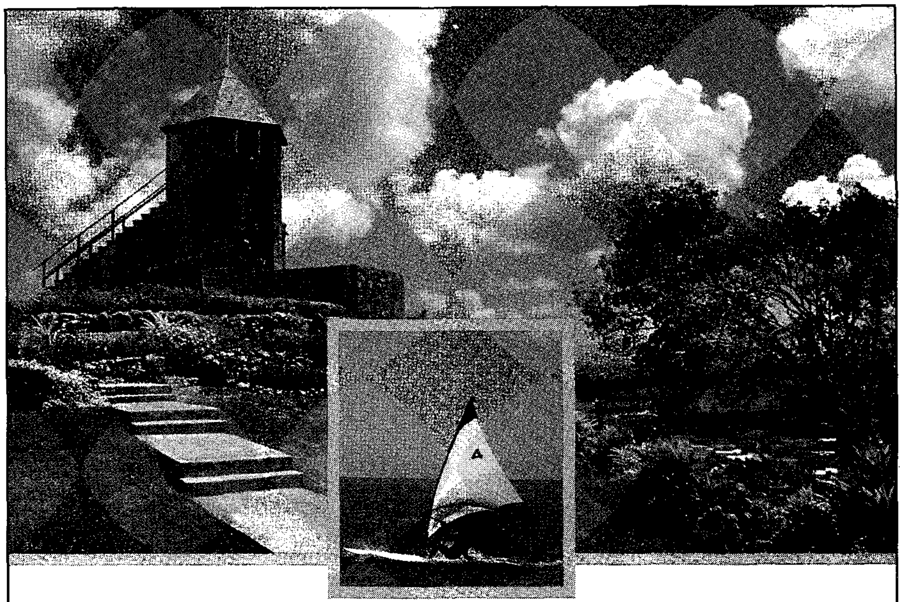
There was, moreover, a huge proposal for improvements in the state's prisons. Stevenson had known bookkeeping and highway building; he didn't know prisons—so he set out to teach himself about them. He visited all the state prisons in Texas, ate with the convicts, and slept in their cells. He visited prisons in the Northeast. And the reforms he then proposed not only improved Texas prisons but did so at a fraction of the cost of the Governor's proposals.

Stevenson had pushed his auditing, bookkeeping, highway, and prison legislation in quiet talks with his fellow-legislators. He had received little public attention. But his fellow-legislators had learned about him: his rare speeches on the floor of the House commanded unusual attention; in the towering red granite capitol in Austin, as in the little Kimble County Courthouse, when Coke Stevenson spoke men listened. He spent not a minute more in Austin than he had to; as soon as the House adjourned each week, he and Fay would be on the road back to the place they loved. It was still, with no bridge, as cut off from the world as ever. And there was still no telephone; Stevenson had refused to have one installed. Someone urgently needing to get in touch with him would have to call the party line in the rickety, somewhat lopsided little general store in the "town" of Telegraph and the owner would ride over and notify Coke, who would ride back and talk. In 1933, there was an urgent call. His fellow-legislators had caucused and had decided he would be their next Speaker. (Accepting, he made it clear that he would still not put in a phone. "The darn thing would be ringing all the time," he said. "If it's important, they'll get in touch with me.") When he was Speaker, he still snatched every moment possible to be on the ranch. As adjournment neared each week, Fay would have their car waiting outside the capitol. Banging down his gavel to end the session, Coke would stride out of the House chamber, and within minutes would be on the road—speeding along the hundred and sixty-six miles back to the world he and Fay had created.

Stevenson was a rather unusual Speaker. No matter how loud the shouting became on the floor of the House, he never raised his voice. At first, he was criticized for what Austin political observers called "loose herding"—refusing to assert tight control over the hundred and fifty representatives. He didn't mind the term: what was the alternative?—tactics that would later be called "arm-twisting"? He wouldn't engage in that, he told intimates. There should be time for debate, he believed, for reasoned consideration of issues; that, after all, was one of the purposes of a legislative body. And perhaps there were other philosophical reasons as well. Once, there was what a reporter recalls as "a terrible ruckus on the floor," and Coke was doing nothing to quiet it down, and someone asked why not, and he said, "As long as they're not voting, they're not passing any laws. And as long as they're not passing any laws they're not hurting anybody."

But the critics began to realize that the House was accomplishing more than ever before, and they began to realize that this was due to the new Speaker. His pipe had somehow become part of the legislative proceedings. He used it instead of a gavel, tapping gently for order with its stem. And sometimes, as an observer wrote, when debate grew heated, he would stop proceedings to ask one of the "battlers" to lend him some pipe tobacco. Then, apparently concentrating deeply on the task, he would load the tobacco into his pipe, tamp it down, and light up, not looking back at the members until it was drawing well. By this time, the observer noted, "the members had usually cooled off and settled in their seats." Sometimes during his years as a presiding officer, he would lighten the tension with a joke, delivered deadpan; once, when the chaplain did not arrive to deliver the invocation, he told the members, "Well, I guess you fellows will have to be on your own today." But, while he never raised his voice or appeared to lose his temper, members learned not to try to push him. Observers said, as one put it, that "they have never seen a man as unruffled as Stevenson when the parliamentary battling gets sharp and tough. A bland smile on his face, Stevenson squints slightly through the blue haze of smoke from his pipe, rules—unchallenged—on this point of order and that . . . complaint. With dignity, and the right amount of cleverness, he tosses in a bit of kidding . . . humoring them slightly, but never giving in."

There were also quiet, private conversations with legislators. "Whenever anyone went to visit Mr. Stevenson, they did most of the talking," another observer says. "He was a good listener. He never did volunteer." But somehow, at the end of the conversation, freshman legislators found they knew how to get their bills through the House, and even veterans found they had been persuaded to accept compromises that would accomplish what they had wanted all along. "Hardly a man in the Legislature can say Stevenson has not given him help when he



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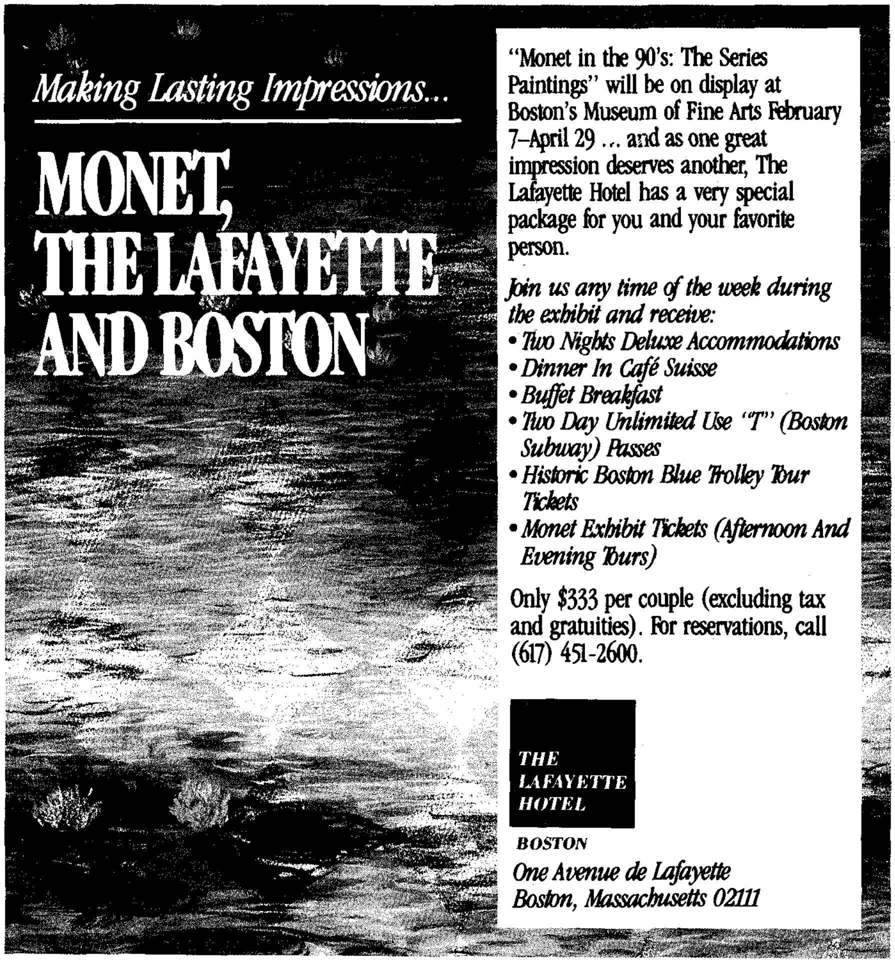

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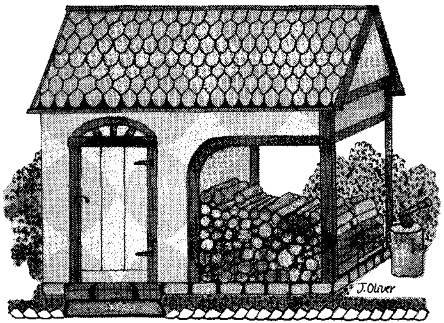
needed it most," a reporter was to write. With an ability unusual among Texas legislators of that era, he managed also to be friends—in some cases, close friends—with the lobbyists who were an integral part of the Austin scene, while not surrendering the state's interests to theirs. After listening to a lobbyist ask a favor on behalf of the president of one of the state's major corporations, Stevenson said, "Well, you can tell him I ain't about to give him the dome of the capitol." As the lobbyist left, discomfited, Stevenson added, "But you can tell him I ain't about to give it to anyone else, either." And, the lobbyist recalled, "that worked, when Coke was the man saying it. It wasn't only that he was so utterly honest. It was that he was so completely fair and just." Being *fair* was, in fact, important to him; he used the word frequently. "He was always concerned about this," a friend says. "He said, 'What has kept this country is that it's a country of laws. Otherwise, it's all influence. When your man is in, it's all right, but when the other man is in . . . ' " A reporter later wrote that "his legion of friends among present and former representatives swear that Stevenson was one of the greatest speakers and presiding officers in the history of all Texas houses. . . . Few days pass that a story concerning some unforgettable act of his as Speaker is not told, perhaps an act cutting a Gordian knot in rules to get a job done, a joke he told." One observer wrote that even "most of those who have strongly opposed Stevenson's political viewpoints . . . admit that as a presiding officer, his manner of operation borders on the verge of genius." The House gave him its own tribute. More and more frequently, at the end of a trying day's session, it would rise and applaud its leader. He was a leader of men in Austin as in the Hill Country, and in 1935, at the end of his term as Speaker, the same thing happened in Austin as had happened in Junction: until that time the Speakership had always been "a one-term-and-out deal"; nonetheless, Coke Stevenson was asked, by a delegation of House members, to do what no Speaker in the history of Texas had done before, and serve a second consecutive term.

The delegation's plea was echoed by Fay, who had become almost as widely known in the capital as her husband. "She was so bubbly," an acquaintance recalls. "She was as outgoing as Coke was quiet. She was so friendly. She made so many friends, and she never made friends for political reasons. She just loved people. And she and Coke—they made a terrific team. Coke and Fay were a beloved couple in Austin." Her husband's success in the capital had confirmed her belief that he "should serve the people," Coke, Jr., would say. "She didn't want him to be just a rancher again." Moreover, the same conservative beliefs that had impelled Stevenson to come to Austin in the first place were now impelling him to stay. Governor James V. Allred, a New Dealer, was proposing to push through a whole wave of New Deal reforms in Texas. Stevenson had supported the New Deal during its first years; he thoroughly approved of the measures by which it had alleviated the national emergency caused by the Depression. But now he felt the emergency was over. It was time for government to resume its former, smaller, role. Instead, it seemed to be steadily growing bigger. He wanted to fight the trend.

Even so, after some weeks of weighing the delegation's request, Stevenson was deciding not to run again but to leave the legislature and return to his ranch. Exposure in depth to politics and politicians had only deepened his distaste for them, he told friends. Then Governor Allred made a mistake. He attempted to push Stevenson into retiring. New Dealers who had contributed heavily to both Allred's campaign and those of certain House members put pressure on these legislators to support Allred's choice for Speaker, and Stevenson learned what was happening. This was just what he had been opposing all his life, he said: the power of the federal bureaucracy and of federal money was being used to influence a state's internal affairs. He agreed to defy the Governor and run again. On the day of the vote, Fay stood in the doorway of the House Chamber holding a huge bouquet of red roses. As each legislator approached, she asked him, "Are you for Coke?" To those who said yes, she handed a rose. Eighty members of the House were wearing them during the vote, sixty-eight were not: the man who hated politics had become the only politician in the history of Texas to succeed himself as Speaker.



The legislation Stevenson pushed through during the next two years, including the establishment of a teachers' retirement fund, liberalized provision for workmen's compensation for state employees, and the reorganization of state agencies, made his second term as Speaker, in the words of one of his biographers, "a landmark period in the history of the State Legislature." As his term was drawing to a close, in 1937, Stevenson looked up from his desk to find a delegation of legislators standing before him. Without a word, one of them handed him a petition—signed by more than a hundred members of the House—asking him to serve a third term. Stevenson refused on the spot. Every office he had run for, he was to say, he had taken not for personal ambition but for a principle or to accomplish "a particular job." Because some of his work for his "ranch people" was unfinished, he agreed to serve one more term as an ordinary legislator, but said that after that he would never hold another public office.

He was wrong there. In 1938, popular State Senator Garrett H. Nelson, declaring his candidacy for lieutenant governor, proposed amending the state constitution to establish a unicameral legislature. Stevenson felt that Nelson's proposal would remove one of the most vital bulwarks against the growth of government power. "Many measures that pass one house [but] ought never to pass into law are defeated in the other house," he was to explain; a bicameral legislature "is a safeguard in behalf of the public." None of the various candidates whom Stevenson attempted to enlist to oppose Nelson were willing to run. Stevenson feared that Nelson might win, and that the victory would encourage supporters of the unicameral proposal. He entered the race for lieutenant governor.

IT was Stevenson's first statewide race. Previously, he had been elected to office by his fellow Hill Country ranchers, by his fellow-legislators—by people who knew him, and who knew the depths concealed by silence and a poker face. This was the first time that he had had to campaign among strangers—and such campaigning was very hard for him. "It was not easy for Coke Stevenson to ask anyone for anything," says his nephew, Bob Murphey, who was later to spend a lot of time watching him campaign. "For him to ask someone to vote for him—that was very hard. Underlying everything was that Coke Stevenson was not a politician as anyone would define a politician. He was not a social person. The dinner party, the cocktail hour, the niceties of a reception—he just didn't like that. Coke Stevenson couldn't work a crowd. He wasn't a backslapper. He couldn't do the 'Hi, there! Sure good to see you! Lookin' for your vote Saturday!' He didn't have the perpetual grin showing his teeth all of the time. Campaigning did not come easy for him. For him to go into a town and walk the streets . . ."

It was more than shyness that made him a most unusual candidate. In Texas politics, 1938 was the year of W. Lee (Pass-the-Biscuits-Pappy) O'Daniel, whose dulcet voice had mesmerized rural Texans through years of crooning his own songs ("Beautiful, Beautiful Texas," "The Lay of the Lonely Longhorn," "The Boy Who Never Gets Too Big to Comb His Mother's Hair") and delivering fundamentalist, evangelical homilies on a daily radio program advertising his Hillbilly Flour. Now, running for governor although he had absolutely no previous political experience (he had never even cast a vote), touring the state in a red circus wagon with his famous Hillbilly Boys and his beautiful daughter, Molly, and his banjo-playing son Patty Boy, O'Daniel was drawing the largest crowds in the history of Texas—and was revolutionizing Texas politics. Other politicians, including several of Stevenson's opponents, rushed to sign up their own country-and-Western ensembles, and Stevenson's advisers suggested he get one, too. Stevenson put an end to the discussion by saying, coldly, "I've got a record, and if that ain't good enough—well, that's all I've got."

He was just as adamant about other—more traditional—political apparatus. He refused to issue a platform, or to make campaign promises. A platform, he said in his dry way, was like a Mother Hubbard dress: it covered everything and touched nothing. Platforms and campaign promises were meaningless; politicians issued them or made them and then, as soon as they were elected, forgot them. They were phony, he said, and he wasn't going to have anything to do with them. Voters could know what he was going to do, he said; all they had to do was look at what he *had* done. He wasn't going to change.

Platforms and promises weren't the only accoutrements he dispensed with. "This of course was in an era when a politician who was running—the first thing he did was go out and get a loudspeaker and bolt it to the top of his car," Bob Murphey recalls. "Then, when he drove into a town, he could drive around and his driver could drum up a crowd with it. But Mr. Stevenson would not drum up crowds. And he said he wasn't going to have no loudspeaker." No loudspeaker? He wouldn't even have the customary signs—"STEVENSON FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR"—painted on his car. "I don't want to go into no town looking like a circus wagon," he said. He wouldn't even have a bumper sticker. So, with the exception of a few formal speeches, and a few—very few—radio talks, the Coke Stevenson campaign consisted of an unadorned dust-covered Ford pulling into a little town with absolutely no fanfare or advance preparation—or crowds.

Nonetheless, a Coke Stevenson campaign stop was not an unimpressive event. The reason was the candidate. The car that pulled into the little towns all over Texas may have been ordinary, but the man who stepped out of it wasn't. "He had a real physical presence," recalls one reporter. "He was the kind of a man—he stepped into a courthouse square, and people said, 'Who *is* that man?' Maybe they didn't know him, but they knew he was *somebody*." There were his big shoulders, which seemed to have grown even broader over the years, and his big jaw, and the way it was always tilted up. There was the way he held himself—as tall and erect as ever—as he looked around the square with that slow, quiet, careful "Southwestern stare," and there was his weathered face, with the sun wrinkles spreading out from his eyes, and the glint in those eyes,

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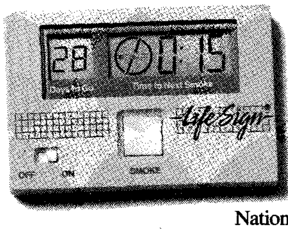

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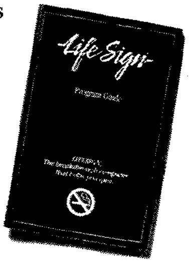

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tough and friendly at the same time. And there was the way he carried himself as he walked into the courthouse or up to a little group of men who had been chatting in the square. In fact, men who saw Coke Stevenson campaigning in those small towns pay him what is for Texans a very high compliment indeed. They liken him to the movie hero who for decades would be the embodiment of what Texans admire. “That rugged appearance,” says Murphey. “That face that was so tough, but with a faint smile and that little sparkle always in his eye. The way he carried himself: erect, that big chin up. The strong, silent type—that was him. Coke Stevenson going into the courthouse was John Wayne walking into the saloon. Here's *The Man*. Here's our leader.”

Even shaking hands, he had, as a reporter put it, “a quiet dignity.” He would approach three or four men sitting on a bench in front of the courthouse. “Say, can I butt in there long enough to introduce myself?” he would ask. “I'm Coke Stevenson.” Then, as a reporter wrote, “he grinned good-naturedly and stuck out a big hand.” Or he would walk into the courthouse, or into a café. “Say, can I get acquainted? I'm Coke Stevenson, and I'm running for lieutenant governor.” Says Murphey, “I don't believe I ever heard him say, ‘I'd like your vote,’ or anything like that. He just couldn't do that.” In fact, he said very little. “He would listen to them, as much if not more than he talked. And when he talked he showed them he knew their problems. The farmers, the ranchers, the people who worked with their hands—they felt an affinity for him. Because he was *them*. And they felt it.”

Yet he was also something more—as was apparent when he spoke in the courthouse square or at a Rotary or Kiwanis luncheon. Coke Stevenson never talked long. His speeches were very simple. He made no campaign promises; a reporter was to write that Coke Stevenson never once in his entire career promised the people of Texas anything except to act as his conscience dictated. He had made a record in Austin, he said. The record was one of economy in government, of prudence and frugality, of spending the people's money as carefully as if it had been his own, of having government do only what the people couldn't do for themselves. That last point was very important, Stevenson said; it was always tempting to have government come in and solve problems, but every bit of government help came with strings of bureaucratic regulation attached, and every string was a limitation on the most important thing we possess, and have to leave our children—the thing that made Texas and America great. Freedom. Individual liberty. Every time that you accept a government program that you don't really need, you're giving up some of your freedom for a temporary gain; you're selling your birthright for a mess of pottage. And Coke Stevenson speaking in front of the courthouse impressed voters with the quality with which he had, as a young lawyer, once impressed juries inside. Says one political observer, “You knew he meant every word of what he was saying. You knew he was sincere. You just looked at him, and you said, ‘I can trust him.’ ” Journalists ridiculed this campaigner who refused to try to make news with his speeches or to make advance preparations, so that often he arrived in a town without anyone even knowing he was coming. But sometimes Stevenson would return to a town some weeks after his first appearance. And had the journalists not been so cynical, they might have observed that while on the first visit he had had to introduce himself around the courthouse, on the second trip that would not be necessary. Nor, in fact, would it be necessary for him to walk into every office in the courthouse. Recalls one politician, “The minute he would get out of his car, the word would be passed: ‘Coke Stevenson's here.’ And the people would come out of the courthouse and out of the stores to meet him.” Not understanding the significance of this, however, journalists were startled when, in the first Democratic primary (the Democratic primaries were the crucial elections in a one-party state), this unlikely candidate defeated Senator Nelson, and three other candidates, to win a place in the runoff, although he finished forty-six thousand votes behind the leader, Pierce Brooks, of Dallas. In the runoff against Brooks, Stevenson waged the same, seemingly foolish, type of campaign, and finished forty-six thousand votes ahead.

At the inauguration, in January, 1939, one of the great spectacles in Texas political history—it was staged in the University of Texas Stadium, the only arena large enough to hold the crowds of farmers who had thronged into Austin from all over Texas to see Pappy O'Daniel sworn in, with nearly a hundred college and high-school bands (and the Hillbilly Boys) playing and a chorus of ten thousand school children singing—Stevenson seemed very out of place. As one account put it, “In the garish carnival atmosphere . . . interspersed between much fiddling and guitar playing,” the tall, serious man delivered a speech, which he had laboriously written and rewritten, on his beloved Texas constitution. It was a “charter of human liberties,” he said. That charter “is now being assaulted by the lovers of an extravagant and bureaucratic government and by them it is termed to be outworn,” he said. But “modern improvements . . . do not change fundamental principles. . . . Let us cherish the old.” Reporters asked him if, now that he was lieutenant governor, he would have a phone installed on his ranch. No, he said.

With Governor O'Daniel almost totally ignorant of the mechanics of government and unwilling to make even a pretense of learning (he passed off most serious problems with a quip, appointed to key posts men with no experience, submitted legislation that he knew could not possibly pass, so that he could blame the legislature for not passing it, vetoed most of the significant programs passed by the legislature), the state deficit soared to thirty-four million dollars, state employees were frequently paid in warrants that would be accepted by stores only at a discount, and the state government was all but paralyzed—until the Lieutenant Governor stepped in to run it. For three years, largely through his quiet, private conferences with legislators, he kept the government afloat. But Austin's sophisticated political observers considered Stevenson too serious to have a future. His speeches were not on politics but on government—on the *principles* of government, of Jeffersonian democracy hardened by frontier individualism. More and more, one principle was emphasized. "Why do thinking people cherish liberty?" he asked.

> Because the accumulated wisdom of past ages has demonstrated that people are happiest individually and make the greatest advancement collectively when the . . . essential elements of liberty and independence prevail. . . . The blessings of happiness and prosperity have flowed from the rock of individual effort.
>
> Now it is proposed to subsidize individual effort. . . . Grants and loans of money to municipal and civic enterprises are sought and accepted by citizens who apparently do not realize that the price of such benefits is the surrender of a corresponding amount of liberty and freedom. . . . We must solve our problems by the rules of law prescribed when we set up this government.

Newsmen deplored the closely reasoned tone of his speeches, and the lack of emotion in his voice (because Stevenson had no "radio-sex-appeal," the *State Observer* said, "his political future is uncertain in these days when the ether waves rule the political scene"), and politicians agreed. "The trouble with him," one state senator said, "is that he insists on talking to a man's intellect, not to his prejudices." He ran for reëlection in 1940, campaigning the same way he had before, again violating every aspect of conventional political wisdom. He had no platform, made no promises and almost no formal speeches, simply driving from one little town to another and talking to small groups of people. He had two opponents. One received a hundred and thirteen thousand votes, the other a hundred and sixty-one thousand. Stevenson polled seven hundred and ninety-eight thousand. (The figure was a hundred and fifty thousand more than was polled in the same election by the still immensely popular O'Daniel, who, with an enlarged band, toured the state in a new campaign vehicle—a white truck topped with a papier-mâché dome of the capitol.)

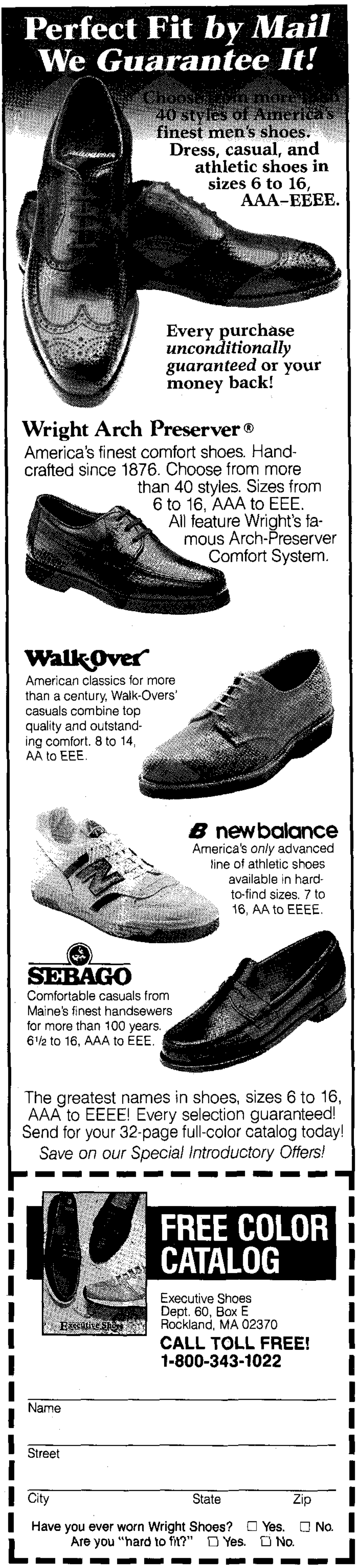
The next year, 1941, O'Daniel ran for a seat in the United States Senate, against Lyndon Johnson. O'Daniel's growing instability and the growing paralysis of state government had alarmed the Texas establishment, as had a campaign pledge by the rabidly prohibitionist governor to ban the sale of beer and liquor within ten miles of any military base. This pledge could cost "Beer, Inc.," the state's powerful beer and liquor lobby, tens of millions of dollars should O'Daniel remain in the governor's chair, so brewery lobbyists, aware that Johnson was about to steal the election, "outstole" it, so that Pappy went to Washington instead—and on August 2, 1941, Stevenson was installed in the governor's chair in which Fay had for so long dreamed her husband would sit.

Fay had to be carried to the inauguration. A few months earlier, doctors had told Coke she had cancer, and was going to die. She was placed in a wheelchair draped in red satin and carried onto the speakers' stand, and, in the words of one observer, "remained smiling and radiant throughout the half hour's ceremony." She never appeared in public again. When she died, five months later, the legislature commissioned her portrait, and it was hung in the capitol.

AT the inauguration, Fay heard Coke speak words she had often heard before: "To me the plan of government of our forefathers is a divine inspiration. . . . It is a government of laws, and not a government of men." And, he said, now that he, as governor, was the man who held power, the lesson he must remember was to be restrained in its use, for "even if it means submerging his individual opinion as to what the law ought to be, the chief executive still must respect the majesty of the law. He must restrain his own opinions if those opinions should run contrary to the law." He also quoted Shakespeare: "This above all—to thine own self be true."

Coke Stevenson's administration, which would last until January, 1947, revealed both the strengths and the weaknesses in so conservative a concept of government, particularly when weakness was accentuated by a lack of the formal education that could have given him a broader historical and philosophical perspective on the views he had obtained from his solitary reading. And his record as governor made apparent also the narrowness of viewpoint of a man brought up, and successful through his own efforts, in a land as hard as the Hill Country. His response to problems with which he was familiar contrasted sharply with his response to problems to which his upbringing in that isolated country made it difficult for him to relate.

Because Mexicans had for years come to the Hill Country to pick crops—and because Stevenson had long suffered for the hardships he had seen them undergo—now, as governor, not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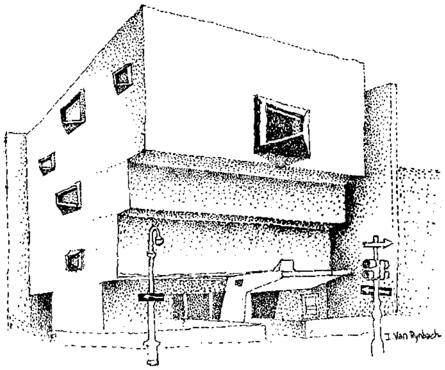
only did he press a reluctant legislature to pass a resolution calling for Mexican immigrants to be "entitled to full and equal accommodations" in public places, he took an unprecedented step for the state by creating a Texas Good Neighbor Commission, which actively investigated incidents of discrimination and tried to promote local solutions. But there were almost no Negroes in the Hill Country, and Stevenson accepted all the Southern stereotypes about that race. He refused to intervene in wartime race riots in Beaumont, or to investigate a lynching in Texarkana. His life of hard physical labor made him sympathetic to the individual workingman, and he succeeded, against the wishes of the state's powerful manufacturers, in strengthening its unemployment-compensation system. But, wary of organized labor, particularly the unfamiliar big-city unions, believing that labor's power had become excessive, he tacitly approved harsh anti-union bills by refusing to use his veto and allowing the bills to become law without his signature, although he was later to feel that some of them went too far. His lack of formal education hurt most after the O'Daniel-dominated Board of Regents of the University of Texas dismissed the liberal university president Homer Rainey. The Rainey dismissal caused lasting damage to the concept of academic freedom at the state university, and Stevenson's refusal to intervene in this controversy revealed that he did not adequately grasp that concept.

As he had refused to offer platforms when he was running for office, now he would not propose over-all legislative programs, fearing he might unduly influence an independent branch of government. In Jefferson's time, such opposition to government per se—such fierce frontier individualism—might have made Stevenson a real democrat; in the more complicated mid-twentieth century, his reluctance to make use of the powers of his office allowed a continuation of the vacuum in Texas government which allowed special-interest groups—the Texas oilmen, natural-gas and sulfur interests, contracting companies, like Brown & Root, and their subordinate contractors—who had no such reluctance to interfere in government, to exert undue influence in the legislature.

Yet Coke Stevenson's administration also demonstrated the strengths in the frontier philosophy of government. When he took office, Texas ranked near the very bottom of the forty-eight states in social-welfare programs, largely because under the state's tax structure the men reaping fortunes from their exploitation of its natural resources paid back only a pittance to the state. As lieutenant governor, Stevenson had succeeded in obtaining from the legislature a meaningful tax increase (even the bellwether liberal weekly, the *State Observer*, had to admit that he "did as much as any man to enact the biggest tax bill in state history") and now he improved social-welfare services more than they had been improved under past governors, and more than they would be improved under any governor for years to come. For example, Texas ranked thirty-eighth among the states in spending on education when Stevenson came to office; it ranked twenty-fourth when he left. For decades, governors had come to office promising substantial increases in the woefully inadequate pensions the state paid to its older citizens; under Stevenson the pensions were tripled.

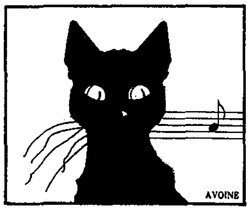
He made these gains with a very subdued style of governing. He governed not by dramatic special messages or by the noisy, unproductive confrontations with the legislature that had characterized state government for years but by conferences with individual legislators and state officials. Arriving in his office, they would find that their proposed bills or budgets had been blue-pencilled—Stevenson kept a supply of blue pencils on his desk for that purpose—and they found also that the man who had done the editing knew at least as much about their departments as they did, so that his arguments for reduced spending were hard to resist. The confrontations ceased, as abruptly as if a strong hand had turned off a spigot, and so did the incessant, argumentative, and costly special sessions of the legislature. Somehow, without confrontation or drama, the economies that Stevenson wanted so badly to bring to government took hold, without reductions (and in many areas with increases) in the level of governmental services.



When liberals later criticized him for having had "no program," Stevenson would reply, "Well, that's not exactly right. I had a program. It was economy." Within that definition, he was very successful. The thirty-four-million-dollar state deficit he inherited at his inauguration had become a surplus of thirty-five million dollars by the time he left office. His program may not have been broad enough to remedy decades of backwardness in social-welfare programs. It was, however, a program of which the people of Texas approved. "Mr. Stevenson has given Texas an economy administration," said one newspaper, and "that's what the people want." Even his liberal critics conceded that he was "as liberal as the people."

HE was what the people wanted in other ways, too. Because of his reluctance to talk about himself, Coke Stevenson's story had been little known outside Kimble County. But, as his inauguration neared, reporters drove out to Kimble, and learned about his life—and presented their new governor in epic terms.

"A man who brands his own cattle and cooks his own coffee in a two-bit pot, Lieut. Gov. Coke Robert Stevenson, ranch-toughened and self-educated by campfire light, will become Texas's thirty-third Governor," one of the earliest stories announced. "Coke Stevenson . . . is a product of the frontier before the rough edges were smoothed away," said another article. "Named after the lion-hearted Richard Coke, he smacks of the West. . . . That rare political asset of birth in a log house is his. He knew the feel of a saddle from babyhood. . . . Fifty-three years old, 6 feet 1 inch in height, big-boned, spare of frame, possessor of a face furrowed with heavy lines and browned almost to mahogany hue, he [is] the Abraham Lincoln of Texas." The articles emphasized the struggles of his youth: "In the section where he grew up, the land was sparsely settled and schools were a luxury. . . . At the age of 10 years, he was taking his place in the saddle. . . . At 16, he entered into his first business venture." They talked of his freighting over "seldom traveled trails," of how he had educated himself during "evenings of loneliness." Headlines called him the "HORATIO ALGER OF THE LLANO." "He started out as a legislator and ended up as governor," said one article. "But that's nothing. He started out as a bank janitor and ended up as its president." The headlines called him the "LOG CABIN STATESMAN," the "COWBOY GOVERNOR." Stevenson's appearance and personality were also part of the epic: his silences and his caution before speaking (even the *State Observer* conceded that "Coke Stevenson makes fewer public statements than any other man in Texas' political life today, yet is credited with greater wisdom"). So was the "statuesque Stevenson physique"—particularly after reporters happened to be present when, at a visit the new Governor made to a lumbermen's meeting in Lufkin, he was asked if he would like to take a turn in a log-sawing contest. As he walked over to join the burly lumbermen, the reporters saw that he was bigger than all but the biggest of them, that his shoulders were broader. Taking his place without removing his hat or his suit jacket (or his pipe from his mouth), he grabbed the big saw, nodded to signal that he was ready—and won.



The fact that Stevenson was a great hunter and explorer was part of the epic; indeed, while he was governor, he was once snowed in in the Rocky Mountains of Colorado for two weeks, and emerged leading two horses, each with a big buck slung over its shoulders; during the nineteen-forties, few white men had explored Texas' Big Bend Country, the rugged, all but deserted mountain ranges in the southwest swing of the Rio Grande, but Coke Stevenson, a reporter wrote, had "walked or ridden over nearly every foot of it." Coke's ranch became part of the epic ("that famous ranch without a telephone," as one reporter called it, that rugged, isolated paradise at the falls of the South Llano), as did his love of his ranch, his eagerness to hurry back to it at every opportunity, his determination never to miss a shearing or a branding ("Come hell or high-water, legislature or no legislature, he'll be in Junction at the proper time to attend to those two chores"). So did the simplicity of his life style: as governor, he still rose by five o'clock, brewed his own coffee in his old battered coffeepot, sipped it as he did his reading, and then ate his breakfast in the kitchen of the governor's mansion at a metal-covered worktable. As often as possible, he ate his dinner in the kitchen, too, instead of in the mansion's ornate dining room. He still had no pictures of politicians in his office—just a photograph of two bucks fighting, and, after January, 1942, one of Fay. His coffeepot, and his coffee-drinking, became a part of Texas political folklore; once, when reporters were pressing him for an answer on a recent development, he said, "Listen, I'm too old to burn my lips on boiling coffee"; often thereafter, when pressed on an issue, he would say, "We'll just let that cup cool awhile"—and reporters started calling him Coffee-Coolin' Coke, to symbolize his caution. The reporters may have intended the nickname to be derisive, but Coke himself liked it—and so did the voters. His pipe—which seemed never to be out of his mouth—became a part of folklore, too. (If he wasn't actually smoking it when photographers arrived to take his picture, they would ask him to do so.)

Strong and silent—Coke Stevenson's personality was the embodiment of what Texans liked to think of as Texan. And so, indeed, was the whole story of his life, for in Texas in 1941 the frontier was little more than a half century away. Some Texans had grown up on what was still the frontier; or their parents had, or their grandparents had, and had told them about it. The story of Coke Stevenson was a story they could relate to: when a Texan was told about making twenty miles a day—day after day, week after week, month after month—with a heavy-loaded wagon over rocky trails and across swollen streams, he could appreciate what that meant; Texans understood about the sleeping out in the rain, and about repairing the broken wheel spokes and rims and axles,

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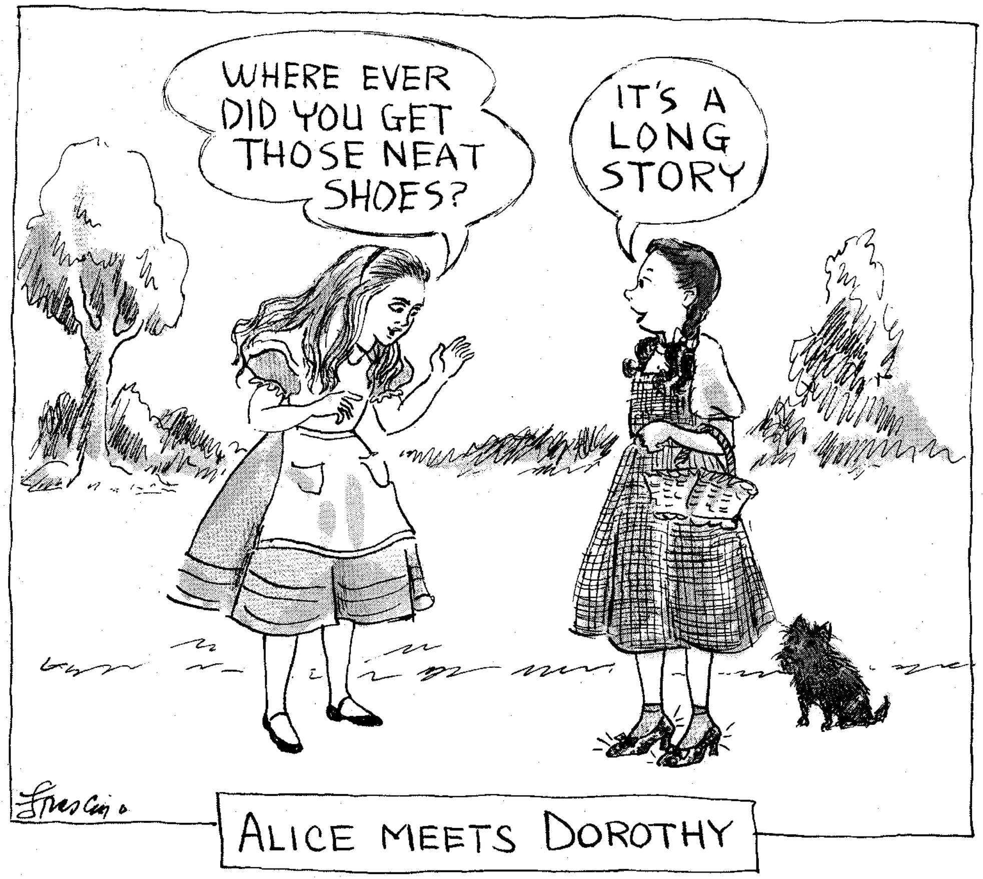
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IT'S A LONG STORY

ALICE MEETS DOROTHY

about nursing the horses, and about loneliness. And it was Texans' deep love for the land—the soil that they had had to fight so hard to win from the Indians and the elements—that made their Governor's love of *his* land so meaningful to them. His hatred of bureaucracy, his distrust of the federal government, his belief in independence, hard work, free enterprise—all this struck a particularly clear chord in Texas. It was the "big country" that "fed big dreams" and that had drawn so many people fleeing the restrictions of a more orderly society, trading safety for danger, as long as with the danger came independence and the chance to create their own empires by their own efforts. It was a state, moreover, in which an unusually virulent mistrust of the federal government was a part of not so distant history: the settlers of the Texas frontier—and their descendants—firmly believed that the federal government had inadvertently (some said deliberately) protected the murderous Comanche raiders with its policy of not pursuing them and of preventing settlers from retaliating. And distrust of *all* government had been fostered by the carpetbaggers—against whom, of course, the man for whom their Governor was named ("the lion-hearted Richard Coke") had fought. As the only state to enter the Union as an independent republic (it had been the Republic of Texas from 1836 to 1845), Texas was uniquely proud of its heritage. And Coke Stevenson's image *was* Texas. He was, in the words of one headline, "AS TEXAN AS A STEER BRAND." "Almost everybody calls him the 'typical Texan,' " the *Observer* noted. He made Texans remember why they were proud of being Texans. As a San Antonio reporter put it in April, 1942, after she visited "that beloved individualist, Coke R. Stevenson," "Well, folks, Texas has a real Texan for Governor. The kind of man who has brought Texas fame in song and story. The kind that will give Texas back its faith in patriotism, in the ideals of 1776 and 1836. Coke Stevenson is like a fresh Texas Centennial celebration. He makes us live all over again . . . many things that marked Texas pride and progress of a hundred years."

The tone of this article was not unusual. Another began:

> In fancy: students of and true believers in the democratic way of government dream of witnessing the ascent to high office of a man who is imbued with faith, steeped in the fundamentals of constitutional government, and inherently honest.
>
> In fact: through a combination of patience, hard work and a quirk of fate, Texas today has that sort of governor.

"And," as Bob Murphey puts it, "the most important thing about the image was not just that it was wonderful but that it was *true*—and that people saw it was true."

In the summer of 1942, a year after Coke Stevenson had stepped into the office Pappy O'Daniel had vacated, he ran for governor in his own right. O'Daniel was campaigning in the same election (Lyndon Johnson was in the Navy) for a full term as United States senator—and Pass-the-Biscuits-Pappy was running the same way he had run before, with shows and bands and hillbilly music. He was more popular than ever—and he endorsed one of Stevenson's five opponents, Hal Collins, a wealthy, spellbinding orator, who, as one reporter wrote, "was out on the town squares with one of the hottest bands ever to make a political circuit." Stevenson's advisers pleaded with him all one long evening to get a band himself, to do *something* to draw crowds. "Boys," Stevenson said at last, "there'll be no danged music."

There was no platform, either. He said the same thing he had said when he had refused to issue one during his campaign for lieutenant governor: voters knew what he was going to do, because of what he *had* done; he had a record, and he wanted to be judged on that record. He refused to make a campaign promise. He refused to answer his opponents' attacks on him. "I have made no personal attacks on anybody and am not doing it now," he said. "I have no desire to assassinate the character of my fellow man. I would not want any public office if I had to win it by such tactics." He campaigned the same way he had before, driving around the state, stopping in every town on his route to talk to small groups of voters. In that Democratic gubernatorial primary, the crucial election in a one-party state, Collins and the other four candidates received a total of less than three hundred thousand votes. Stevenson received six hundred and fifty-one thousand. His 68.5 per cent of the vote was the highest percentage that had ever been recorded in Texas in a contested Democratic primary. No candidate for governor in the state's history, not famous campaigners such as "Pa" Ferguson or Pat M. Neff or Dan Moody, not even Pappy O'Daniel himself, had won by so overwhelming a margin. In the general election that fall, Stevenson again ran well ahead of O'Daniel. O'Daniel had stormed out of Fort Worth waving a flour sack in one hand and the Decalogue in the other and had become one of Texas' greatest vote getters. Coke Stevenson had ridden quietly out of the Hill Country and had campaigned without ever raising his voice—and had become an even greater vote getter.

In 1944, Stevenson ran again. This time, the attacks were led by three-time State Attorney General Gerald C. Mann, who, in a trial balloon, spent the spring of 1944 harshly attacking Stevenson. Stevenson refused to reply. He didn't have to reply. "Ever a statesman and never a politician," a typical editorial said of him, and, in fact, even "statesman" did not adequately describe his image among Texans. To them Coke Stevenson was not a politician but a hero. The nicknames pinned on him by journalists to mock his caution, and his deliberation in making decisions—Coffee-Coolin' Coke, Calculatin' Coke—did not stick, or became instead symbols of admiration for the qualities that the journalists were mocking. The nickname that did stick was more admiring. He had become known simply as "Mr. Texas."

Mann's attacks shattered against this silent granite image. That year, Stevenson's eight opponents received a total of fifteen per cent of the vote. Stevenson received eighty-five per cent, smashing the record he had set two years before. To this day, no gubernatorial candidate in the history of Texas has won nearly so high a percentage in a contested Democratic primary. He accomplished another feat perhaps even more impressive. He carried every one of the state's two hundred and fifty-four counties—the only gubernatorial (or senatorial) candidate in the state's history who had ever done so in such a primary. The leading historian of the Texas governorship was to write in 1964 that, twenty years after Coke Stevenson's campaign of 1944, which consisted of "several radio speeches and occasional appearances at public gatherings" (and, of course, some driving around Texas), his campaign was still unique, and perhaps would always be so; "perhaps no other product of the primary system ever has won, or for that matter, ever will win [again], the Democratic nomination with such a minimum of campaigning."

Stevenson's entire career had been unique. Because he had served more than a year of O'Daniel's gubernatorial term before winning two terms of his own, Coke Stevenson had been governor longer than any other individual in the history of Texas. Before that, of course, he had been the only Speaker of the Texas House of Representatives ever to succeed himself. He was also the only man in the state's history who had held all three of the top political posts in state government: Speaker, lieutenant governor, and governor. Set against such a record, the fact that he had run for public office twelve times—once for county judge, five times for state legislator, twice for Speaker, twice for lieutenant governor, and twice for governor—and had never been defeated seems almost incidental. The man who had not wanted to go into politics, who had violated most of the rules of Texas political campaigning—who had been considered a terrible campaigner—was in fact not only the most popular governor in Texas history but, in a state that had produced many remarkable political careers, his career had been perhaps the most remarkable of them all.

In 1946, he was asked—by newspaper editorials, by politicians, and by letters pouring in a flood into the gubernatorial mansion—to run for an unprecedented third term as governor. Polls showed that his popularity was as immense as ever; even the liberal Austin *American-Statesman* was forced to report that he was so idolized in the capital that one state official seemed to believe that when he dies, "he will go to Coke Stevenson." (The *American-Statesman* also admitted that although it had frequently criticized Stevenson's record, "he sincerely wanted to leave the State better off than it was when he came here, and he probably will.") Stevenson refused even to consider a third term. He felt that the prohibition

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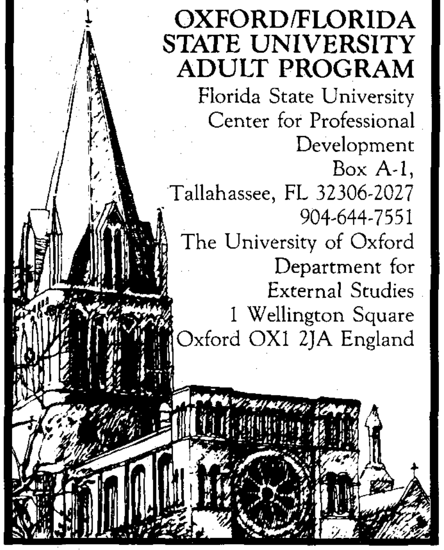

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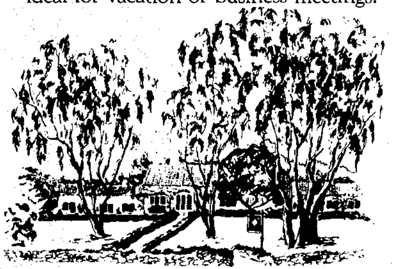

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against it was an unwritten article of his beloved Constitution and, as such, inviolate. When his term was over, he stuck his old Stetson on his head and went home to his ranch.

DESPITE speculation that Stevenson would run for the Senate in 1948, Coke's friends at first knew that he intended to stay home. "What people didn't understand was that he loved that ranch, truly loved it," says Ernest Boyett, who had been his executive assistant. "He had built it with his own hands, after all. And it symbolized everything he had wanted and dreamed of as a boy, and had fought for in life, and had gotten against very long odds. And it was beautiful."

But when Coke got back to the ranch, the ranch was different. Fay wasn't there. "It had always been him and Fay," Boyett says. "Him and Fay against the world. Now he was alone." He had asked Coke, Jr., and his wife, Scottie, to come and live with him; his son, he had hoped, would practice law with him in Junction. But the young couple didn't want that kind of life, and stayed in Austin. "When he left the governorship, he had intended fully to go out to the ranch and stay there," his nephew Bob Murphey says. "But there was no one there."

He tried to stay. Because he had no telephone, it was difficult for his former supporters and political allies to get in touch with him, and he tried to keep it that way, still refusing to have a telephone installed. His mail was brought out once a week from Junction, and each week, it seemed, the mail sack grew heavier, with letters typed on the embossed stationery of Houston and Dallas firms, and written in pen or pencil on ruled pages torn from school notebooks, with letters bearing postmarks from every corner of Texas. He didn't open most of the letters—because he knew what they would be asking him to do.

Friends, visiting him, saw his loneliness. Murphey, now a young lawyer in Nacogdoches, loved him, and Stevenson's friends asked—Coke himself would never ask—Murphey to live with him for a while. Murphey agreed, arriving on Labor Day, 1947, and saw that the legend of Coke Stevenson was true.

"We lived like men out of another time," Murphey recalls. Their life was one of utter simplicity. It was a life of work. Rounding up cattle and goats, branding, shearing. Driving postholes, repairing fences, clearing cedar. Murphey considered himself a good worker, but he came to feel that his fifty-nine-year-old uncle could work him to death. "He never stopped, and he never got tired," Murphey recalls. At the end of the day, the two men, covered with sweat, would strip off all their clothes and bathe in the freezing river, using Ivory soap, because it wouldn't sink. Then they would have dinner: beans and salt pork, or beans and bacon, or just plain beans. After dinner, Murphey would generally go to bed early—from exhaustion, and to stay as warm as possible. "The only heat in that house was from the fire"—in the great fireplace—"and that house would get *cold!* I slept upstairs, and before I went to bed I would stand close to the fire and toast myself back and front until I was sweating, and then run upstairs as fast as I could and jump into bed."

The stories about Stevenson's reading were true, too, Murphey saw. "He got up at 4 A.M.," he says. "I don't mean five, I mean four. I would get up to go to the bathroom, and I'd see him sitting there in front of the fire reading. That was when he did his reading, because when the sun came up he wanted to be out on the ranch." With sunup, Stevenson would be out milking the cows—in weather that was sometimes so cold that before Murphey could water the horses he would have to break the ice that had formed overnight in the trough. "Sometimes you suddenly remembered that this was the former governor of Texas milking cows, standing buck naked washing himself in the river, eating the same beans every day—I could hardly believe it. But there was no pretense about Coke Stevenson, none at all. He was what he was—and that was it." Once, driving into Junction, he and Murphey saw a car stopped on the road with a flat tire. While Stevenson was helping the driver change it, he tried to avoid telling him his name. When he was finished, the driver asked him point-blank. "Coke Stevenson," the big man muttered, and got back into Murphey's car as quickly as he could.

But Murphey saw that his uncle was very lonely, and had, after all, been the center of a very different world for many years. And Murphey had opened the mail, "and," as he recalls it, "the letters all said the same thing: 'Come back. We need you. Run for senator.' " Nor was Stevenson happy either with national political developments—the return to what he called constitutional values which he had hoped would follow President Roosevelt's death was not nearly fast or thorough enough for him—or with the role, or lack thereof, of that buffoon O'Daniel, who was representing his beloved state in the Senate. Stevenson had agreed to a request from an old friend, R. M. Eagle, to address the Texas Lumber Manufacturers Association in Lufkin in October, 1947. At the end of the speech, Eagle, thanking him for coming, said, "We hope the Governor's public life is not closed." The audience began to applaud. Then one lumberman stood up, and then another, shaking their fists in the air. And then the whole audience was on its feet, roaring. Stevenson left without responding, said hardly a word on the long drive back to Junction, and, the next morning, was out at sunup milking the cows as usual. But no one who knew him—including Murphey—was surprised when he scheduled a radio broadcast for New Year's Day, 1948, and, on that broadcast, announced that he would be a candidate in that year's election for a United States senator.

ONE of the people who heard the broadcast was Lyndon Johnson. Ever since he had been elected to the House of Representatives, almost eleven years before, Johnson had been trying in vain to move up to the Senate. He had decided to make one final attempt in the 1948 race, to give himself one last opportunity to realize his political ambitions. If he failed, he said, he would devote himself to his business interests, and leave politics forever.

Now, listening to the broadcast, Lyndon Johnson realized that in this campaign—his last chance—he would be running against "Mr. Texas" himself. —ROBERT A. CARO

(*This is the first part of a four-part article.*)

●

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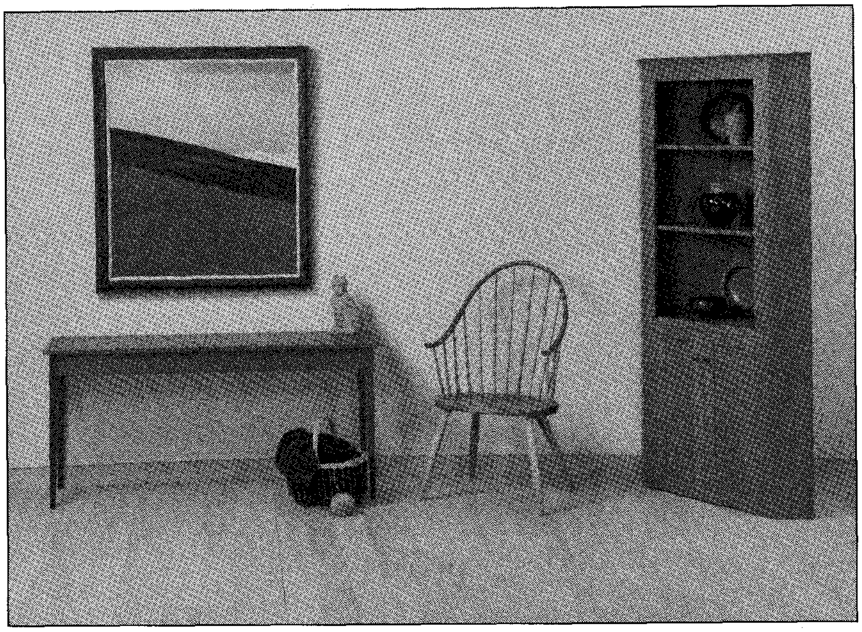

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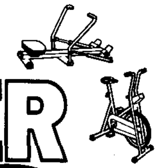

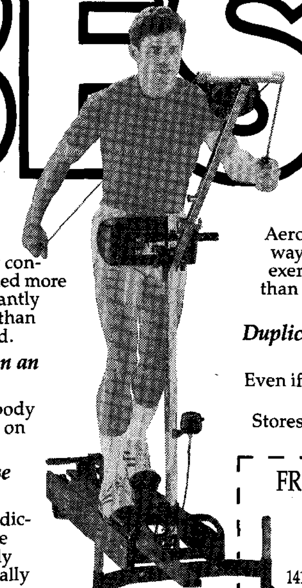

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Harmonious

A HAPPY concert of the 1988 New York International Festival of the Arts was given by Andrzej Panufnik and the New York Chamber Symphony of the 92nd Street Y. Panufnik and the orchestra joined forces again last month in three concerts—one at the Tilles Center, on Long Island, and then two at the Y itself—whose program ended with the first performances of his "Harmony." The piece, which was commissioned by the Y in honor of the composer's seventy-fifth birthday, is subtitled "A Poem for Chamber Orchestra" and bears the dedication "For Camilla, to celebrate the 25th anniversary of our marriage." (There was an exhibition of stirring photographs by Camilla Jessel, the composer's wife, in the gallery-buffet adjacent to the Y concert hall.) It lasts about eighteen minutes and is scored for strings (a minimum of seventeen, a maximum of thirty-six), without double-basses, and woodwinds (pairs of flutes, oboes, clarinets, and bassoons). The winds sit as a consort on the conductor's right—where the second fiddles would be in a traditional layout—taking part in a serene, beautiful antiphony, and joining the strings at times in full-throated chorus. The pace is slow—quarter-note about 40, in 4/4 and 3/4. The music is built from Panufnik's familiar "cells," which gradually grow, bud, blossom into melodies, until a *con passione* climax is reached. The harmonies, textures, timbres (including degrees of vibrato), and balances of statement and answer are carefully, "harmoniously," controlled.

When Panufnik's "Arbor Cosmica" appeared, five years ago, I wrote with some embarrassment of the way that we—the "we" meant particularly musicians in Britain, to which country Panufnik moved in 1954—had long failed to respond with more than temperate approval to what the Polish composer had to offer, and quoted the suggestion of the composer Nigel Osborne that after being "rejected by the Stalinists, cast aside in the fever of modernism itself, and ignored in the flabby reaction that followed" Panufnik's music "has now come into its own." "Arbor Cosmica" has been recorded, on Nonesuch, by the New York Chamber Symphony, conducted by Gerard Schwarz. "Harmony," like "Arbor Cosmica," shows a way of writing new music that "ordinary" audiences enjoy which does not mean adopting nineteenth-century recipes spiced with contemporary-commercial condiments. It is not the only way forward—Charles Wuorinen (see below) provides another, and I am eager to hear Milton Babbitt's "Transfigured Notes," which recently defeated the abilities of the Philadelphia Orchestra.

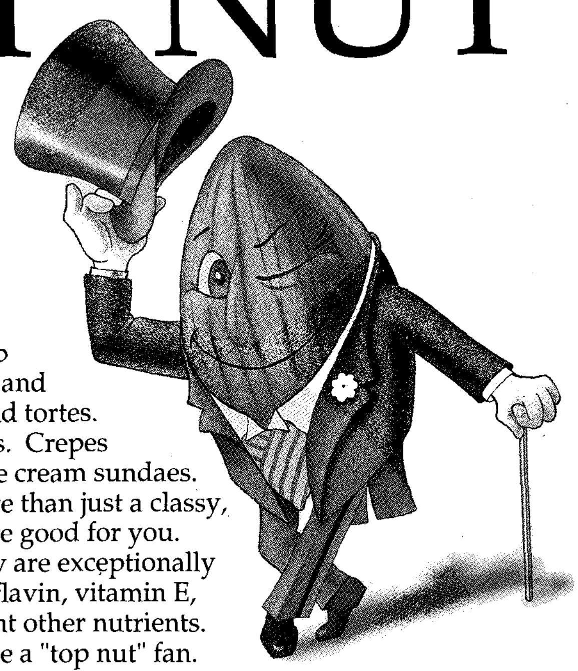
For the composer the orchestra played "Harmony" with care, passion, and precision. The program was completed by Panufnik's Violin Concerto (composed in 1971 for Menuhin), which was played by Elmar Oliveira with cleanness, purity, and understanding, and two early Mozart symphonies, K. 84 and K. 124, which were delivered at easy tempi that allowed each strand in each wonderful argument to be heard.

"So far, in purely visual terms, I like her."

ON the Third Sunday of Advent, in Merkin Hall, at the Hebrew Arts Center, the Sine Nomine Singers, conducted by Harry Saltzman, chanted and sang the Third Mass for the Nativity, with an Ordinary provided by Ludwig Senfl's Missa "Per Signum Crucis" and the Proper by William Byrd's "Gradualia." (A quartet of viols underpinned the singing; sometimes its tuning seemed less sure than the singers'.) A Proper from Heinrich Isaac's "Choralis Constantinus," which Senfl worked on, might have made for music more homogeneous; but the juxtaposition of the Swiss composer's euphonious, tuneful, and rhythmical music, from the first half of the sixteenth century, and the great Briton's stranger, stronger inventions, published early in the next century (and composed, it seems, for "undercover" Mass celebrations), made for exciting contrasts. Senfl's Mass—it has also been attributed to Ludwig Daser, Lassus' predecessor in Munich—is buoyant and beautiful. Byrd's Christmas cycle, as Joseph Kerman says in his study of Byrd's Masses and motets, "contains some of the most visionary music of the 'Gradualia,' as well as some of the finest."

Once again, I wished that Sine Nomine had chosen to sing the music of this kind in a resonant church, not in the dry Merkin acoustics. The choir contains six each of female sopranos, female altos, tenors, and basses. The femininity of the upper voices is unmasked; women make no endeavor to emulate the unvibrant quality of boys and men (as do, say, the women of the Tallis Scholars or the Taverner Choir). Once this timbre is accepted, Mr. Saltzman's performances prove stirring, for he communicates the sense of part moving against part, appreciates the great moments of a composition, and has a feeling for shape and flow. The second half of the program was a choice selection of carols, from Germany, England, Spain, and Portugal. Byrd's "An Earthly Tree" was the knockout here. Maria Santori was a soloist candid, steady, and unaffected.

TWO days earlier, I had attended a carol service—well, strictly speaking, it was a carol concert—in a more traditional Christmas setting. Nature played its part. Through gentle, lightly falling snow, making the Upper West Side seem clean and beautiful, I walked to St. Michael's Church, on Amsterdam at Ninety-ninth Street, and moved in from the cold to that splendid building, with its tall Tiffany windows. In the side chapel—which is open to the resonant spaces of the main church—Anonymous 4 sang a program of medieval and Renaissance English Christmas motets and carols, followed by Benjamin Britten's "Ceremony of Carols." The four women who constitute Anonymous 4 list their names as Ruth Cunningham, Marsha Genensky, Susan Hellauer, and Johanna Rose; the anonymity consists in one's not knowing which of them is which. They are remarkable; somehow, they combine virtues of boy singers—purity, steadiness, forthrightness—with a femininity that made their singing of the Virgin's songs, both in the old carols and in Britten's "Ceremony," especially moving. Balance and blend were careful, tuning was true, and the voices rang out easily in the ample acoustics. The carols were punctuated by readings from "The Story of the Three Kings," by John of Hildesheim,



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which was translated into English in 1399.

THE New World Symphony came to town for the first time last month, conducted by its artistic adviser, Michael Tilson Thomas, and began its concert, in Carnegie Hall, with the New York première of Wuorinen's "Bamboula Beach." The orchestra, eighty strong, is described as America's only full-time, full-size advanced-training orchestra. Based in Miami, it gave its first concert there two years ago and has already visited Paris and South America. The players, drawn from all over the country and from Canada, are aged between twenty and thirty. Their Carnegie concert was exhilarating.

"Bamboula Beach" was composed for the Miami inauguration. Wuorinen made no concessions to inexperience; on the contrary, the chance to write for eager, adept young players evidently inspired him to compose with a freedom and brilliance that orchestras of a more traditional cast might find daunting. On some pages, the metre changes with each measure; lively tunes that are heard as single, glittering gestures are shown by the score (which is published by Peters) to be hocketed forth exuberantly by the different members of a section. The bamboula is a Creole dance. (The New Orleans composer Gottschalk wrote one.) Wuorinen has used the word in the titles of a series of pieces that are (he says in a program note) "musically unrelated" but that "all share a certain lightness of spirit." Others in the series are "Bamboula Squared," for orchestra and tape, which the American Composers Orchestra introduced in 1984; "Grand Bamboula," for string orchestra, which is recorded on Nonesuch; and "The Blue Bamboula," for piano, which is recorded on Bridge. "Bamboula Beach, " the composer tells us, is absolute music that "nevertheless contains some concealed programmatic information," including references to the city of its first performance. Steel drums are prominent in one episode; toward the end, the trumpet plays a popular tune. But what matters most is the energy of the inventions that dance through the score, the liveliness of the textures, and captivating shifts of "perspective." At times, the music seems suddenly to have moved farther away; then a new idea strikes up in the foreground.

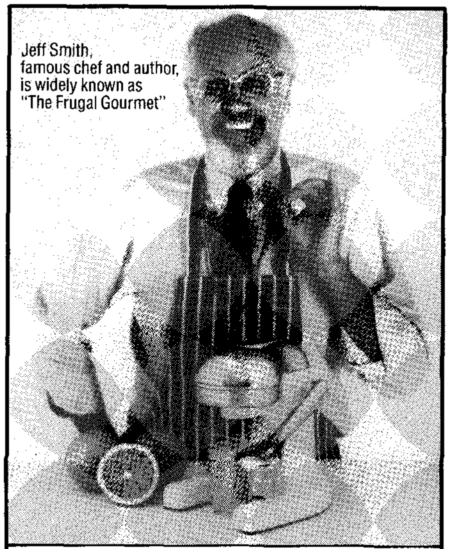
"Bamboula Beach," although short —it lasts about seven minutes—is an important piece. Dozens of bright jolly overtures and such have been written as concert "starters"—works that enable orchestras to give a brief, painless representation of contemporary music before settling down to the popular concerto and the standard symphony. Many of the pieces have been slight in substance. "Bamboula Beach" is substantial, although it does have "lightness of spirit." And it demonstrates a feature discernible also in the longer Wuorinen pieces of recent years—the Third Piano Concerto, "The Golden Dance," the Third String Quartet, the Third Piano Sonata, the Concerto for Amplified Cello. Let me call two expert witnesses in support of what, through several individual reviews, I have been noting. Michael Steinberg's essay accompanying the Bridge record begins:

> Charles Wuorinen is not about to join the ranks of the born-again tonalists or of those who, forgetting that the Romantic movement was about adventure, not retreat, presume to call themselves neo-Romantics. He is a "maximalist" through and through, writing music dense with notes, with event, with cross-reference and allusion. He has never thought there must be something wrong with a piece that reaches its listeners at the first encounter . . . but he does believe in writing music that challenges performers and listeners to do better than they knew they could, that reveals its riches gradually rather than all at once, that rewards attention and effort.

And in a 1987 *Perspectives* essay the composer Jeffrey Kresky examined the new "accessibility" to be found in Wuorinen's recent music:

> This accessibility is offered in all dimensions, reducing seeming surface disorder to order: isolated pitches are rare, compared to "gestures" of a clearly memorable, motivic sort (whether or not treated motivically); linear extravagance is replaced with "tunes" of registral, intervallic and rhythmic compactness; a regular pulse often informs the surface for very long stretches. And there is dynamic and timbral revision along these same lines: periods of steady dynamic utterance as opposed to—at the most extreme—a change in loudness for each attack; and many pitches in a row in the same instrumental voice.

He puts it carefully, being as reluctant as Mr. Steinberg and I are to suggest in any way that the composer has joined the compromisers in a bid for easy public acclaim. Wuorinen, Mr. Kresky says, "flatly states that his underlying structural and procedural



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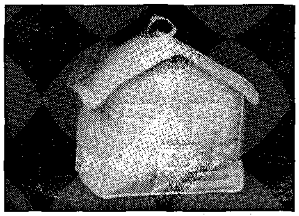

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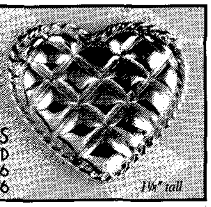

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concerns remain precisely the same as they have been over a considerably long stretch of his output: namely the establishment of a piece-long general structure involving both in pitch and in time a single twelve-tone set that influences, again in pitch and in time, and in ways that vary from piece to piece and certainly vary from classical twelve-tone practice, the course and detail of the piece at all levels." Nevertheless, standard concert audiences do now confront "more comfortably inviting shapes among the noises" and a "kinder surface, with its promise of accessibility, warmth and connectedness." The composer "admits to the possibility of readier acceptance in this trend in his recent music, and although he does not consider it a chief aim, he is perfectly glad of it."

The Carnegie program continued with what was billed as the New York première of the "complete symphonic score" of Copland's "Appalachian Spring." Copland composed the ballet, in 1944, for thirteen instruments, and soon thereafter produced a concert suite for full orchestra. About twenty-five years later, at Ormandy's request, he full-scored the passages of the ballet omitted from the suite. "Appalachian Spring," everyone knows, is Copland at his most captivating. Although he was right, I think, to shorten the work (by about ten minutes) for regular concert use—even music so winning can outstay its welcome—once in a while it is good to hear it all. The New World Symphony's playing was spirited, lyrical, athletic; the tunes breathed and sang. Mr. Tilson Thomas, now forty-five, has long seemed to me—in his choice of repertory and his alert execution thereof—one of the very best American conductors. He is now the principal conductor of the London Symphony Orchestra (a successor in that post to Richter, Nikisch, Monteux, Abbado), and we hear too little of him in New York. The second half of the concert was an excellent big-orchestra Beethoven Seventh: clear, taut, and arresting.

—ANDREW PORTER

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THE THEATRE

Fugard, Pro Tem

THE children of Athol Fugard's "My Children! My Africa!," in a limited engagement at the Perry Street, are a pair of high-school students, Thami Mbikwana and Isabel Dyson. Thami is black and Isabel is white, and they are coached by an African teacher, Mr. M, for an experiment—a daring one for 1984 in a small town in the Karroo, which is when and where the action takes place, and a pretty daring one, I'd guess, today. Mr. M wants them to compete as a team in a literary quiz, instead of competing separately, she from her "white" school, he from his black. The playing field that they start out with is nineteenth-century Eng. Lit., and there are practice sessions on opening lines of poems and on dates of Brontës, and a lot of laughter and excitement at what seems to be the beginning of a friendship. The laughter quiets down, though, as the characters reveal themselves. Mr. M is a disciple of Confucius, advocating the clear conscience and the "promptings of the heart," and insisting that learning is the way to the freedom they all want, and that words are the most effective weapons; Thami is torn apart by apartheid and by fellow-Africans dead or in jail; and Isabel feels that if people could just speak openly to one another and be friendly all would be well—she urges Mr. M to stop *teaching* Thami and just talk to him. And soon there are shouts and rumblings and crashing on the street, and the sound of guns. (Deadly riots in the black township of Soweto took place in 1984.) "My Children! My Africa!," to slip quickly into abstractions, is about friendship and trust and betrayal and idealism. All three of the characters in the play are idealists, and it is their separate ideals—tightly held—that drive them into collision and provide the conflict.

Much of the play is a matter of monologues, but monologues written with Mr. Fugard's customary sharp ear and wit and humor—no shortage of humor here—and passion; it is, as always, Fugard's passion that sets his play afire. The acting on Perry Street is, in each instance, excellent. John Kani, Mr. Fugard's close associate for many years, here and at their theatre in Johannesburg, is as powerful and as satisfying as Mr. M as he was a few years ago in "Sizwe Banzi Is Dead" and "The Island." The young actor Courtney B. Vance, who was seen here as James Earl Jones' defiant son in "Fences," gives a remarkable performance as Thami; at one point, when Isabel invites Thami to her house to tea to meet her mother and father, the complexity of his silence and the turbulence of his emotions are as riveting as any of his speeches. At the end of the first act, he is alone on the stage, talking in English, then lapsing into his African tongue and, finally, into a mysterious song. Nobody moved during the first moments of the intermission. Lisa Fugard, the dramatist's daughter, on the brink of a career, is properly clear and forthright as Isabel, and her fresh good looks do her no harm. In "My Children! My Africa!" the playwright, his own director, has a strong story to tell; it could have been told with more momentum and perhaps more variety of emphasis, but there are no dead spots, and no murky ones, either. Susan Hilferty's simple set and costumes seem just right, and Dennis Parichy's lighting, as usual, adds greatly to the ambience. —EDITH OLIVER

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

BALOCHISTAN

THE accused was a small man for a Bugti. He was barely five feet six inches tall, and appeared even smaller, because of the massive turban on his head—fifteen yards of muslin spun round and round, a characteristic of Baloch tribesmen. I was astonished at the amount of cloth they wear, in their turbans and also in their long, flowing pantaloons and robes. The cloth is meant to keep them as cool as possible in temperatures as high as a hundred and thirty degrees.

In 1890, Sir Edward Oliver, a British colonial officer who had served in Balochistan, described the Baloch tribesman as "essentially a nomad—good looking, frank, with well-cut features, black and well-oiled flowing hair and beard, attired in a smock frock, that is theoretically white, but never is washed save on the rare occasions when he goes to durbar," and went on to say, "The Bilochi is a general favourite. He is a bit of a buck, and when he finds himself passing into the sere and yellow, dyes his hair. It is not uncommon to find an old gentleman with eyebrows of deep black, and the tip of his beard gradually shading off through purple to red, to the roots of pure white." On a recent visit, I discovered that little has changed, with the possible exception that some Baloch now trim their hair.

Akram Bugti, the man accused of murder, certainly didn't trim his, and it appeared that he rarely washed it. He could have been fifty or seventy. He stood in a tight circle of relatives, watching an old man struggle to open the gates of the walled village of Dera Bugti, which is the headquarters of the Bugti tribe, the second-largest of Balochistan's seventeen major tribes. The gates were opened at dawn, as they have been for centuries, revealing a dun-colored village of low mud houses surrounded by towering mud walls. The landscape was parched and dusty. Every man was armed. The few women in evidence were in burkas, covered from head to toe. At the village mosque, a mullah chanted from the minaret. Mullahs seem to be everywhere in Balochistan.

Akram Bugti walked slowly toward a trench in a nearby field. He had been accused of murdering a cousin in a land dispute. He had protested that he was innocent—he might have wanted to murder his cousin, but he had not. So he had decided to "walk the fire," a tribal ritual that has been practiced for hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years. If Akram walked the fire and wasn't burned, his accuser would have to pay him compensation, including the cost of firewood, and could never accuse him of this crime again. There is no appeal or recourse under tribal law, and ninety-five per cent of Balochistan still observes tribal law. I found the figure extraordinary, but a patient government official had explained that Balochistan's powerful tribal chieftains simply had never accepted any other law.

Final preparations were being made at the trench. In accordance with tribal practice, it was two feet wide, one and a half feet deep, and seven paces long. (Seven, I was told, is an auspicious number for anyone who walks on live coals.) Akram's brothers had filled the trench with wood from the *khaur* tree—only this wood would do; it burns fiercely and is quickly reduced to coals. Tribesmen, using the ends of their turbans to protect their faces from the heat, began pounding and splitting the red-hot coals. They were tall, sturdy men. Some wore intricately hand-embroidered vests; nearly all had AK-47s slung across their shoulders.

There was a stir as the figure of Akbar Khan Bugti came into view. He was an imposing man, with an imposing title: Nawab-Sardar of the Bugti tribe. He had been installed as the Bugtis' tribal chieftain by the British, during the days of the Empire, and has ruled the Bugtis for nearly fifty years. Tribesmen rushed toward him to touch his knees or his feet, and he clearly relished the attention. He was not a modest man. Draped in layers of clothing topped by a vibrantly colored shawl, he settled himself cross-legged on a woven mat and, with a sweep of one large hand, said, "Let us begin."

Akram Bugti climbed onto a stone at the east end of the trench. His feet were washed, and examined by the judges—elders of the tribe—for scars, blisters, or burns. A mullah was then given seven green leaves from a *peer* tree and a copy of the Koran. Three times he circled the trench, reciting the *drohi*, or oath to the fire: "O fire, in the name of God, the Holy Book, and the Saints, Akram Bugti, son of Tariq, being examined for the crime of murder, if he is truly guilty, may he be burned. If he is innocent, may the coals be as cold as ice." He dropped the *peer*-tree leaves, one by one, on the coals, to test the heat of the fire. Two goats were slaughtered nearby, and, as the blood flowed, Akram lowered himself into the trench. He walked deliberately, looking straight ahead. The heat was so intense that Akbar Khan Bugti, perhaps fifteen feet away, found it necessary to shield his face. The walk seemed to take forever, but it must have been less than a minute before Akram climbed out of the trench. His feet were washed, immersed in the goats' blood, and then examined again by the elders. There were no burns or blisters.

Celebratory shots rang out from the AK-47s as Akram collected ten thousand rupees (about five hundred dollars) from his accuser, as compensation for the false murder charge. His honor restored, he reminded his accuser that he must also pay him for the cost of the wood.

BALOCHISTAN, a province in southwest Pakistan, is a brooding and melancholy place. (This spelling, rather than "Baluchistan," is preferred by the Baloch as a more accurate transliteration from the Balochi language, and has been officially accepted by the Pakistani government.) Its martial people fought the British to a standstill during the days of the Raj; Kipling wrote here; and Field Marshal Bernard Law Montgomery taught at the Staff College in Quetta from 1934 to 1937. It

JOHN B.:

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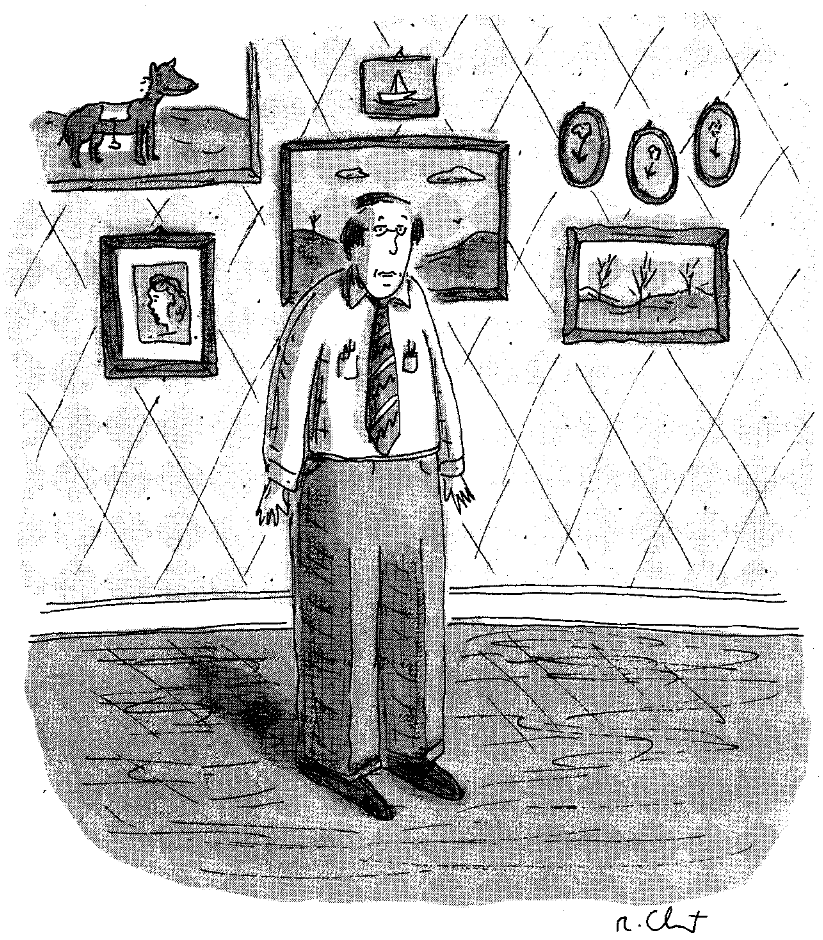


struck me as a land of contradictions and confusions, a cacophony of sounds, a land where people jostle, shout, compete for attention, and where there are vast expanses of nothing—no people, no sounds. Baloch friends of mine in Karachi were incredulous when I told them I was coming here. They had never dreamed of touring Balochistan. It had taken a bit of doing, for virtually all the province is normally off limits to foreigners, but I finally received permission.

In Quetta, the provincial capital of Balochistan, a drive of three hundred and forty miles from Dera Bugti, I asked the Nawab of the Bugti about tribal law.

"Well, fifteen days ago, in the village of Usta Mohammed, a chap was getting married," he said. "It was, of course, an arranged marriage. The bride and groom would not lay eyes on each other until her veil was lifted, on their wedding day. But the day before the wedding the girl's brother became suspicious that the two had had relations, and he killed them both. *Siahkari*, 'black work'—adultery. The brother will not be judged. Under tribal law, when a man kills for passion or honor there is no punishment. The killing is justified."

I had been told that no lawyers are permitted in the Bugti tribal lands. The Nawab himself presides over many of the cases. His judgment is final.

"Killing for honor is not murder," he went on. "Of course, there are cases of common murder, where blood money and compensation must be paid. Adultery, without exception, is punishable by death."

We were sitting in his receiving room. I was the only woman permitted in the room, where sardars, mirs, hajjis, and maliks, a few smugglers, and a man who had recently killed his wife sat cross-legged on a magnificent Bukhara rug or lounged against pillows piled against the walls. The Nawab used to serve vintage Russian vodka, but for health and political reasons he now serves only 7UP.

I returned to the unfortunate couple in Usta Mohammed, and asked what the grounds for suspecting adultery were. What would happen if it had been merely suspicion?

"Well, that may be looked into," the Nawab replied. "If any question arises, the parents of the boy who popped off the adulterers will have to find witnesses to support his case. But that's highly unlikely. Indeed, he will be lauded for what he did."

The others nodded agreement. Outside the door, standing at attention, were heavily armed guards. A diminutive servant in an embroidered prayer cap entered, carrying a cistern of water and a bar of Lux soap. He moved from guest to guest as we washed our hands. Two towels hung over his arm—one was for the Nawab, the other for the rest of us. The servant went out, and returned juggling platters of food: the traditional *sajji*, or roast lamb; curries and rice; vegetables heaped with chilies. Then he brought more platters, of hot nan bread, and tiny houbara bustards.

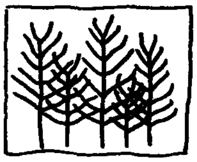
The dinner conversation moved quickly, from Pakistan's Prime Minister, Benazir Bhutto, to the price of AK-47s or Kalashnikovs; from Yeats and Wordsworth to Ayatollah Khomeini and the Afghanistan war.

I asked the Nawab why Akram Bugti hadn't been burned when he walked the fire.

"According to Saadi, 'You grow old and learn you are still a student, at birth and at death.' I can't explain it," said the British-educated Nawab of the Bugti tribe.

Akbar Khan Bugti is an Anglophile. His grandfather Shahbaz was knighted by the British in the last century. His father, Mehrab, who had prospered under the Raj, died when Akbar was twelve, and the boy became a ward of the British Crown. He had a German surrogate mother, who recited nursery rhymes and taught him table manners. On instructions from the governor-general, he was sent to Aitchison College, in Lahore, where Oxford-equivalent degrees were offered to the sons of the princely rulers of British India. It was a privileged life of indulgence, and the young Akbar embraced all that was fashionable at the time—cricket, Fabian Socialism, and tea sandwiches with the crusts cut off.

Then there was a revolt in Dera Bugti. Determined tribesmen refused to acknowledge the regent, and demanded that Akbar return. At the age of nineteen, in the presence of the British political agent, he was installed as Nawab-Sardar of the Bugti tribe. In 1947, he ceded his tribal fiefdom to the new state of Pakistan, but only reluctantly. Since then, he has been in and out of favor, in and out of government, in and out of jail. He has been charged, exonerated, then charged again, with murder, insurrection, treason, and various misdemeanors. He has served as a minister in the central government of Pakistan and as governor of Balochistan. Today, he is the province's chief minister—its highest elected official—and one of its most powerful men.



I had first met the Nawab in the parking lot of a Karachi hospital in the summer of 1983, when Sindh Province—on Balochistan's eastern border—was in a state of revolt, as thousands of people protested against the martial-law regime of the Pakistani President Mohammed Zia ul-Haq. I had asked the Nawab if Balochistan would join the protest.

"How can we protest by demonstrating?" was his rather tart reply. "We're too few people in too vast a land. When the Baloch protest, we take up our arms, go to the mountains, and fight."

Indeed, Balochistan has been fighting for centuries. When the Baloch tribesmen have not been fighting each other, or fighting the heat or the land, they have fought the Arabs, the Turks, the Tatars, the Persians, the Hindus, and the British. Most recently, they have fought the far superior Pakistani Army. Yet they have never been fully conquered or subdued—not by the armies of Genghis Khan, Lord Curzon, or Pakistan. Four times since Pakistan's creation, the Baloch, who never wanted to be Pakistani, have rebelled, demanding greater autonomy, or even an independent state, which would reunite the five million Baloch in Pakistan, Iran, and Afghanistan under one flag. With a hundred and forty-seven thousand square miles, Balochistan has nearly half the landmass of Pakistan. Were it anywhere else, Balochistan probably wouldn't warrant much attention, but it sits astride the oil lanes of the Persian Gulf. Squeezed into the triangle where Pakistan, Iran, and Afghanistan meet, it is, strategically and geopolitically, the most important part of Pakistan. It commands nearly all of Pakistan's coastline—four hundred and seventy miles of the Arabian Sea. On the west, it borders revolutionary Iran, and its northern border was a key staging area for the Afghanistan war. It is a land that was ruled so autocratically by its nawabs that, in the words of the historian Charles Chenevix Trench, "an oath of innocence taken with one's hand on the Nawab's head was always accepted." Historically, it has twice been a loose tribal confederacy—and then four princely states—loyal, at various times, to the Persian emperor and the Afghan kings.

But, for all the conquerors who passed through it, none left relics or landmarks of empire except the British, and, in a sense, Balochistan is still a relic of the British Raj. In the nineteenth century, the British needed to control it if Afghanistan was to remain a buffer between British India and the armies of the czar, for one of the major routes to Afghanistan lay through Balochistan. The British spent over forty years trying to subdue its tribes and, in the end, declared a truce. The terms were quite generous, and in 1876 the British entered into an unusual arrangement with the nawabs (rulers of the larger tribes and of the princely states) and sardars (rulers of the smaller tribes). In exchange for stationing troops at critical points—which meant, in effect, along the Afghan border and along the roads and rail lines leading to it—they made treaties, backed by handsome subsidies, that gave the tribes autonomy, as long as they behaved. The British settled into a military cantonment in Quetta and circuit houses near the frontier, but they administered nothing else in Balochistan. The nawabs and sardars, now supported by the Empire, and with their powers considerably reinforced, had total jurisdiction over their lands.

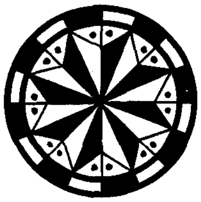
Then came Partition, in 1947, when British India was cleaved in two, to form the independent nations of India and Pakistan. There was immediate chaos in Balochistan. The nawabs and sardars insisted on their right to independence; the British refused to grant it. Ultimately, the tribal chiefs succumbed to blandishments, bribes, or threats, and, with the exception of the Khan of Kalat, yielded their princely states and tribal kingdoms to the new state of Pakistan. The Khan, to the annoyance of the British and the bewilderment of Pakistan, declared independence. It lasted only eight months. The Pakistani Army moved in and crushed the insurrection, and the Baloch were transformed. Born warriors, they became nationalists, and they have never fully forgiven Pakistan.

Wherever I went—and I travelled more than fifteen hundred miles, sometimes in jeeps, once in a Mercedes, and twice in armored cars—I was told stories, by angry students and by tribal sages, of the three rebellions that followed, especially the last, which was also the most violent, when Benazir Bhutto's father, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, ruled Pakistan. From 1973 to 1977, the elder Bhutto not only unleashed the Army in force but bombed and strafed the Baloch at random—with United States-manufactured Chinook and Huey Cobra helicopter gunships, some of them on loan, along with pilots, from the Shah of Iran. Thousands died—according to most estimates, thirty-three hundred Pakistani soldiers and over six thousand Baloch. Nearly everyone in Balochistan, whose population is only four and a half million, was in some way affected by this little-known war. The defeated guerrillas, who had been armed only with bolt-action rifles and homemade grenades, retreated to the mountains, or to Moscow or Afghanistan.

QUETTA has the reputation of being a rather dreary place, and it was with some apprehension that I checked into the Serena Hotel. It had opened only a few months earlier, and was owned by the Aga Khan. I was pleasantly surprised to find a symbol of contradiction in this ramshackle frontier town. The hotel was stylishly decorated, and had a telex and twenty telephone lines. Its bookshop featured books by Richard Nixon and Che Guevara, and there were recent issues of *The Economist*, *Vogue*, and *Vanity Fair*. In the lobby, stout men in business suits, wearing sparkling rings, talked in whispers to a bedraggled-looking group of Afghan Mujahideen. Outside, an old man struggled to load wood onto a donkey cart, and the visiting Sri Lankan cricket team was doing calisthenics in the hotel parking lot. Behind the Sri Lankans, a handwritten sign warned "Park Your Car at Your Own Risk." Shortly after my arrival, the American Ambassador checked in. He was followed by the Soviet Ambassador, and then the Chinese Vice-Minister of Geology. Officers of the Saudi Arabian Air Force checked in and out. Quetta was decidedly not dreary.

Camels and pony-drawn carts, Japanese motorbikes, jeeps and scooters clogged the streets. A traffic policeman dressed in the traditional Raj uniform of blue beret, blue sweater, and smart white belt stood all day on his elevated perch, blowing his whistle and waving his arms about. I tried to imagine the tiny outpost that the British had transformed into this Victorian sector of cricket fields, sprawling bungalows, and street lanterns that once burned coconut oil. Quetta was, after Aldershot, the largest garrison-station in the Empire, and there was also the Staff College—one of only two in the whole Empire.

From their cantonment, the British drew a sweeping line across the map. This side of the line, they said, would be British territory, and the laws of the Raj would apply. That side would be tribal territory, and the nawabs and sardars would rule. This curious land apportionment was inherited by Pakistan, and, to this day, it survives exactly as it was. I had been told that things were changing, and that I was probably seeing the last of the "real nawabs." (Only seven nawabs are left today, and some twenty sardars.) I was nonetheless astonished, forty-two years after the end of the Raj, to see how much power the tribal chiefs continued to wield. In addition to dispensing justice and administering tribal law, they raised private armies and channelled much of Balochistan's development aid. If a nawab or a sardar disagreed with a government project on his land, he simply blocked the roads, or sent out snipers and didn't permit outsiders in.



The Nawab Bugti had told me that Quetta used to be visited only by drug dealers and spies. Since the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, it has burgeoned. Now there are gunrunners, smugglers, freedom fighters, and war victims—and drug dealers and spies. One morning, I roamed through the narrow lanes of the smugglers' bazaar, where, if you have enough money and the proper contacts, you can find anything. Scores of tiny stalls hugged each other under a corrugated-tin roof. The faces of the merchants were friendly, but hardened and fierce. Some of the men wore the traditional Baloch turban; others, with falconlike faces and less elaborate turbans, were Pathans, from the north.

Piled high on shelves or neatly arranged along the lanes of the bazaar were American cigarettes for four dollars a carton; Soviet refrigerators; Black & White Scotch; designer jeans from Hong Kong; and Cuisinarts and tape recorders from the Persian Gulf. I was told that I could also buy antitank rockets and launchers, AK-47s, light cannon, land mines, and grenades—all "slippage" from the C.I.A.'s arms pipeline to the Afghan Mujahideen. For these, however, I must drive to the nearest Afghan refugee camp, just outside town. It was only the middlemen who sat in the Quetta bazaar. Some of the arms were being sold to Balochistan's nawabs and sardars; what was most worrisome to Washington was that a number of sophisticated Stinger missiles had been lost.

One night over dinner, I asked the Nawab Bugti what the Iranian Consulate—one of only two foreign diplomatic missions in Balochistan—was doing here.

"Buying Stingers," he answered matter-of-factly. He then told me that it was in Quetta, in June of 1987, that the Mujahideen had sold their first large consignment of Stingers to Iran. After days of protracted negotiations between two Mujahideen commanders and four Iranian Revolutionary Guards, the two commanders, mullahs from the Khash Rud area of western Afghanistan, agreed to sell sixteen Stingers from their stock of thirty-two, and received a million dollars. "They were also told they'd be remembered in Heaven," the Nawab said. Although he is a Muslim, he can be rather casual about Islam.

The Iranians have always consid-

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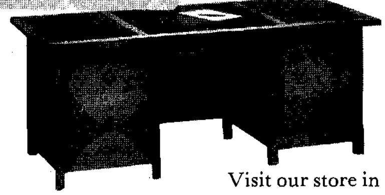

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ered Quetta a key diplomatic post for monitoring insurgency along the Iran-Balochistan border by secessionists from Iran's own population of Baloch, which numbers around a million. With the war in Afghanistan, the Iranian diplomatic presence in Quetta grew, and Teheran was now widely believed to be not only courting maverick Mujahideen commanders but also funding a militant new force of pro-Iranian Shiites who had recently entered Balochistan's turbulent political scene. Over the last few years, the Shiites (largely ethnic Hazaras, originally from Afghanistan), led by Iranian Revolutionary Guards, have killed foes of Ayatollah Khomeini who had fled to Balochistan, and have carried out attacks against Sunni Muslim Afghan-refugee camps.

Khan Dawood Jan Beglar Begi is an immense man with a close-cropped beard, who looks somewhat Levantine. As the Beglar Begi—or Sardar of Sardars, King of Kings—he is at the top of the structure of nawabs and sardars. He thus presides over the Grand Jirgas, or councils of chiefs, which settle tribal wars, and disputes between the often unruly nawabs and sardars. He is also the ruler of the former princely state of Kalat. He and his wife, Jamila, had invited me to the Kalat palace for two days. The town of Kalat is only a two-hour drive from Quetta, but it is a journey backward in time. The rooms of the palace are filled with regimental silver, rusted muskets, and Kashan rugs. Paintings and faded photographs speak of the glamour and power of nearly three centuries (beginning in 1666) when much of Balochistan was ruled by Kalat.

The Khan, dressed in a white shalwar kameez (the long shirt and bloused trousers that are Pakistan's national dress) and a black silk waistcoat, rushed into the drawing room, his hands outstretched. Though he is of sizable girth, he never seems to walk; every time I saw him, he was rushing. He is a jolly man in his mid-fifties, and seems to love to talk.

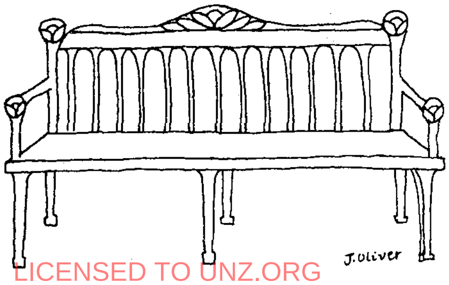
"You know, Balochistan has always been a buffer, a bridge," he told me before I could ask a question. "To understand the future, you must see the past. Before the British, and well before anyone even thought of creating Afghanistan, this was an independent area. My point is, if Afghanistan is now independent, why isn't Balochistan? We were not in the Stone Age when the British arrived. We had two Houses of Parliament, our own constitution . . . I still get furious." He picked up a pack of Marlboros and began to chain-smoke. "We've had successive rebellions to gain our rights," he said. "On October 6, 1958, the Pakistani Army raided this very house. There were twelve thousand soldiers fanning out all over Kalat. Twelve thousand soldiers, can you imagine? They took away my father and installed me as Khan. There were many more Army operations—and then you ask us why we are anti-Pakistan."

Jamila urged him to keep calm. She is a striking, outspoken woman, who brought all the palace women out of purdah when she married the Khan. Theirs was not an arranged marriage, which is almost unheard of here. But the khans have traditionally married into the royal family of Afghanistan, to which Jamila belongs, so the match was considered acceptable.

An old servant entered, pushing a silver trolley piled high with tea sandwiches, dried fruit, cakes, and, since I was an American, a tin of Nescafé. He wore white gloves and a green waistcoat, with a tiny Kalat coat of arms, and on his head was a cockade turban. He told me that he had served the palace for fifty-six years.

"First the British, then the Pakistanis, now the Americans," the Khan went on, gesticulating vehemently. The United States, concerned that the Soviet Union might attempt to destabilize Pakistan by supporting another Baloch revolt—either to retaliate against United States–Pakistani funding of the Mujahideen or to extend its own influence south from Afghanistan, through Balochistan, to the Arabian Sea—had recently begun trying to woo the Baloch tribes, with over two hundred million dollars in development aid.

"The United States government is always looking for a diversionary way of coming in," the Khan said. "In Balochistan, we are allergic to the United States. We are against you. You never try to understand us. You always try to be a nanny, or come marching in with a big stick."



The howling of dogs and the chanting of mullahs woke me at dawn; tangerine skins that Jamila's maid had put on top of a wood stove in my room scented the air. Kalat is sixty-eight hundred feet above sea level, and it was cold. The khans chose this as the seat of their kingdom—which was spread over a hundred and thirty-four thousand square miles—because it straddles the mountain area of Sarawan, in the north, and the searing deserts of Jhalawan, to the south. Temperatures in Balochistan soar in summer, and in winter plunge, in some areas, to below freezing. Something between three and twelve inches of rain falls yearly, and it usually falls all at once.

I could hear the palace coming awake outside my room. I knew that the Khan and Jamila would already be up, saying their prayers. In Kalat and the northern Pathan areas, people take their religion much more seriously than in other parts of Balochistan. During my visit, people always seemed to be saying prayers.

After breakfast, the old servant, Syed Bahar Shah, walked me through the palace, which has forty rooms. He took me first to the fourth story, where the Khan's father had weighed Mohammed Ali Jinnah, Pakistan's founder, in gold. The money was for the creation of the new nation of Pakistan, which the Khan's father had supported.

"I did the weighing," Bahar told me. "It was a glorious day. Mr. Jinnah weighed exactly ninety pounds, and he got his weight in gold. Then I weighed his sister Fatima, and His Highness presented her with a chain that was worth one million dollars at that time. It was gold, with diamonds, emeralds, and rubies."

We walked on. "Here is where His Highness raised the flag of independence in August, 1947," Bahar explained, pointing to the highest minaret on the mosque. He went on telling me of Kalat's glittering past, through its furniture, cushions, and rugs. Then came the abrupt interruption of the present: unmistakable pockmarks of bombings in the palace courtyard; broken benches; scattered rubble. The Khan keeps the courtyard this way as a reminder that Baloch nationalism had its origins in Kalat.

Later in the day, Jamila and I got into a Pajero—a Mitsubishi jeep, which is the new status symbol of Balochistan's élite—and drove around Kalat, visiting some of her projects, which include health programs, cottage industries, and a school. She introduced me to Zuleah, a short woman with a ring stud in her nose. Zuleah had been accused of adultery and sentenced to death under tribal law. Jamila was furious—she knew from her maids that the woman was innocent, that her husband simply wanted her out of the way—so she had confronted the sardar of Zuleah's tribe. It was a bold and unusual step. "Women have no rights here whatsoever," she told me. "I had a terrible time getting this woman out"—and, later, two others. "I was able to do it only because I am the wife of the Khan." She went on, "The Khan has been very liberal with me, allowing me to meet men. My mother-in-law had to do even her shopping inside the house."

Jamila moved among the women with grace and ease. They kissed her hand, then placed it to their eyes. It was part of the Khanate's code of honor; they would, if necessary, give her their most precious possession—their eyes. "If only I could do more," she said. "But we just can't do anything for our women unless the men agree. First, I have to talk to their husbands and fathers, then to their nawabs and sardars. We're living in the jet age. Why won't the sardars let their women out?" She told me that during the November, 1988, elections she had campaigned among Kalat's women for two of her brothers-in-law. Both were defeated by mullahs. I was surprised to learn that Balochistan was the only place in Pakistan where the electoral strength of the mullahs had increased.

We returned to the palace, so that I could say goodbye to the Khan.

"We have a saying here: 'A Baloch child may be born without socks on his feet, but, when he grows, every step he takes is on gold,' " he told me. "We have vast amounts of minerals, copper, marble, uranium, gas, and oil. One day, we'll be prosperous, and that's the day that we'll be listened to by the world."

I asked him if he thought there would be another insurrection.

"We don't know what's going to come, but we can judge from our past," he answered. "No one is going to give us anything on a plate. We will have to fight for it. The Baloch have always got things themselves."

I asked if that was why everyone was so heavily armed.

"Good gracious." He chuckled. "How can we not be armed? There are so many American weapons just floating about. A Stinger costs twenty lakh rupees"—about a hundred thousand dollars—"though the Iranians are paying more. A Redeye missile costs the equivalent of only thirty-five thousand dollars. A SAM-7 is about the same. Antitank rocket launchers, at twelve hundred and fifty dollars, are very reduced these days."

I was driven back to Quetta in one of the Khan's bulletproof cars, through mountains that dropped to desert, and then onto a plateau. Balochistan has a fortresslike feeling about it, or so it seemed to me, as though the Baloch would go to any lengths to shut out the rest of the world. When they leave their deserts and mountains, they say they are going to "Hindustan." For most people Hindustan means India. For the Baloch it also means anyplace else in Pakistan. Unlike the rest of the country, Balochistan has only thirty-one people per square mile. (Its people are outnumbered by sheep and goats three to one.) Today, every fifth person is an Afghan refugee, and the Baloch are bitter that they are losing their identity.

I HAD insisted to the Nawab Bugti that I wanted to see Balochistan, and finally he arranged for me to travel from Quetta to the Arabian Sea, with Mir Humayun Khan Marri, his son-in-law. Humayun is also the nephew, and possible political heir, of Khair Bux Marri, the powerful Nawab of the Marris, who has lived in Afghanistan since shortly after the last insurgency. Humayun was the provincial minister of communications and works. He had been the finance minister, holding the most important portfolio in the government of Balochistan, but the Nawab, perhaps with more force than tact, had snatched that ministry away and given it to a mullah whose only formal education was in a Koranic school. Otherwise, the mullahs had

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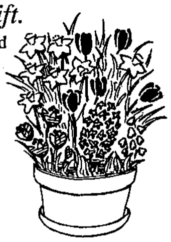

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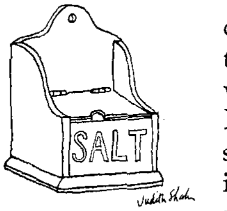
threatened to leave his government and form a coalition with Benazir Bhutto, and that would have sent the Nawab into the political wilderness again.

Humayun, a shortish, bearded man in his late thirties, was an economist and an engineer, and had spent time in Colorado and Arizona on an A.I.D. grant. The purpose of the trip, he told me, was to inspect road-building projects, bridges, and schools. Two engineers from his ministry—along with his bodyguard and his secretary—were also making the trip.



As we left Quetta, Humayun showed me an old signpost beside the road. It had an arrow pointing west, and bold white lettering that read "London, 9,470 Km." We travelled straight down the center of Balochistan to the Arabian Sea. We went from the Pathan areas through the lands of the Baloch and those of the Brahuis (whose language derives from Dravidian), and we ended among the Makranis, some of whose ancestors were brought to Balochistan as slaves from Africa during the Middle Ages. We travelled nearly a thousand miles, during the last part of the journey retracing the route of Alexander the Great, zigzagging between the desert and the sea. There was no coastal road in Alexander's time, and there is none now.

Speeding along the national highway, we passed nomadic tribesmen migrating to lusher lands—a long camel train of herds, bedding, and children. The Baloch have always disdained the artificial lines of the British mapmakers, who literally quartered the tribal nation in the nineteenth century. Today, the tribesmen come and go as they always have, migrating between their traditional homelands in Pakistan, southern Afghanistan, and the eastern fringes of Iran.

As we went south, the temperature rose. Customs officials with M-16 rifles searched a brightly painted truck—filled, I guessed, with electronic items smuggled via Iran from the Persian Gulf. A hunched old man pulled a hand plow across a parched field. A smuggler roared by him—at least, Humayun said he was a smuggler—in an air-conditioned Mercedes-Benz. Students were plastering anti-American slogans on baked-mud walls.

I asked Humayun why the Baloch had such bitter feelings about Pakistan.

"Just look at the figures," he said. "They speak for themselves." He pulled a raft of documents out of an attaché case. There were scarcely any Baloch in the Pakistani Army, civil service, or diplomatic corps. Of a total of fourteen provincial government secretaries in Quetta, only four were Baloch; of a total of thirty-two hundred students at Balochistan University, fewer than five hundred were Baloch; of a total of a hundred and eighty faculty members, only thirty were Baloch. Balochistan's coal is sent to the Punjab, so the Baloch have to burn wood trucked in from Sindh. Its onyx and marble are shipped to Karachi for finishing, and its natural gas is piped to industrial belts in the Punjab and Sindh, returning in cylinders to Balochistan. The largest gas fields in Asia are in Sui, on the Nawab Bugti's tribal lands, and although he denies that he gets more than a "stipend" in royalties, many people told me that he had become a millionaire. In 1983, after threatening the Pakistani government for nearly thirty years, he finally succeeded in getting a pipeline that connects Quetta, but no other major towns, to the southeastern Sui gas fields. There was a crisis in August, when Bugti tribesmen seized Sui's airport and threatened to disrupt the gas fields if the central government did not meet the Nawab's demand for a billion two hundred million rupees—sixty million dollars—which he claims that the Balochistan government should receive as an annual development surcharge from the Sui fields.

"So, you see," Humayun told me, "we're being exploited and neglected. We're bitter; we're angry; we're armed."

We began to climb through lofty passes of the Brahui mountains, between peaks covered with mist. In the midst of the rock-strewn mountains, there was a burst of unexpected color—the white, pink, and lavender blossoms of apricot and almond trees. I watched a herd of sheep grazing under a radar device. A sign announced that we were passing through a "Prohibited Area"—a surveillance center, Humayun said. Military aircraft flew overhead in formation. We were now on the road to Iran. Over thirty thousand troops are garrisoned in Balochistan's major towns. It seemed to me that they were watching Afghanistan and Iran, but the Baloch insist, twelve years after their last rebellion was suppressed, that the Pakistani Army is still watching them.

"You know, we have the area, the resources, the strategic points, and the coast," Humayun said. "If you think about it, we *are* Pakistan."

A solitary figure sat on a craggy rock, playing a *nar* flute as he watched his flock. Ahead, a large group of tribesmen waited along the desolate road. We were about to have our first *hal*. The *hal*, the exchange of news, is as integral a part of tribal life as respect and honor are. We were just outside the town of Zawa, the home of the Zehri tribe. The Zehris are the largest tribe in the southern desert of Jhalawan, and the bloodiest. Humayun had said, "They are very good at killing each other." I glanced ahead at their walled compound, ringed by rifle sights. I had met their previous sardar, a hunchback named Doda Khan, in Quetta some years before. He had explained to me that he hadn't always been a hunchback, but that his uncles, to deprive him of the sardarship, threw him out the window of a moving train. He was fortunate, he had told me; he had survived, and become sardar. He had two wives, who had given him a number of sons, but he totally distrusted all of them except Rasool Bux, who was to be his heir, and so had had the rest of them locked away in jail.

"Poor Doda Khan, poor Rasool Bux," one of the tribal elders now said to me, through an interpreter. "When Doda Khan died, all his sons were let out of jail, and Sanaullah"—a brash young man, who is now a member of the provincial assembly—"and his three brothers murdered Rasool Bux. Sanaullah thus became our new sardar." During Pakistan's last elections, his campaign slogan was that he had already killed fifty-six men and wouldn't mind killing others if they didn't vote for him.

The Zehris wanted to exchange gossip and news: How was the Nawab balancing his fragile coalition government of mullahs, who were loyal to Libya and Iran, and energetic students, who were loyal to Marx? Would the Khan of Kalat call a Grand Jirga to dispense punishment for the murder of Rasool Bux? What was the news of the Afghanistan war? Most important, though, the Zehris wanted jobs. Humayun's ministry was the largest in Balochistan, and employed some twelve thousand workers; a laborer could make a thousand rupees (fifty dollars) a month—three times what most of the Zehris were making now.

I glanced around at the faces; none seemed particularly pleased, and it was curious that they were bringing their complaints directly to a minister, rather than going through their sardar. This was not considered particularly good form, and I wondered whether, since the death of the powerful Doda Khan, the hierarchical, tribal system nurtured by the British was beginning to break down in Jhalawan.

EARLY that evening, as I sat on the terrace of the Las Bela Circuit House, a Victorian structure with wide verandas and spacious lawns, a group of students joined me and began to talk. In Balochistan's tribal society, which lacks a significant middle class, the students and former students fill the vacuum, and are a strong political force. Since the United States has an enormous stake in Pakistan, and considers it Washington's most important ally in one of the world's most volatile regions, I asked the students what they thought of the United States. They said that they didn't like it much at all. The conversation jumped from Angola and Central America to Afghanistan and Vietnam. They might have been able to overlook those excesses, they said, if they had been able to study in the United States, but they hadn't even been able to do that.

"All the American scholarships are based on patronage, and whom you know," a medical student named Halim told me. He had applied and been turned down three times. Consequently, most students went to the Soviet Union, he said. Every year since the late nineteen-sixties, a hundred or so Baloch had gone to Patrice Lumumba University, in Moscow, or to Czechoslovakia or East Berlin. Some came back to Balochistan, but they usually couldn't get jobs; others now went to Kabul to join Khair Bux Marri or to join the Baloch Liberation Movement or the Baloch People's Liberation Front.

The students suggested that we go into town. Town was really little more than a few dusty streets leading to an elaborately inlaid arabesque mosque. Outside tea stalls, men sat cross-legged

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on rope charpoys, smoking opium pipes. A line of silent women walked home from the well, balancing earthen jugs of water on their heads. The students talked of Marx as the mullahs chanted evening prayers. (The students said they didn't like the mullahs any better than they liked the United States.) As we walked, Balochistan again struck me as a contradiction. There were no roads, but for only ten dollars you could buy a bottle of forbidden Black & White Scotch; there were no schools—illiteracy here was ninety-five per cent—but everyone seemed to have a radio, and in the most isolated villages tribesmen were agile in discussing world affairs. Undeveloped Balochistan certainly was; backward it certainly was not.

We stopped to watch camels being auctioned under a cluster of palms. "Camels!" A young economist named Tariq was clearly outraged. "We still ride camels in the twentieth century. The world totally ignores Balochistan. We need electricity, water, hospitals, roads, and schools."

"What we need is a revolution," his friend Ayub said.

The students argued a bit, then explained to me that the Baloch Students Organization (which is said to be funded by the Soviets) had recently split. The more conservative Marxists supported the Nawab; the more radical supported Khair Bux Marri and the Baloch who were now organizing in Kabul and Kandahar.

I asked if Marxism and Nawabism were compatible.

"Absolutely not. We are against all the old systems," Ayub said. "The tribal system is an obstacle to development, and it should be abolished. It cannot meet the people's needs."

Then why, I asked him, did he so strongly support Khair Bux Marri, who was, after all, a nawab?

"Because," Ayub told me, "he's first a nationalist; second, a Marxist; and, third, a progressive nawab."

MIR GHAUS BUX BIZENJO is one of four great names in Baloch politics, the others being Khair Bux Marri; Ataullah Mengal, sardar of the Mengal tribe; and the Nawab Bugti. Unlike the others, however, Bizenjo was neither a nawab nor a sardar. He had the birthright but chose politics instead. Until his death, a few months after I met him, he was the undisputed elder statesman of Balochistan. His village of Nal, where we met, is close to Mengal's home village of Wadh; both are walled compounds in the heart of Jhalawan.

In his youth, Bizenjo had been a firebrand orator and the most articulate proponent of an independent Balochistan. He was a courtly man with a handlebar mustache and a mane of white hair. I asked him what he and his nationalist party wanted.

"Pure and simple," he answered. "Greater autonomy within Pakistan. Why can we not have the right to keep our traditions, history, language, and culture alive? All we're demanding is what you have in America—it's called states' rights. We want the right to rule our own people, and our own lands, excluding, of course, defense, communications, currency, and foreign affairs. Is that impossible? Is it a hopeless dream? We have been demanding this for forty years, but in Islamabad it falls on deaf ears." He hesitated. "That's what I want, in any case," he said. "But the students, the young people, they're frustrated and angry, and have become increasingly vocal of late. They say, 'We have no future in Pakistan.' " He paused for a moment, then he smiled. "They're becoming rather like I used to be."

Bizenjo was a nineteen-thirties-style Communist—a legacy of his student days, at Aligarh University, which was known as the Cambridge of the East. He was also an internationalist and a secularist. In his Nal study, images of the Buddha and Zoroaster shared space with Marx, Lenin, and Ho Chi Minh. His library was said to be one of the finest in Pakistan. He was Balochistan's governor in 1972 and 1973, when Khair Bux Marri led the National Awami Party, and Ataullah Mengal was chief minister. Since the Nawab Bugti was only the second elected leader to rule the Baloch, I

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well, and grow less fearful. Now from his window
he should be able to see the red flowers of the quince
against the uneven gray slats of the fence. Indomitable

beauty, it keeps this up for weeks, for months
on end. Enjoying sunlight when it can, it still
gets by with little, but, if brought indoors

and forced, its flowers fade almost to white,
the white of celadon. Keeping their original vividness
only as memory or echo, they are what I know

from dim gardens in Europe, yet here they seem
more darkly attended, linked to the ships' horns
sounding through fog that forestalled the sunset.

And the city covers with a cloak of muffled light
more hills than are in Jerusalem or Rome. There once
was a great hope somewhere nearby thousands rushed to—

it echoes still in winter sunlight, flowers, and fog.

—JOHN ASH

• •

asked Bizenjo what he thought the Nawab's chances of political survival were.

"Poor Akbar," he answered. "He's found himself in a mess—all those mullahs demanding new rights and portfolios every day. If he doesn't watch himself, we'll become what you call an Islamic fundamentalist state. Well, our government lasted only nine months before Bhutto squashed it and put us all in jail. Akbar has not inherited a very auspicious precedent."

I asked him how long he thought the nawabs and sardars could survive. He himself had often said they were an anachronism in the twentieth century.

"For better or worse, as long as we're a tribal society they have to exist," he told me. "They're the final arbiters, the executive authorities of the tribes; they safeguard the tribes' interests. You can't legislate them out of being, as Bhutto tried to do. You've got to change the system. Otherwise, there will be chaos, and our entire social organization will break down."

Balochistan had always been the most secular part of Pakistan, or so it seemed to me. I asked Bizenjo why the mullahs had made such surprising electoral gains.

He said that they had been funded, and their campaigns run, by Pakistan's military intelligence. "The mullahs are not nationalists or anti-imperialists," he said with a loud laugh, taking a pinch of snuff from a small leather pouch.

Before I left, he expressed concern over continuing American and Pakistani sponsorship of the Mujahideen, saying, "You are playing with fire. The Afghan civil war is already spilling across our borders, and could become a regional war. It could also bring the pro-Kabul Baloch insurgents out of the hills."

Benazir Bhutto had just offered Khair Bux Marri and his guerrillas amnesty. Would they come back? I asked.

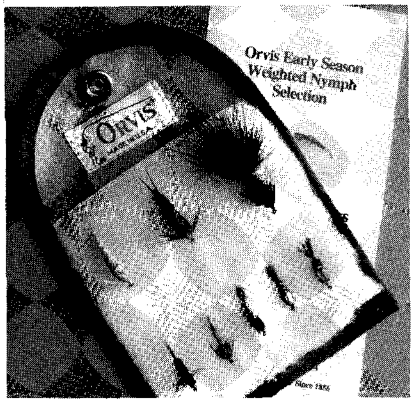
"That is what you would call the sixty-four-thousand-dollar question," Bizenjo said.

TURBAT is a sprawling town of whitewashed adobe houses, a hundred thousand people, and a booming black-market economy. It is also the administrative center of the Makran Coast. After three days, we had finally reached Pakistan's geopolitical heart. Makran's harbors—Pasni, Gwadar, Sonmiani, and Ormara—are considered among the best of the Arabian Sea's natural warm-water ports, and Makran also shares a land border with Iran.

We were picked up at the guesthouse in Turbat one morning by two silent, handsome men with strong, chiselled faces and jet-black beards. They wore Baloch turbans, and they carried AK-47s. I told Humayun that I couldn't bear to look at one more bridge or road. He smiled sympathetically and told me we were taking the morning off. We could now concentrate on his uncle, and were going to have breakfast with the Marri tribe.

Like the Nawab Bugti, Khair Bux Marri had been installed by the British as Nawab of his tribe. He, too, had been sent to Aitchison College and had been a ward of the British Crown. But he had not embraced all that was British, as the Nawab Bugti had done. During his days at Aitchison, I had been told, Khair Bux prided himself primarily on his dress. He favored Savile Row jackets and Gucci shoes, loved flashy sunglasses and even flashier cars. His one dream during that time, Humayun said, was to go to Hollywood and meet Errol Flynn. Indeed, it appeared that everything he did—the way he clipped his mustache, the way he combed his hair, his speech, his mannerisms—was an expression of loyalty to the Errol Flynn mystique. Then, in 1958, the Pakistani Army crushed Balochistan's second revolt, and Khair Bux, a budding politician, became a Marxist. He was a powerful speaker, with a lively intellect, I had been told, and was largely responsible for the sweeping victory of the nationalists in the December, 1970, elections. The government that came to power then was the first popularly elected government that Balochistan had had. It didn't last long, however—nine months—and the nationalists' abrupt dismissal by Zulfikar Ali Bhutto was what provoked the 1973-77 insurgency. Now Khair Bux was in Kabul, with a well-trained, well-armed guerrilla force of at least five thousand men. His choices could well determine the future course of Balochistan.

We left the road and travelled along a sandy tract. A volley of shots rang down from a sand dune. It was the traditional Marri welcome, and we



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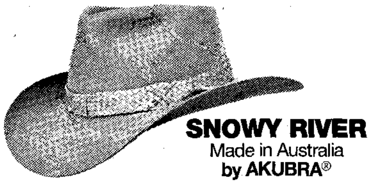
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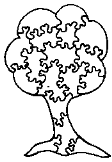
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were now inside their camp. The men embraced Humayun, nodded somewhat hesitantly at me, and then led us to a thatched *joug* hut. It reminded me of an old-fashioned bandstand, with open sides, and thick bamboo columns supporting a conical roof. Its sandy floor was covered with carpets, and pillows of gay colors were neatly arranged. Before we entered, we removed our shoes. Above the seat of honor, at the head of the *joug*, was a large tinted photograph of the old guerrilla fighter "General" Sher Mohammed Marri, who now led a group of Baloch insurgents based in southern Afghanistan, only twenty-three miles from the Balochistan border. Next to it was a photograph of Khair Bux. His face was strong and sympathetic, though unsmiling. I was told to take the seat of honor, and a shy little boy brought me a glass of water, an apple, cigarettes, and a box of matches. The apple was Iranian, the cigarettes were British, and the matches were Soviet. Then the *hal* began.

As Humayun inspected a new delivery of American rifles—Winchesters, I was told—I looked around at the nomadic encampment, of some thirty families. They had travelled on foot for more than a thousand miles, from the northern Marri area to the Arabian Sea. Tents of black goatskin blended with other *jougs*. Everything was shaded by groves of palms. Beyond us, a fire was being laid in a pit dug in the sand, and men with rifles over their shoulders began preparing food and large cisterns of thick, pungent tea. They scooped dough out of elaborately painted earthenware bowls, wrapped it around stones, and laid the stones on the coals; then they put other stones on top of them, to make the traditional Baloch bread. I saw flashes of embroidery and vivid colors inside the huts and tents, and I knew that women were watching. But I would probably not meet them; I never did.

Humayun asked me if I wanted to listen to Baloch music. I expected a bard; instead, one of the Marris brought a four-speaker Sony tape recorder into the *joug*. It was in an exquisite hand-embroidered case, with golden tassels and tiny mirror inserts. A large man with a red mustache and a long white beard explained, "Our poets no longer sing of roses but of cries for justice and revenge." The tape began playing. The shrill, haunting *nar* flute accompanied the storyteller's rhythmical chants:

> I sing of the mountains which are
> our natural forts. . . .
> I sing of the red rose which is the
> color of our blood. . . .
> May Allah curse the Pakistani government and martial law. . . .

Three generations of Marris sat cross-legged on the floor. Some had fought the British; some had been jailed and tortured during Zulfikar Ali Bhutto's time; some were waiting to hear from Khair Bux Marri, to see what would happen next. I asked them to tell me about their Nawab, and the fierce-looking faces finally beamed with smiles.

First, they told me about his grandfather Khair Bux the Great, who had led resistance to the British at the turn of the century, and then about his father, Meherullah Khan, who had also been in the forefront of anti-British activity. The Marris, who control thirty-four hundred square miles of land and are Balochistan's largest tribe (they number about a hundred and thirty-four thousand), also consider themselves Balochistan's master race.

The tribesmen were joined by a civil engineer. He had got his master's degree at the University of the Punjab, but, as a Marri, he had returned to work in Balochistan. A tribesman interrupted to tell me about his grandmother, who had fought on a battlefield. "She fought like a general," he said proudly. It had been a tribal war to avenge the death of her son.

Scores of children sat quietly outside the hut, listening intently to the stories.

A large man with a stern mouth partly hidden by a beard leaned over and told me to eat. The breakfast was enormous: grilled lamb and chicken; more Iranian apples; sweet cakes and bread—all cooked over charcoal, in the pit dug in the sand.

Most of the tribesmen hadn't seen Khair Bux Marri in years, but that appeared merely to fuel the legend. He was imprisoned after the insurgency was put down, and following his release he and Ataullah Mengal went into exile in London. Mengal is still there. In 1981, Khair Bux moved to Kabul, where large numbers of Marri guerrillas were already being trained. Since then, thousands of other Marris have moved to Afghanistan.

One man said as he filled his pipe with tobacco from a bright embroidered pouch, "Just last year, when Khair Bux issued a call for the tribe to join him, some fifteen thousand tribesmen responded, selling their belongings and herds, and crossing the border." The Balochistan government had found it impossible to stop the exodus.

I asked him if he would still take an oath of innocence by placing his hand on Khair Bux's head.

He seemed somewhat startled. "Of course, why not?" he asked.

"What do the Marris want?" I asked, glancing around the *joug*. Independence? Greater autonomy? A reunification of the Baloch tribal lands?

There was only a temporary hesitation. Then one young man said, "Whatever our Nawab tells us."

BY the time we reached Turbat, I had learned a lot. Young men from the Baloch Students Organization, the B.S.O., had told me how wonderful the Afghan "revolution" had been. Old mullahs had told me how wonderful the Iranian revolution had been. Provincial government officials (mostly Punjabis, I learned) had told me they found absolutely nothing wonderful about being posted to Balochistan's hinterland. Over fifty per cent of Balochistan's annual budget of three hundred and twenty-five million dollars goes for public services and salaries of civil servants, I had learned. Most of these civil servants, of course, were comfortably in Quetta, not here in the hinterland. Less than seventy-five million dollars goes for development. I had learned that the literacy rate of women in the interior was only one or two per cent, and that the murder rate, on average, was one or two a day. I had watched Balochistan's main forms of entertainment,

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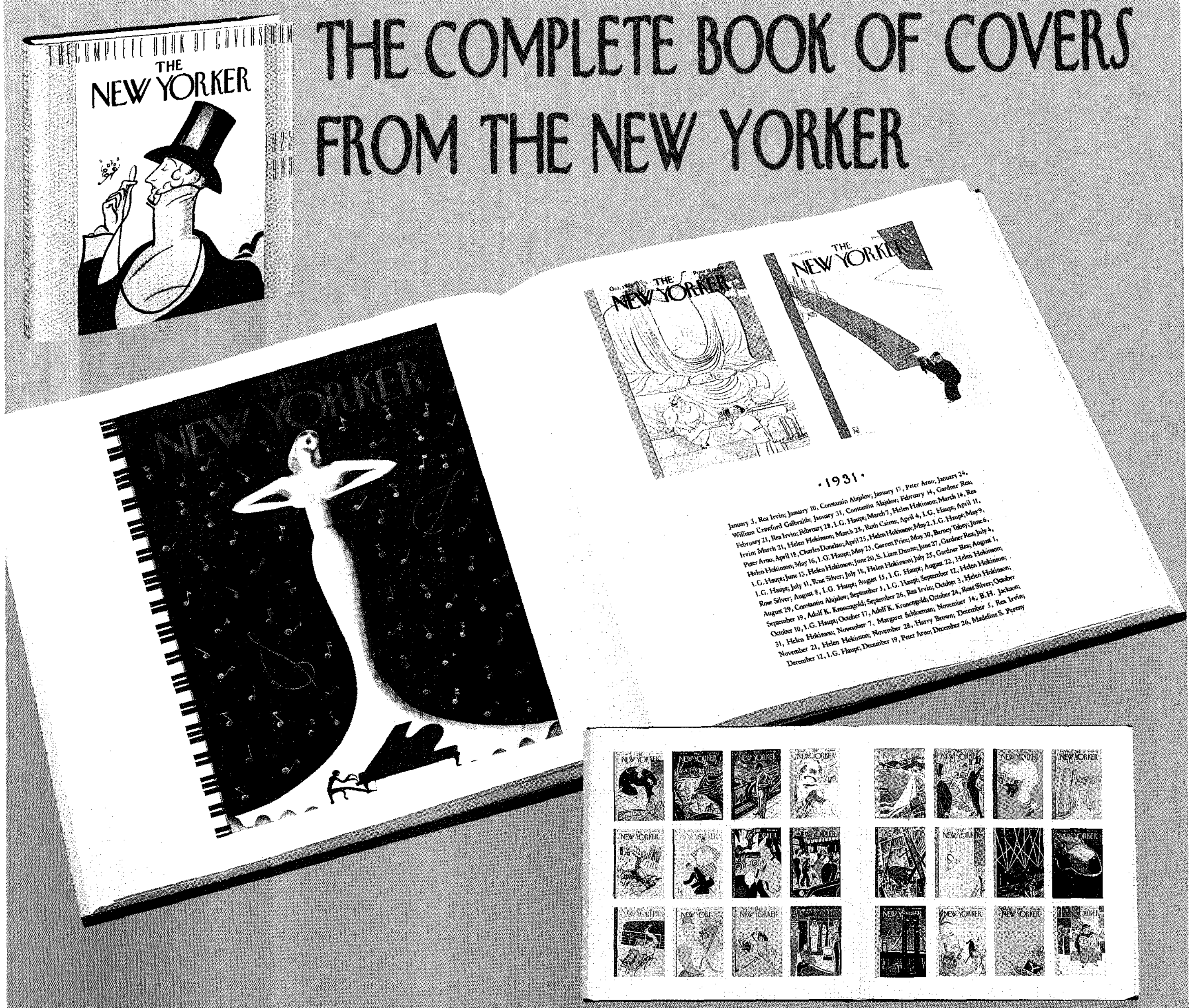

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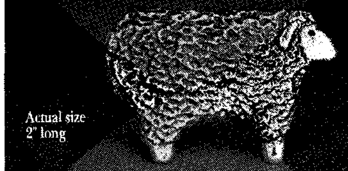

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cricket and cockfights, in dusty towns; watched men congregate in the tea shops, to chew or drink a powerful concoction of hashish and marijuana known as *bung*. I had also seen towering volcanic mountains and tranquil desert oases, with herds grazing under palms. When I asked Humayun about Turbat, he told me that it means "grave." Makran's second city, Panjgur, means "five graves."

Makran, which is spread over thirty thousand square miles, is Balochistan's second-largest division, and has less than sixty miles of metalled roads. They had meant to build roads, provincial officials told us, but one problem was superseded by the next. Much of the money had gone into contractors' pockets, and, once that was sorted out, angry tribesmen, or angrier students, had blocked construction sites, throwing rocks at the work crews who were courageous enough to arrive. As far as I could figure out, the students and tribesmen considered road building part of a "plot" by the Pakistani Army and the Americans to take over the Makran Coast. The Americans may say that they have come here to improve irrigation systems and build bridges and roads, but the Baloch are convinced that they are building bases and landing strips.

One afternoon, we went out to an A.I.D. project—road building, again—and were told by the supervising engineer, Mike Marra, an American, that the project, part of a hundred-and-seven-million-dollar United States effort to develop the Makran region, was "a total mess." It was one of A.I.D.'s largest road projects in Pakistan, but he couldn't get the materials he needed from the Pakistani contractor—whose company was owned by relatives of the President, Ghulam Ishaq Khan—and sixty per cent of the time had elapsed with only six per cent of the work done. It didn't help that his engineers had to be escorted by armed guards. When the project began, in 1987, students had pelted the engineers with rocks. "I've never seen anything like this place," he said. He seemed about to weep when he told us that he had been here for eighteen months; his replacement had arrived the week before but had had a heart attack his first day on the job.

Next, we went to an American bridge-building project over the Kech River, which regularly floods during the rains, often claiming scores of lives. This project seemed to be going well, but Naim Baloch, a B.S.O. leader, took me aside and told me to look around. "See the way they tie their turbans," he said, pointing to the laborers scurrying about the site. "Ninety-nine per cent of them are Afghan refugees. The Americans have never trusted the Baloch."

When I asked an American why Afghans had been hired, he told me that they worked more cheaply and that the Baloch wouldn't do manual jobs. I thought of the Zehri tribesmen we had met along the road.

Makran is different from the rest of Balochistan. Nearly ninety-five per cent of its people—who number about six hundred and fifty thousand—live on less than five per cent of the land, rather than in isolated tribal pockets, as many of the Baloch do. It prides itself on its level of education (though even among men the literacy rate is only twelve per cent); and, to all intents and purposes, there is no tribal hierarchy here. The sea has meant openness—conquerors have come in, and Makranis have gone out. The principal port, Gwadar, once belonged to Oman. It was given to the Sultan of Oman by the Khan of Kalat in the eighteenth century, and was sold back to Pakistan for about ten million dollars in 1958. The sales agreement gave the Sultan recruiting rights, and large numbers of Makranis serve in Oman's Army and Navy. Those from Gwadar retain dual nationality with Oman, and each year thousands of other Makranis continue to go and work in the Gulf. For those who remain behind, the mainstay of the economy is smuggling, and Makran is emerging as an important transit center for the heroin trade.

One morning, I went to Turbat Hospital, hoping to find out what impact Gulf remittances had had on Balochistan's most sensitive geopolitical slice of land. I met three doctors, Shafi, Mohsin, and Hamid, who ranged in age from the early thirties to the mid-fifties. They told me that the impact had been immense, and that people were now returning after twenty years with, according to Dr. Shafi, "great expectations, and little reality." Those with money had no place to invest it; those without money couldn't find jobs. Turbat still had no electricity

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—the town's center operated on generators provided by the Chinese—and the Gulf workers couldn't even plug in their VCRs.

We met Major Ghulam Mohammed, who had served in the Omani Army for twenty years and had recently returned. He was riding a new red Honda motorbike, and told us that he had been luckier than most. He had gone into business and built a market and a hotel. "But most of these workers are uneducated," he said. "What are they to do when they come back? They've also been exposed to the most conservative Islam on earth. We in Makran have always been secular. But many of these returning workers are hard-core fundamentalists."

He told us that the Baloch in the Omani Army used to number some twelve thousand. The total strength of the Army is only eighteen thousand men. Now, however, the number of Baloch was being dramatically cut, to about four thousand men. "And what happens to these chaps when they come back?" he said.

"Will they join the Pakistani Army?" I asked him. Non-representation in the Army was, after all, one of the Baloch's complaints.

"I doubt it," Major Ghulam said. "An unskilled, uneducated private in the Omani Army makes the equivalent of five hundred and fifty dollars a month; a lieutenant colonel in the Pakistani Army makes a hundred and seventy-five dollars a month."

OUR last night in Turbat, Humayun and I called on the Nawab of Makran, Khalid Khan Gichki. He is not a tribal leader; his title derives from the fact that his family ruled Makran for five hundred years. An intelligent, thoughtful man of forty-five, the Nawab was surrounded by a group of lively relatives when we arrived. We sat in the old Durbar Hall, where the Nawab used to give audiences from a princely-looking chair. Lofty arched doorways led to a spiral staircase, and there were touches of rococo and Chippendale.

The Nawab, who is basically pro-American, was concerned about what was happening in Balochistan. "Just as in the days of the British, we're considered no more than a buffer, a toy on the chessboard, being popped about," he told us. "The Americans and the Russians both have their eyes

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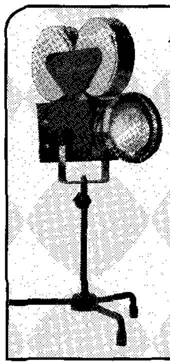
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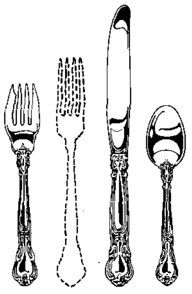

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on our warm-water ports. But what is the benefit to the people of what the Americans and the Soviets are doing here?"

The benefits could be quite substantial, I suggested. The non-Communist world was pouring hundreds of millions of dollars into Balochistan. Not only were the Americans building bridges and roads but Canada and Kuwait were funding electricity and power projects. The Asian Development Bank was constructing fishing ports. The World Bank, the Saudis, and the Japanese were all attempting to counter Soviet influence with crash programs of development aid.

"Ah, but are these the projects that we need?" the Nawab said. "For thirty-three years, we have been discussing the Mirani Dam. If this dam were built, it would cultivate nearly fifty thousand acres of land, and Makran would bloom. But did the Western countries think of doing this? No. We Baloch are never consulted on what we need." (In fact, a week later it was announced that the Soviet Union had agreed to finance the Mirani Dam.)

"In the old days, Balochistan was so simple," the Nawab went on. "Now the pressures, the tension, the fissures—everyone has become so extreme, especially the students and the mullahs. And they are the ones who are posing the most serious challenge to the nawabs and sardars."

He paused for a moment, then said, "I fear that we are sitting on an ammunition dump and that at any moment it could explode."

I asked him what he meant, and a cousin answered, from across the room. "Balochistan, especially Makran, could become another Beirut. Look at the arms inflow. A bullet costs only one rupee; an egg costs two. There is a lot of money, combined with a lot of illiteracy. We are driving Mitsubishis, but we're still in the Stone Age. Old family feuds are still going on. And there are all these special militias floating about. There are also some four thousand Iranian Baloch living in the Central Makran Range, fully armed and supported by Iraq, who are running cross-border operations into Iran. No one can touch them—not the Army, not the government. They do whatever they want." (A provincial government official later told me that the Iranians—who were supporters of the Shah as well as Baloch—probably numbered closer to five hundred. But then *he* had never been to Makran.)

The next day, we stood on the tarmac of Pasni airport, sixty miles south of Turbat, waiting to receive the Nawab Bugti. He was coming, along with Benazir Bhutto—and his entire government, and much of hers—to inaugurate a new fishing port. In a sense, the day was also to be a test of strength. The Nawab was a prominent member of an opposition alliance that was attempting to bring Ms. Bhutto's government down, and he regularly challenged the Prime Minister on issues of provincial autonomy. She had tried to deny him the chief ministership once (he has since accused her of attempting to topple his government), by dissolving the provincial assembly in the middle of the night and calling for new elections. Many considered her actions a rather dangerous mistake, since, for Ms. Bhutto, formidable political ghosts stalk Balochistan. What is now referred to as "the 3 A.M. coup" did not, however, catch the Nawab unawares. "What the lady didn't realize," he told me, "is that I'm an insomniac."

WHEN I returned to Quetta, by plane, I found that the usually sleepy airport had been jolted alive by the arrival from Peshawar of the political leaders of the Afghan Mujahideen. They had come to meet the American Ambassador, who had come to meet the Nawab Bugti. It seemed to me that, in a sense, much of what was now happening in Balochistan sprang from what was happening in Afghanistan: the radicalization of the students and former students; the rise of the mullahs in politics; Khair Bux Marri's uncertain future; and the emergence of increasingly vocal Pathan nationalists. All of Pakistan's provinces had been gerrymandered to avoid tribal dominance, so the Baloch, in the south, are offset by nearly two million Pathans, who dominate the north. Since the days of the British, there has been suspicion and antagonism between the two groups.

One day just after dawn, I left Quetta with my hotel driver and headed north. A government official had provided a security escort and told me that when I reached the town of Pishin, an hour's drive away, the deputy commissioner would be waiting and would show me around. As we drove out of Quetta, I was struck by the way that the towns and villages to the east and north blended more naturally into Afghanistan, of which they were once a part. The Pathans, making up nearly half of Balochistan's population, are an enterprising people. They control many of Balochistan's businesses and much of its trade, and are generally more prosperous and better educated than the Baloch. The Pathan nawabs and sardars don't rule nearly as arbitrarily as their Baloch counterparts but settle things through the traditional Jirgas. "We are far more democratic," one Pathan told me. "If you want to weigh a Baloch tribe, you weigh its nawab. If you want to weigh a Pathan tribe, the whole tribe must be weighed. And we are far better fighters. A Baloch has never captured any Pathan land." It seemed a rather ominous statement, since Baloch-Pathan clashes, primarily over jobs, had become a pattern over the years.

Once I reached Pishin, it became apparent that, for all practical purposes, Balochistan's northern border with Afghanistan had disappeared. Afghan refugees now dominated the northern towns, and the Mujahideen had transformed Pishin, Zhob, and Chaman into staging areas for the war. Afghanistan, or so it seemed to me, had effectively extended fifty miles south. Like the Baloch, many of the Pathans who normally lived here had never wanted to be Pakistani, and from time to time had called for self-determination within their own Pakhtunistan. The desire for Pakhtunistan, I discovered, had been made considerably stronger by the war in Afghanistan.

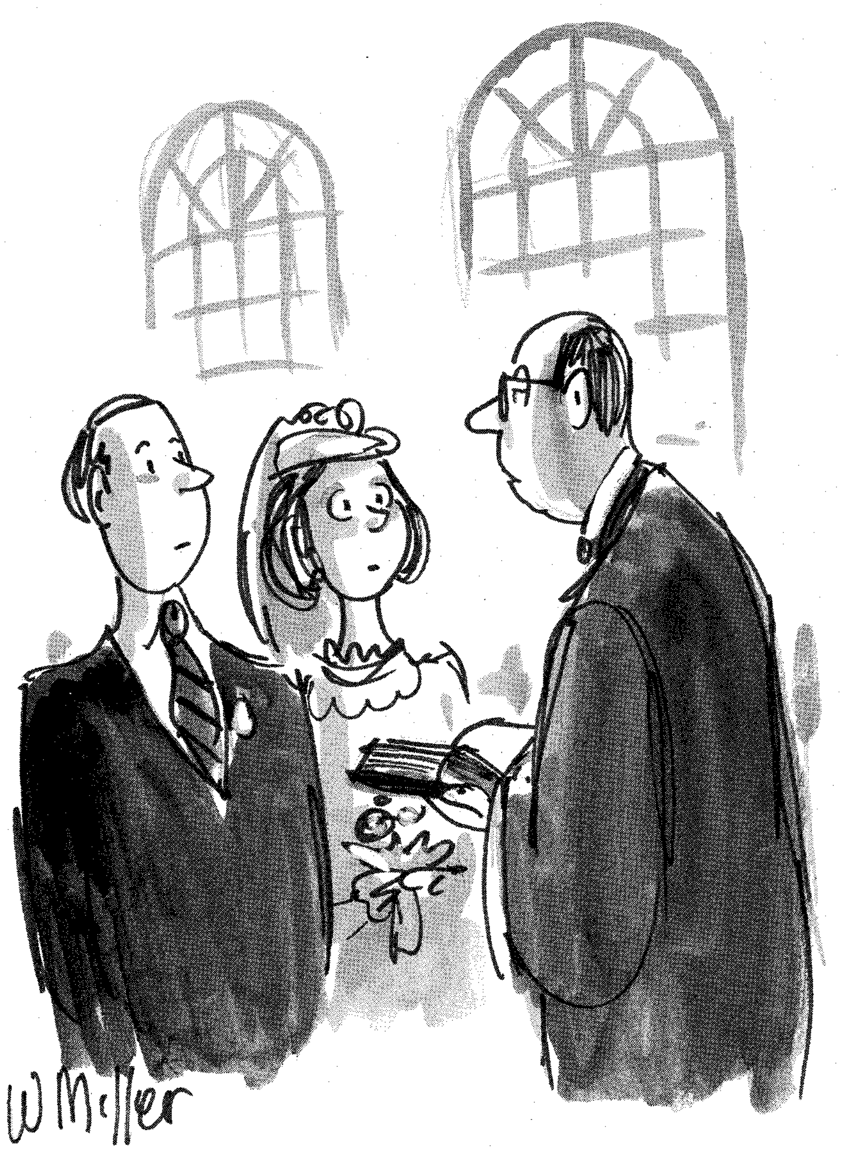
Shahbaz Khan Mandokhel, Pishin's deputy commissioner, is a pleasant, lively man. He is a government civil servant who is a Pathan, and comes from the area. He suggested that I first go to one of the tribunals, where the laws of the Pakistani government, rather than tribal law, were enforced. The tribunals dispensed justice in Balochistan's towns—five per cent of the land area, where thirty per cent of the people live—and although I'd been told that they were singularly unsuccessful, Shahbaz said I should see for myself.

The tribunal was in the same building as Shahbaz's office, a dilapidated frame structure that seemed about to collapse. The magistrate, Mohammed Jalal, who was sitting behind a rickety desk, asked me to join him. On the other side of the room, eleven men accused of murder stood side by side. It was another land dispute within a family, and these men were from the Achakzai tribe. The father and a cousin of the murdered man had come to give evidence that day. They seemed to stand much too close to the magistrate's desk. A small man with a long pen and an inkwell sat at one side to transcribe the evidence, and the proceedings began.

The accused were rough-looking men. Their turbans and shalwars were covered with dirt and dust. Within moments, everyone was shouting, and the accused surged toward the magistrate's desk, surrounding the hapless witnesses, who stood their ground. The accused wanted to interrogate the witnesses.

"Move back, get away from my desk," the magistrate warned. It did no good. There were more shouts and gesticulations. A guard entered, carrying a stick. He didn't use it, but the men moved back.

"You know, they really prefer their own laws," the magistrate told me later. "Look out the window. See, just across the field, on that ridge, tribal law begins. Under tribal law, they are judged by their own people, and they accept the verdicts, because of their loyalty to their nawabs and sardars. Also, the penalties are comparatively light. In some murder cases, a man might receive a maximum sentence of fourteen years in a nawab's private jail, but that rarely happens. They pay compensation instead. But here, in the tribunals, murder is punishable by hanging. Would anyone in



"I pronounce you man and wife. The clock is now running."

• •

his right mind kill someone in town?"

I went in search of Shahbaz, and he asked me what I thought. He said that the tribunals were even more chaotic in the Baloch lands. He had an armored jeep, and in it we drove toward Chaman, from whose rooftops one could watch the Afghanistan war. Balochistan's northern Pathan areas had always been a free-trade zone, where smuggling thrived. Now the growing black-market economy was supplemented by lucrative heroin and arms trades. We passed five lorries from the Army's National Logistics Cell—the biggest freight carrier in Pakistan. They were ferrying arms and ammunition to the Mujahideen. Shahbaz said that since the Soviet withdrawal from Afghanistan as many as fifty trucks at a time arrived from Quetta every week. We passed the ammunition depot at Yaru, which was a major training center for the most fundamentalist faction of the Mujahideen. It was nearly half a mile long and stood prominently along a ridge—a huge, medieval-looking fortress, run by Pakistan's military intelligence. Shahbaz told me that it had been featured on Radio Moscow's English-language service the previous night.

On our return to Pishin, he dropped me at the home of a friend of mine, Jennifer Qazi Musa. Jennifer, who is Irish, had met and married Qazi Mohammed Musa, a Pathan, in London in the nineteen-forties. He died in an automobile accident fifteen years later, but Jennifer stayed on and was the first woman from Balochistan elected to the Pakistani parliament. She was Khair Bux Marri's stepmother-in-law. "He was torn about returning when the family talked to him recently," she said. "His position has always been that he won't tolerate 'a man on horseback,' as he calls the Pakistani Army, and won't come back as long as there's any Army here. He also told me, two years ago in London, 'Going to prison is useless, and that's what returning to Balochistan would be.' "

Jennifer, an elegant white-haired woman, was wearing a silk shalwar kameez. I said it seemed to me that everyone, whether Baloch or Pathan, viewed Khair Bux almost as a legend, with mythical qualities.

"No, my dear," she said. "They view him as a god."

Why were the Pathans loyal to him? I asked.

"Well, he has a Pathan mother and a Pathan wife," she said. "All his children speak Pashto. So he's really one of us."

BEFORE I left Quetta, I went to see the leaders of the Pathans, of the mullahs, and of the students to try to find out what might happen next in Balochistan. Much depended on Khair Bux Marri, or so it seemed to me. Politically, he had three choices: to remain in Afghanistan and become increasingly embroiled in the civil war there; to go into exile in Moscow, London, or India; or to return. He had refused an amnesty offer from President Zia, who died in a mysterious air crash in August, 1988. Khair Bux had demanded concessions on autonomy, which the President had refused to give. Thus far, he had not responded to Ms. Bhutto's offer of amnesty. The three leaders I met were linked by the common thread of their opposition to the old order of nawabs and sardars, and they all knew Khair Bux Marri. They travelled frequently between Balochistan and Afghanistan or between Balochistan and Iran.

I had been told that Mahmood Khan Achakzai, whose Pashtoon-Khuwa was the strongest political party in the Pathan belt, was the most important political leader of Balochistan's Pathans. He was also the most important spokesman for Pakhtunistan. I met him in the bungalow of relatives of his in Quetta; students were meeting in another room, and older, turbanned men were unloading a shipment of weapons in yet another.

Mahmood is a large, partly bald man of forty-one with a mustache and an easy smile. He is a Marxist and an engineer, and had lived underground in Pakistan and in exile in Kabul for the past five and a half years. He returned to Balochistan only recently, when Benazir Bhutto gave him amnesty. (A murder charge had been registered against him, something he called a "misunderstanding" between General Zia and the Pashtoon-Khuwa.)

Mahmood was born into nationalist politics. His father, Abdul Samad Khan, had been a relentless fighter, along with the Frontier Gandhi, Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan, for Pathan autonomy. (A true Pathan nation would include not only much of Balochistan but Pakistan's North-West Frontier Province and about half of Afghanistan.)

I asked Mahmood what Pakhtunistan meant now.

"A Pathan homeland," he answered. "Within Pakistan if possible, and out of Pakistan if we must. And we shall get it, by strength of words, strength of numbers, and strength of arms. It is not we who will decide whether we break Pakistan or keep it intact. It is the Punjabis and the government of Pakistan."

When Afghan governments wanted to upset Pakistan, they encouraged calls for Pakhtunistan. That happened most recently in 1985, when the Kabul government summoned tribal chiefs from both sides of the frontier to call for Pathan unity under Afghan sovereignty. Mahmood had been one of those summoned, so I asked him if the Achakzais, who numbered more than half a million, and whose tribal lands spread across the border, would accept Afghan sovereignty.

"Afghanistan is our homeland, Pakistan is our country," he said. "The boundaries of countries change. A homeland remains one."

As Afghanistan became more chaotic, there was a growing fear, especially in the Pathan areas, of a Pakistani-Afghan war. I asked Mahmood if this was possible.

"If Pakistan and America continue arming and supporting the Mujahideen, it is not only possible, it will become a necessity," he replied. He paused a moment, then said, "And if a war starts how can Pakistan expect our support—and I mean the support of both the Pathans and the Baloch, including Khair Bux?"

What would happen next? I asked him.

"What happens in Balochistan over the coming months and years will be tied to what happens in Afghanistan," he said. "If the Afghans are allowed to decide their fate, without United States, Pakistani, and other outside interference, we will keep quiet, both the Pathans and the Baloch. But, if they're not, we will do whatever is necessary to support the government in Kabul."

WHEN I called on Maulana Mohammed Khan Sheerani, the leader of the fundamentalist party in Balochistan, everything seemed destined to go wrong. He was staying with Maulana Ismatullah—the new minister of finance—and Ismatullah seemed to move, on average, once a week, each time to a bungalow larger and grander than the last. When I finally reached his residence, I was nearly an hour late, and twenty or so mullahs who had assembled were obviously displeased. The moment I entered the drawing room, someone objected that I had not covered my head. It was nearly a hundred degrees outside, and the bungalow was stuffy and hot. I glanced around and saw that a number of men—who were not mullahs—had not covered theirs. I said that I was not going to cover my head until the men covered theirs.

Maulana Sheerani listened, stroking his gray beard, but did not participate in the dispute. Finally, the supreme negotiator, he gave me his handkerchief and ordered a servant to bring appropriate head coverings for the men. All that the servant could find was blankets. Within minutes, the men had begun to perspire, and I had been introduced to mullah politics.

Maulana Sheerani, who is forty-nine, is a member of the National Assembly, and his party, the Jamiat-i-Ulema-i-Islam, which is said to be heavily funded by Libya and Iran, held the balance of power in the fragile coalition government of the Nawab Bugti. The Maulana made it clear from the outset that he did not consider that the Soviet-supported government in Afghanistan constituted a "revolution," as the students and former students did. "The students' militancy is fed by unemployment and boredom," he said. "We shall provide jobs for them, and then they'll quiet down." He looked at Afghanistan as a holy war, or jihad. "It has also made the people much more religious here," he went on.

But did this apply to the Baloch, I asked him, or only to the Pathans? The Maulana was a Pathan from the border area of Afghanistan, and it was in the Pathan areas that the mullahs had made their greatest electoral gains.

"It applies to everyone in Balochistan," he said. "The only reason that we did not sweep the board is that the nawabs and sardars wouldn't let us campaign on their turf. Every time we tried to enter the Bugti or Marri area, or the Jhalawan, we were turned back by sticks, stones, and rocks." He continued, "Balochistan is poor, and Islam addresses the problems of the poor. The cruelty of the nawabs and sardars against their people, and their so-called socialism, which has given the people nothing, is a thing of the past."

I asked him about Khair Bux Marri.

"He's a nawab, and the nawabs have to go. They discourage education; they discourage their people from joining government service or moving to the towns. They won't permit development in their areas. They have kept their people locked up in a medieval world." The Maulana was dressed in a handsome brown robe trimmed with gold, and he fingered a set of yellow prayer beads as he talked.

I asked him what his party's position was on the United States.

"We oppose all imperialists," he said. "The United States has taken advantage of the peculiar geographical position of Pakistan. You signed the Geneva accords"—providing for the withdrawal of Soviet forces from Afghanistan—"but now you have disavowed them, by continuing to arm the Mujahideen. In principle, we support the Mujahideen's cause, but we do not agree with direct interference. You are destabilizing the entire region."

I asked him what the most powerful force in the region was.

He smiled cheerfully. "The Iranian revolution, of course."

DR. KAHUR BALOCH, a twenty-eight-year-old dental surgeon, is the leader of the more militant faction of the Baloch Students Organization. It had been somewhat difficult to find him, for he was living underground. (There had recently been a shootout between students supporting Khair Bux Marri and those supporting the Nawab.) He was finally found, however, and he came to meet me at my hotel, with a group of enthusiastic supporters.

I asked him why his group supported Khair Bux.

He said that Khair Bux was honest, and willing to defy the authority of

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anyone; he was also the only Baloch leader who had not "deviated, withdrawn, or sold out."

"What have Khair Bux and the Baloch been doing all these years in Afghanistan?" I asked.

He explained that there were now a number of Baloch groups in Afghanistan, which were roughly aligned with the Baloch People's Liberation Front, or B.P.L.F., an old guerrilla army that had fought in the 1973-77 insurgency. It remained essentially an army, and had recently been pressed into service by the Afghans, to fight limited engagements against the Mujahideen in and around Kandahar.

The group that Dr. Kahur favored, however, was the Baloch Liberation Movement, or B.L.M. Its members were the ideologists of the movement, he said, and many of them had studied at Patrice Lumumba University or in Afghanistan. They had underground political cells in Quetta, and military contingents in Afghanistan. They ran Balochi-language broadcasts that originated in Kabul and were aimed at "mobilizing the people," he said. (The broadcasts were listened to with rapt attention, I had discovered during my trips.) They also wrote revolutionary literature and tracts, which local student leaders read to the tribesmen if the tribesmen couldn't read.

Dr. Kahur is a small, intense man. He was wearing granny glasses and, over his shalwar kameez, a jacket, and was chain-smoking British cigarettes. His face resembles Lenin's, and he is extremely well read. He is part of Balochistan's newly emerging intellectual middle class. "We became convinced after the dismissal of the nationalist government in 1973 that there was no way to obtain our rights through the democratic process in Pakistan," he continued.

I asked if there would be another insurrection.

"Yes, it could happen," he said. "When you block the way of evolution and development, then people rise up, and there's an insurrection. And insurrection leads to revolution." The entire group smiled.

Dr. Kahur then told me that the B.S.O. and the pro-Kabul Marri insurgents in Balochistan's hills were organizing reinforcements to send to Afghanistan. They crossed the border at Zhob or Chaman, then went to Kandahar on camelback or on foot. (A military officer had told me that the border was "highly permeable.")

Six or seven hundred Marri guerrillas from the B.P.L.F. had quietly returned to Balochistan over the last nine months, I had been told, and I asked Dr. Kahur what they were doing.

He said they were simply "roaming about" in the Marri tribal lands.

I had been told that the guerrillas were blocking government efforts to bring in electricity and roads, by sealing off large areas or shooting at the engineers; other than that, I had been told, Khair Bux Marri had given them instructions "not to create trouble now."

"WELL, what do you think?" the Nawab Bugti asked me on my last night in Quetta. We were having dinner in his receiving room, sitting cross-legged on the exquisite Bukhara rug. The usual friends were there.

It seemed to me, I told him, that, as only the second powerful tribal leader to govern Balochistan, he was, in a way, being put to the test. He would have to build roads, open schools, bring development; and these very reforms would break the tribal system and erode his absolute authority as a nawab.

"Hmm," he said. He seemed a bit taken aback. I waited with some trepidation. But that was all he said. "Anything else?" he finally asked.

I told him that everyone seemed angry, frustrated, and armed.

"Well, I'm also angry and frustrated," he thundered, "and we've always been armed." He calmed down somewhat, and went on, "Granted, our arms are now far more sophisticated than they've ever been before."

"Why *is* everyone armed?" I asked him.

"For protection," he replied. "A woman wears bangles, a man's ornament is his weapon. When the Russians first arrived in Afghanistan, people would sell their herds of sheep—their only possession—to buy a Chinese AK-47, which cost the equivalent of about fifteen hundred dollars then. A weapon is a man's badge of honor, and a Baloch will take a life or give his life for three things—his woman, his weapon, and his land."

I knew that part of his moodiness centered on Khair Bux. As chief minister, the Nawab was under increasing pressure from the Baloch to negotiate conditions that would allow Khair Bux

Marri to return. The two men, though they had been friends in earlier years, basically distrusted each other now. When the nationalist government was overthrown and its leaders were jailed, Bhutto, who was then President, declared Governor's Rule—that is, direct rule by the central government—and the Nawab was appointed governor of Balochistan. "It was considered the utmost betrayal," a friend of the two men had told me. "Bugti was considered the Judas of the group." The Nawab had been governor during the first ten and a half months of the 1973-77 insurgency.

In 1988, the Nawab had said to me that Khair Bux could not sustain his guerrilla movement without an outside base, whether in Kabul or in Rajasthan, in India. Then he had said bitterly, "You can't say from Pakistan, 'I will break up the nation.' It's far easier to have romantic illusions of revolution from a comfortable base abroad. But what are his real choices? Does he battle for a dream he'll never realize? Or does he come back to Balochistan, his tail between his legs?"

Now I reminded him of those remarks, and he said, "Why doesn't he tell us what he wants? Then we could talk. The government could have hard-and-fast conditions. But we have to know what he wants." He told me that he was in touch with Ataullah Mengal, the former chief minister, who supports independence for Balochistan, and who is expected to end a decade of exile in London and return to Quetta early this year. Through Mengal, the Nawab is attempting to open a dialogue with Khair Bux.

The Nawab's favorite grandson, Brahum Dagh, a sweet boy of eight, was eating dinner with us, and, thinking of how often he sat quietly with the men, I realized that the Nawab was teaching him Rajniti, the philosophy of being a nawab. As I left the Nawab's house that evening and waited outside for my car, the Nawab, as his German surrogate mother had done with him a half century ago, began singing softly to Brahum Dagh, "Twinkle, twinkle, little star." —MARY ANNE WEAVER

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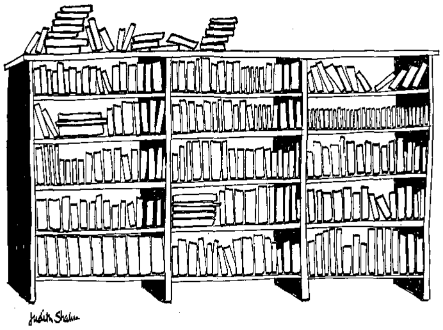
BOOKS

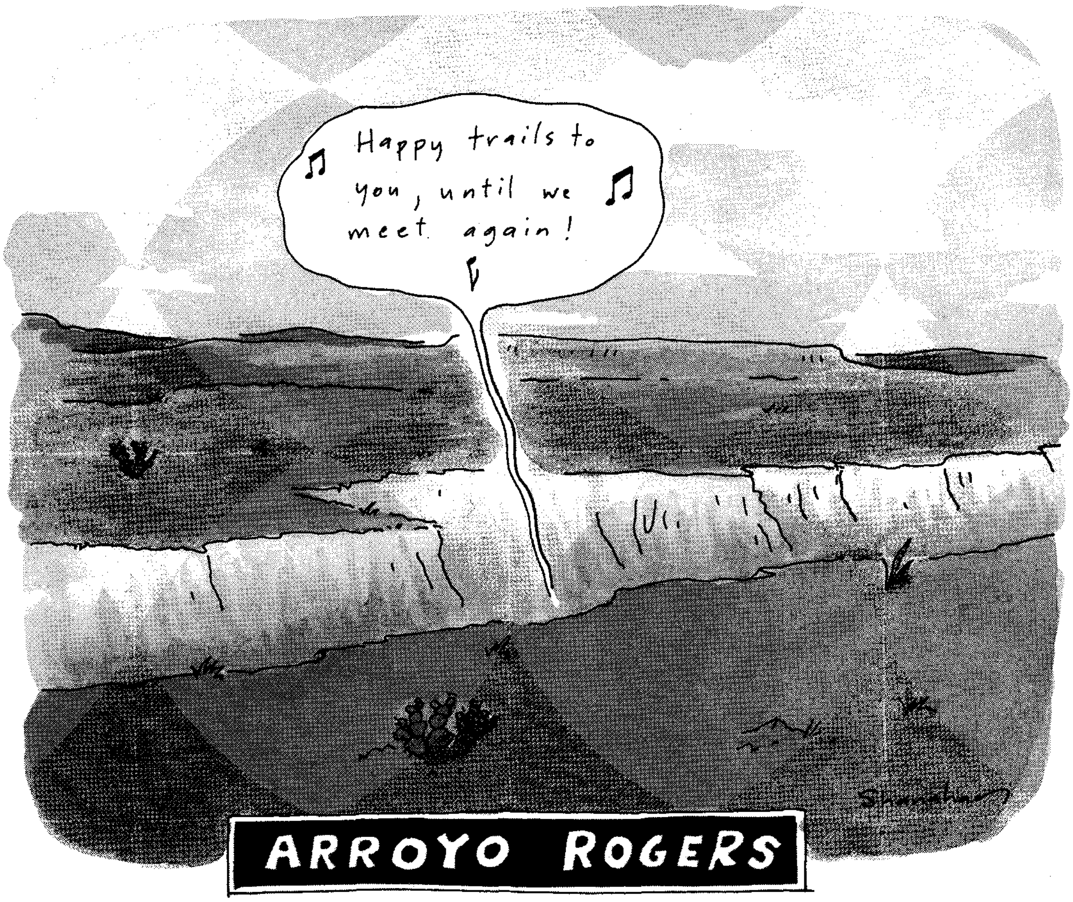
The Lesson of the Master

"The Remains of the Day" (Knopf; $18.95), the most recent winner of England's Booker Prize for Fiction, is a novel that feels as if it had been written by some wily literary veteran, a distinguished old warrior who has decided, as his life and career wind down, to show the slovenly young a thing or two about the power of traditional craftsmanship. Modest in tone, ironic, reflective, and utterly precise in its effects, this book is all of a piece, the proud result of a rigorous and exacting attention to standards—a novel that fulfills its author's intentions as flawlessly as a "classic" short story from the college anthologies. But "The Remains of the Day" (even the title is perfect, one of those evocative phrases—like "Brief Encounter"—that sound as if they must have always been part of the language) isn't a valedictory performance at all: it's the third novel by Kazuo Ishiguro, who was born in Japan and educated in England and is thirty-five years old. He's a precocious master, a young man who not only walks in the footsteps of his elders but does so with the same careful, measured, introspective gait. All his novels to date have been narrated by old people looking back on their lives, summing up, assessing the meaning of their experience. These character studies are short, precise, distilled to a remarkable smoothness, as if they'd been aged in the mind before they were allowed to hit the shelves. (Ishiguro's second novel, "An Artist of the Floating World," appeared four years after his first, "A Pale View of Hills." "The Remains of the Day"—which, at just under two hundred and fifty pages, is by far the longest of his books—took another three years.) The voice he assumes, with painstaking consistency, in his new novel is that of an aging and terribly correct English butler named Stevens, who gave, he says, "the very best I had to give" to the service of Lord Darlington, a once eminent gentleman who died with a ruined reputation. Stevens' reminiscences are, in essence, a slow, reluctant slide downward to the most painful sort of self-knowledge: an end-of-the-day realization that his scrupulous and effortful life has been entirely wasted. Ishiguro is an artist of the twilight world, a specialist in crepuscular sadness. He uses his prodigious skills to anatomize failure. "The Remains of the Day" is, by the most conservative standard, a fully achieved work, a triumph of craft; what's most interesting about it, though, is the whiff of melancholy that rises from its formal brilliance—an intimation of the futility of perfection.

Old Stevens is an obsessive and an idealist, narrowly devoted to his demanding role. (The quality he puts above all others is dignity, which, he says, "has to do crucially with a butler's ability not to abandon the professional being he inhabits.") Himself the son of a butler, he commanded in his heyday at Darlington Hall (the period between the World Wars) a large staff of domestic workers. But in 1956, which is the vantage point from which he reviews his life, Darlington Hall has been bought by an American businessman, many of its rooms have been closed off, and Stevens is muddling through with a staff that, counting him, numbers just four; his pride has begun to suffer as a result of "a series of small errors in the carrying out of my duties," which he attributes, characteristically, to a technical flaw in his staff plan. (He won't, of course, admit the possibility that his mistakes have a deeper cause—that his powers are diminishing with age, or that his enthusiasm for his work isn't what it used to be.) As the novel opens, Stevens' employer, Mr. Farraday, has offered him a holiday, and the butler, after some hesitation, has decided to take the opportunity. It's not that he's truly interested in seeing the world outside Darlington Hall—"It has been my privilege," he tells Farraday, "to see the best of England over the years, sir, within these very walls"—but that he's spurred to action by the arrival of a letter, the first in seven years, from Miss Kenton, a housekeeper who left his staff two decades earlier to get married. Sensing in her words, he says, "distinct hints of her desire to return here," and even reading into them indications of some profound disappointment in her personal life, Stevens resolves to "undertake the expedition" to Miss Kenton's home, in Cornwall. He justifies this little motoring trip on professional grounds: the return of Miss Kenton (he refers to her always by her maiden name) might be the ideal solution to that nagging staff problem. So he starts out on his journey, armed with Mrs. Jane Symons' "The Wonder of England," a guidebook written in the thirties, and his stately progress away from his familiar surroundings sets in motion a rapider, and less controllable, journey—into the past, and the uncharted territory of emotions.



It's clear to us from the beginning that Stevens is the sort of narrator who exists only to be seen through. He's rigid, humorless, incapable of understanding anything outside his own severely limited experience, and tenacious in defending the beliefs (even the prejudices) of an earlier era—values whose time we know has passed. And his verbal style is elaborately inexpressive, or means to be: we recognize immediately the contorted language of rationalization, the studied neutrality of someone taking great pains to avoid telling the truth. He's completely transparent, one of the most dependable "unreliable" narrators ever imagined: he can fool himself, but he doesn't fool us for a second. The big truths he won't allow himself to own up to are that his interest in Miss Kenton has always been more than professional and that the late Lord Darlington, the god of the butler's tiny universe, was something less than a heroic figure. We guess both of Stevens' devastating secrets right away, and spend the rest of the book congratulating ourselves on our cleverness and admiring Ishiguro's dexterity in delaying his narrator's moment of self-discovery. It's a little like the peculiar pleasure of reading a detective novel after you know you've got the mystery figured out.


♫ Happy trails to you, until we meet again! ♫
ARROYO ROGERS
Shanahan

Stevens is a small, pathetic character; there's no real surprise in his grudgingly doled-out revelations; and we're never free of the uneasy feeling that he's intended to *represent* something about the English soul—its repressive decorum, its love of order and authority, its cozy self-regard, its reverence for the past. Ishiguro's ability to keep us entertained by such wan, schematic material is evidence of his phenomenal narrative gifts. The novel holds us by technique alone. The narrator's stuffy manner never varies, but the angle of his attack (or, more properly, his verbal defensive strategies) keeps shifting. Stevens will move from a description of the landscape he's riding through to a meditation on the "greatness" of the English countryside ("It is the very *lack* of obvious drama or spectacle that sets the beauty of our land apart. What is pertinent is the calmness of that beauty, its sense of restraint") and on to a lengthy philosophical discussion of the qualities that constitute greatness in a butler, a series of memories that support his assertions, and a moment of speculation on what awaits him at the end of his excursion—his meeting with Miss Kenton. For all the leaping about in time, the novel never feels fragmented or chaotic; it has the lively digressiveness of nimble argument, and there's always a pattern to be discovered in its meanderings—an authoritative guidebook or Ordnance Survey map of meaning. Ishiguro is a whiz—a calm, restrained, English whiz—at supplying us with diversions and small felicities as he steers his story to its predetermined end.

The most impressive of these attractive scenes along the way is a long, complex set piece about an international conference at Darlington Hall in 1923: forty pages of brilliantly stage-managed dark farce. The episode is, in some sense, a parody of the kind of Wodehouse story in which Jeeves and Bertie spend a hectic weekend at a country house. Ishiguro patiently lays out the elements of his plot: muddle-headed Lord Darlington, his English sense of fair play disturbed by the treatment that Germany has received after its defeat in the Great War, has invited representatives of several countries to his house in the hope of persuading them to modify "the harshest terms of the Versailles Treaty," and Stevens has the responsibility of making everything run smoothly, especially with regard to the French delegate, M. Dupont; as an incidental duty, the butler has been charged with the delicate task of explaining the facts of life to Reginald Cardinal, the son of his lordship's closest friend; and he has to deal, as well, with the growing debility of his elderly father, to whom he has given a position on his staff. As the action unfolds, Stevens (and his creator) keeps all these balls in the air with sensational aplomb: the butler dashes, at a dignified pace, from awkward, abortive tête-à-têtes with young Reginald to sessions tending the sore feet of M. Dupont and on to quick visits at the bedside of his father, who has had a stroke—all the while maintaining his reassuring presence in rooms where the great affairs of the world are being discussed. In every particular, the episode is a fiasco: Reginald never gets the lowdown on sex, old Mr. Stevens dies while his son is attending to business somewhere else in the house, and the conference proves to be the first step in the steep, inexorable decline of Lord Darlington, who, by the mid-thirties, will be more than an advocate of compassion for a defeated nation—he becomes, in the words of the grown-up Reginald, "the single most useful pawn Herr Hitler has had in this country for his propaganda tricks." Yet Stevens, looking back on those disastrous events, pronounces himself well satisfied, because, "in the face of everything," he maintained his composure, upheld the highest standards of his profession, displayed the impenetrable reserve he calls dignity. "For all its sad associations, whenever I recall that evening today, I find I do so with a large sense of triumph."

Ishiguro must have felt triumphant, too, when he came to the end of this extended demonstration of virtuosity—

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which, on top of its intrinsic virtues, is an elegant microcosm of the novel itself. But his victory, in the miniature tour de force as well as in the work as a whole, is as ambiguous as Stevens'. We may feel the urge to burst into applause after Stevens delivers his chilling summation of "that evening," but our appreciation is all for the poise and formal beauty of the writer's *performance:* we're in awe of the technical mastery that allows so much to be compressed into a single moment, a handful of telling gestures. It's not so different, in fact, from the sort of admiration we feel after finishing one of Wodehouse's bubbly concoctions. We respond to the precision of the arrangement, the scrupulous care with which the standards have been met, the writer's evident concern that the reader's expectations of order not be disappointed. Ishiguro anticipates our every need.

And that, finally, is what's so deeply wrong with this irreproachably composed work of fiction. Its energies are all spent in artifice, in preparing us for the big moment when a drop of honest feeling will ripple the calm surface of the butler's reserve, radiate outward to touch the reader's heart, and so on. But how can we be truly moved when we recognize—and we can't fail to—the practiced craft with which the writer, our humble servant, has guided us? The glycerin tear is placed so artfully on the stoic cheek. "The Remains of the Day" always travels a well-marked route ("Epiphany—200 pp."), and it's a well-worn route, too. Ishiguro himself, as young as he is, has already been on it once before. "An Artist of the Floating World," his second (and best) book, is the evasive monologue of an elderly Japanese painter surveying his life and career from the perspective of defeated postwar Japan: he tries to rationalize having used his talent in enthusiastic service of the bad cause of imperialism, and to avoid admitting the tragic consequences of his misplaced loyalty—the betrayal of his friends, the loss of his wife and son. It's a very good novel. Seen for the first time through this writer's eyes, the landscape of guilty sorrow doesn't look quite so comfortably familiar as it does in "The Remains of the Day."

But even in "An Artist of the Floating World" Ishiguro is working within established boundaries. He's in the territory staked out by Henry James in "The Beast in the Jungle," that terrifying novella about a man named John Marcher, who, after a lifetime of anticipating the great experience that will give meaning to—make art of—his life, recognizes at last "the truth, vivid and monstrous, that all the while he had waited the wait was itself his portion" of life, that he has irrevocably missed everything else: "No passion had touched him. . . . He had seen the *outside* of his life, not learned it within." That's very near where Stevens ends up at the close of this novel (though the remains of Marcher's day are all darkness, without even the faintest vestige of light). And Ishiguro seems to have arrived at some place in the neighborhood of James, the master whose lesson he has learned perhaps too well and certainly too soon. (James was sixty when he wrote "The Beast in the Jungle.") It's difficult not to feel, as we read this award-winning novel, that Ishiguro has sacrificed too much to the exacting discipline of making fiction that is, as James prescribed, a perfect and seamless whole. There's a sense in "The Remains of the Day" that the writer, no less than his protagonist, is shackled by his own expertise, by a helpless obsession with living up to standards, and even a sense, perhaps, that he has written this novel (and rewritten the one before it) as a way of cheating an end he foresees with horrible clarity—of naming, and thus exorcising, the emptiness that the dedicated craftsman sometimes feels when the thing is finished and outside him and he can no longer remember what all his diligence was for. Kazuo Ishiguro is a strange case. While England's other celebrated younger novelists, like Salman Rushdie and Martin Amis, are struggling with novels that are big white whales, Ishiguro is entangled with the beast in the jungle. It's no country for young men.

—TERRENCE RAFFERTY

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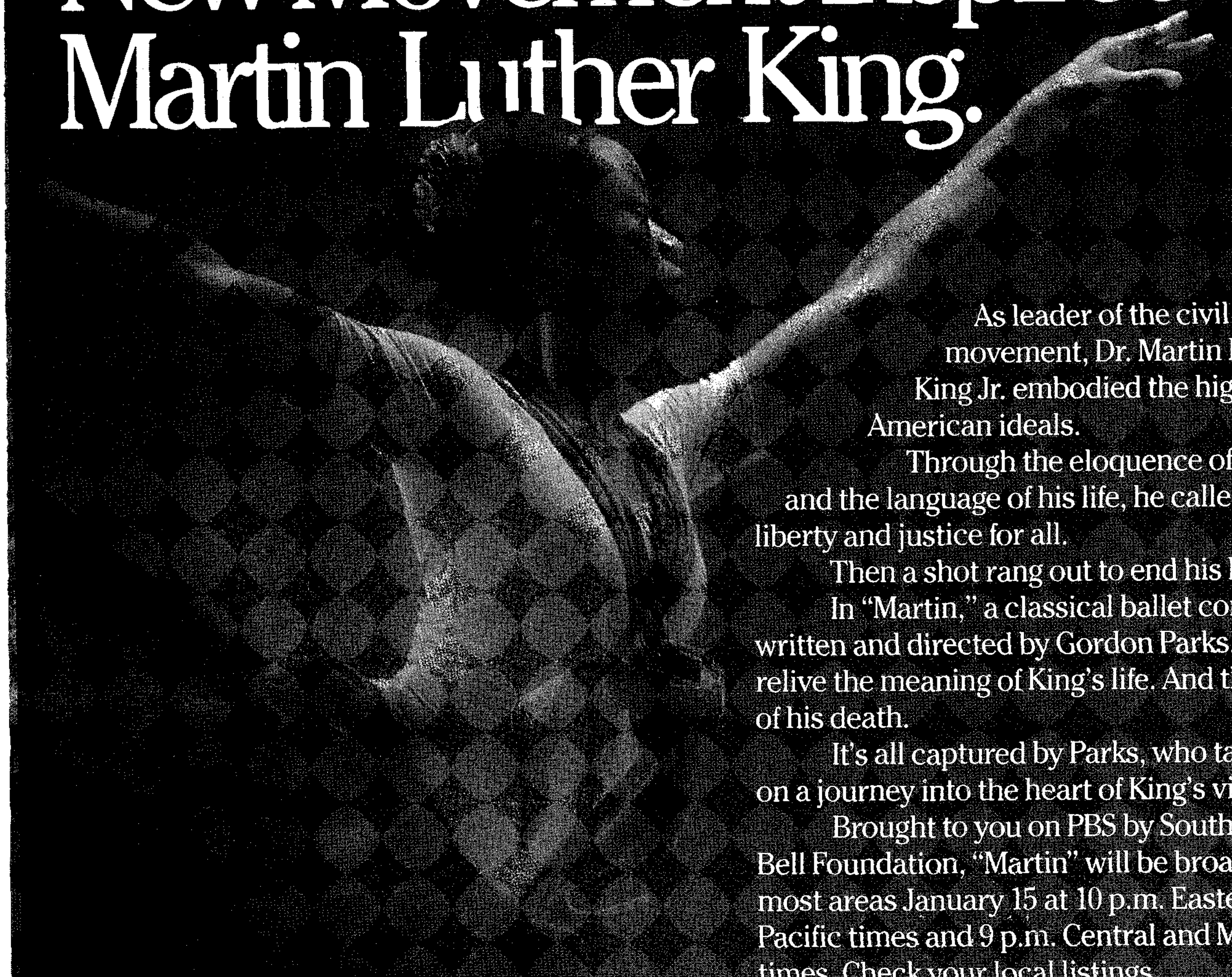
The regulations had their genesis in a dispute between Portland's West End Neighborhood Association and Merrill Industries over late-night scrap loading that some residents said drove them to the brink of sanity.—*Central Maine Morning Sentinel.*

And even beyond.

Witness A Whole New Movement Inspired By Martin Luther King.



As leader of the civil rights movement, Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. embodied the highest American ideals.

Through the eloquence of his words and the language of his life, he called us to liberty and justice for all.

Then a shot rang out to end his life.

In "Martin," a classical ballet composed, written and directed by Gordon Parks, you can relive the meaning of King's life. And the drama of his death.

It's all captured by Parks, who takes you on a journey into the heart of King's vision.

Brought to you on PBS by Southwestern Bell Foundation, "Martin" will be broadcast in most areas January 15 at 10 p.m. Eastern and Pacific times and 9 p.m. Central and Mountain times. Check your local listings.

Then tune in and bear witness to the spirit of an American who's still inspiring our hearts. And moving us to greatness.

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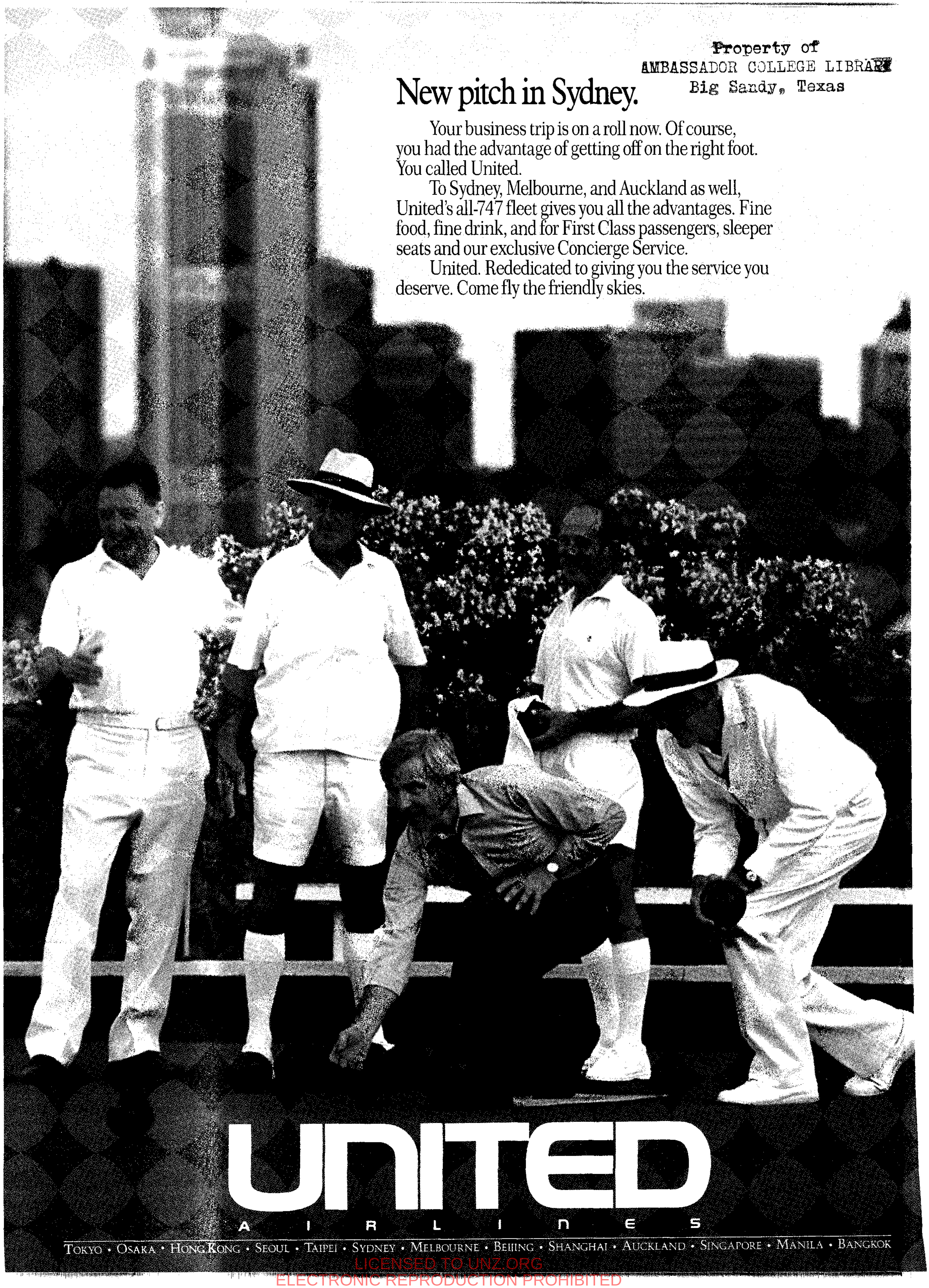

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